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A Reader For the Religion Classes

of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-Day Saints

3d grade

Written for the General Church Board of Education
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Published by the
DESERET BOOK COMPANY
Reprinted 1925

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Origin of the Religion Classes

During one of the deliberations of the General Board of Education, in October, 1890, the necessity of more thorough, practical training of the children of the Latter-day Saints in the requirements of the gospel, for the attainment of the blessings of their ultimate destiny, became apparent to all the members. A motion for the establishment of Religion Classes in all stakes of Zion was unanimously adopted by the Board, and the First Presidency issued the following in regard to their establishment:

Salt Lake City, Utah, October 29th, 1890.

To the Presidents of Stakes, Bishops, and all Whom it May Concern:

Dear Brethren and Sisters: The all-absorbing motive that led the great majority of the Latter-day Saints to forsake their homes in the various nations to dwell in these mountain valleys was an ardent desire to serve the Lord more perfectly and with a better understanding. In too many instances, in the course of the years, this grand object has been lost sight of in the toil for daily existence, and less noble aims have largely taken the place of the endeavor to learn the ways of the Lord and of the effort to walk in His paths. This benumbing influence on our spiritual life is widely felt in our homes, and more particularly affects our children, whose faith in the great latter-day work has not been developed and strengthened by the experience which their elders have had in lands beyond the borders of Zion. Nor does the training which our youth receive in the District Schools increase their feelings of devotion to God and love for His cause, for, as is well known, all teachings of a religious character are rigorously excluded from the studies permitted in these institutions.

To lessen this great evil, and counteract the tendencies that grow out of a Godless education, the Church Schools of the Saints have been established. But while these accomplish

great good, the sphere of their influence does not cover the entire field. There are many places where Church Schools cannot, at present, be established; and also many Saints in those places where such schools exist, who, for various reasons, cannot send their children thereto. For these causes we have deemed it prudent to suggest to the various local authorities other measures which, while not occupying the place of the Church Schools, will work on the same lines, and aid in the same work in which the Church educational institutions are engaged.

We suggest that in every ward where a Church School is not established, that some brother or sister, or brethren and sisters well adapted to such a responsible position by their intelligence and devotion, as well as their love for the young, be called, as on a mission, by the Bishop, after consultation with the President of the Stake, to take charge of a school in which the first principles of the gospel, Church history, and kindred subjects shall be taught; this school to meet for a short time each afternoon after the close of the district school, or for a longer time on Saturday only as may in each ward be deemed most consistent with the situation of the people and most likely to secure a good attendance of the children. In some cases it will be found that the children are too wearied after their usual daily studies to take interest in a class of this kind; in others, Saturday may prove to be an unsuitable day.

Where arrangements can be made, it will, as a general thing, be well to secure the district school room for this purpose, so that when they take place in the afternoon these exercises can commence immediately after the regular sessions and before the children scatter; but where this is done care must be taken to keep the two entirely separate; so that the law may not be infringed upon. Where the regular schoolroom cannot be obtained, some building conveniently situated, and as near as possible, should be secured in its stead; the obejct being to secure the atendance, as far as possible, of the children of all the Latter-day Saints. A strenuous effort should likewise be made to gain the hearty cooperation of the parents, as without their aid the school will measurably fail in the object of its creation.

With a constant desire for the progress of all true education, we remain, with much respect,

Your brethren in the Gospel,

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In accordance with the foregoing circular, the General Superintendent of Church Schools (Dr. Karl G. Maeser) was instructed to carry its provisions into effect wherever and as soon as circumstances should enable him to do so.

At the present time there are Religion Classes in almost all of the wards of the Church. The statistics show an enrollment of 52,715 officers, teachers and pupils.

Introduction

The purpose of the Religion Classes of the Church is to offer a suitable religious background for the work done in the public schools. Meeting on a week-day, the Religion Classes attempt to carry to all Latter-day Saint children in the public school the gospel message, as it helps to solve the many problems growing out of the school life.

The work of the Religion Classes throughout the Church is under the direction of the General Board of Education. In the stakes, the Stake Board of Education directs the work, while in the wards, the Bishopric has charge.

Under the Stake Board of Education the Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes, who shall be a member of the Board, a secretary and four or more supervisors will direct the work of the various grades. It is recommended that under these stake officers monthly union meetings be held so that proper adaptation of the lessons to the different grades of children may be more fully accomplished. These monthly meetings make for an enthusiasm and an efficiency otherwise impossible.

The ward organization under the direction of the Bishopric consists of a principal, a secretary, where necessary, and a corps of instructors. These may be either men or women. There are four departments to be conducted—the primary, which includes children found in the first two grades of the district school; the first intermediate, which includes those in the third and fourth grades; second intermediate, pupils of the fifth and sixth grades; the advanced, which comprises those in the seventh and eighth grades. Of course, this division of pupils is only suggestive, though it will be found generally the most convenient; and the officers may make such other groupings, if necessary, as local conditions may require.

A Religion Class recitation takes the form of six steps. They are (1) singing, (2) prayer, (3) memory exercises, (4) a lesson on some practical aspect of duty with a view to establishing faith and right-living, (5) testimony-bearing,

and (6) singing and benediction. The class remains in session about thirty minutes in the primary grade and about forty minutes in the others. Of this time, the third and fourth steps occupy about twenty minutes, and the fifth step about five minutes—enough time, that is, for three or four children to bear their testimonies—leaving the rest of the time to be divided among the other three steps.

The first step, as already stated, is singing. Each song is thoroughly learned by heart and its meaning explained to the children, if that meaning is not otherwise perfectly obvious. No musical instrument is used. The children lead the singing, one of them volunteering to stand before the class for this purpose. In this way all the members of the class obtain practice in pitching tunes and conducting. Such singing exercises as are needed in order to learn new songs or practice old ones, are taken here.

The second step is prayer. As in the first step, the teacher asks for volunteers to lead. The child who volunteers, comes before the class, utters the prayer in his own simple words, phrase by phrase, and the class repeats each group of words in concert. If the instructor cannot get any one to volunteer to pray, he opens the class with prayer himself. But this is only at first, when the children are more or less diffident. In case the teacher offers the prayer he makes it short and simple so as not to discourage the efforts of the class.

The third step is memory exercise. The passage to be learned is committed to memory in the class. Generally it has a close bearing on the lesson for the day. Some prefer to have the memory gem after the next step as a kind of summary of what has been learned, and there can be no objection to this where it is done with such specific purpose. The manner in which the memory gem is learned is generally this: The instructor gives as much of the quotation as the class can easily keep in mind, then they repeat the phrases; the teacher goes on to the next convenient group of words, which is likewise repeated by the class; then the two groups of words are given by the children; and so on till the whole passage has been learned. Of course, the teacher will have thoroughly learned the memory gem before

coming to the class. In this step, therefore, the memory power of the children is trained, while it is most susceptible of discipline, and at the same time they are supplied with beautiful gems of thought which may be of inestimable service to them later in life. Matthew Arnold used to say that every one should learn a few choice lines of poetry from the masters in order that he might have a standard by which to measure other poetry. This step in Religion Classes is admirably adapted for such a purpose.

The fourth step contains the lesson proper. Here the subject matter, the main thought, is developed, and accordingly demands the greater part of the recitation. The lessons are made as concrete as possible with plenty of narrative and illustrations, so that the interest of the children may be secured.

The fifth step is testimony-bearing. This is an outgrowth of the fourth. If one has done right, what is more natural than to testify to the good feelings one has experienced in doing it? The subject just discussed in the preceding step nearly always furnishes suggestions for proper testimonies. Of course, the children are not expected to testify that they know personally of the existence of God or the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph, though there have been very young children who have done this from personal knowledge. Whatever the class have themselves experienced, however remarkable or unusual, is legitimate material for testimony. The child has done something for his parents—made a sacrifice of personal interest for them —this has resulted in a certain uplift of his feelings; accordingly, he may tell the class what that was and how well he felt about the action—a good testimony. Or he has been taught to pray and has received an answer to prayer; here is an opportunity for an expression of the incident and feelings. A testimony actually given by a boy in a Religion Class may be cited. He attended the public school. He found his lessons very hard for him. Being a member of a Religion Class, he there was taught to pray over anything with which he had trouble. He prayed that the Lord would make his lessons easier, so that he might be able to carry them. And his testimony was that the Lord has answered

his prayer. Generally the teacher is required to "kindle the fire," so to speak, to arouse and direct the interest of the class. The children are quick to respond when they have been warmed.

The sixth step is a combination of the first and second steps—singing and the benediction. Sometimes part of a song is sung at the opening and the rest here. The manner of conducting this step is the same as that of the first.

One further thought may be put plainly. It is necessary for the teacher to do some hard thinking in order to present these lessons properly. Don't expect to find in books much of the material to be given your class. It is, on the contrary, to be found in your own experience and reflection in the needs and the environment of the children you teach. Seek to become acquainted with the individual needs of your class; look into your own mind and heart and experience, and then, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, endeavor to supply those needs. Take the subject of prayer, for instance. It would be the veriest folly to "read up" on this topic and present to a class the results of one's reading. The teaching would most likely be dry and labored beyond expression. It is rather a thing to think out for oneself. Besides, the subject is really not hard to develop after one has thought much about it. What is prayer? What things should we pray for? To whom should we pray? Is there any definite way in which prayer is answered? What are the kinds of prayer? These and many other questions easily suggest material for several recitations. And so it is with other subjects in Religion Classes.

But this does not mean that the teacher should not read and study much. As a rule, the wider the information of the teacher, the beter off he will be for illustrative material; he will have a readier means of conducting an interesting recitation. What is meant is that he should not read this, that, or the other article on any given subject and seek to present to his class just what he has read. His reading should first be absorbed into his own thought material and digested thoroughly, and then it may be given out with the same effect as if it originated with him.

A Reader for the Religion Classes

LESSON I

That Beautiful Land

I have heard of a land on a far-away strand—
  In the Bible the story is told,—
Where no cares ever come, never darkness nor gloom,
  And nothing shall ever grow old.

Refrain:
In that beautiful land, on that far-away strand,
  There awaits us a palm and a crown;
The story so old will new glory unfold,
  And the sunlight will never go down.
There's a home in that land at the Father's right hand;
  There are mansions whose joys are untold;
There the ransomed will sing 'round the throne of their
    King,
  And nothing shall ever grow old.

—*Mrs. F. A. Wood-White*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 226

Memorize

We believe the Bible to be the Word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the World of God.—*Eighth Article of Faith.*

A Story of a Wonderful Book

One day, as Garndma sat by the window reading, a little Sleep Fairy, riding on a sun-beam, came through the window. It began to play with Grandma's eyes. At

first she winked. Then she blinked. Then she put her glasses up on her forehead and yawned.

That was just what the Fairy wanted. The Sleep Fairy flitted over to Grandma's ear and said very softly:

"Go to sleep, Grandma. Go to sleep, Grandma."

Grandma nodded her head. The little Sleep Fairy sat right on her eyelids. O, how hard it was to raise them. She raised her hand to rub her eyes and—crash—down went her book with a great whack on the floor.

Grandma jumped and opened her eyes. The little Sleep Fairy climbed back up the sunbeam just as fast as it could.

George stopped tickling the kitty's feet and picked up the book.

"What is this book, Grandma?" George asked.

"That is the Bible, Georgie dear," Grandma said, as she pulled her glasses down on her nose.

"What's a Bible?" George asked.

"A Bible, Georgie, is a book that tells about God and God's children."

"Does this book tell about God?" George asked.

"Yes," Grandma answered. "It tells all about the Heavenly Father's love for His children."

"Who are the Heavenly Father's children, Grandma?"

"We are all His children, little man."

"Does the Bible tell all about us?" George asked.

"O, no," Grandma replied, smiling. "It tells about the Hebrew children who lived way over in Asia. It tells how they lived and how they prayed and how they sang songs and how they loved God. It tells, too, how He loved them."

"How did we get the Bible, Grandma?"

"O, my dear boy, that is a long story."

"Tell me how we got it, Grandma," George pleaded.

"I'll tell you a little about it, Georgie. You've heard about Moses, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to tell you stories about Moses some day. Well, Moses was a great man whom God loved. He led

the children of Israel out of Egypt where they had been slaves for four hundred years. The Lord was with Moses and his people.

"When they had been journeying in the wilderness for some time, Moses went up into a mountain one day to pray. While he was up there the Lord showed him some wonderful visions. He was told much concerning the creation of the earth and Adam and Eve and many of the other people who lived on the earth. While upon the mountain, God gave Moses the Ten Commandments to teach the children of Israel how to live.

"When Moses went back to the children of Israel, he wrote down upon a sort of paper called papyrus, or parchment, the things the Lord had told him. There were no books such as we have, in that day. In order to preserve the precious things he had written, Moses took the papyrus, or parchment, upon which he had written, and rolled it on a stick. This stick, with its precious story of the creation of the world, was placed in the Ark of the Covenant for safekeeping. The Ark of the Covenant was a little box about the size of Mama's cedar chest. In this Ark, which was beautifully decorated with gold, the Israelites, while traveling in the wilderness, kept many precious things.

"On the parchment that Moses put in the Ark, he had written many other things now found in the first five books of the Bible. After Moses died, other prophets wrote upon parchment and preserved their writings. Then, later, many of these writings were changed from the Hebrew language into Greek and Latin, and finally into English, and were printed and bound together in one book like this."

"Can I read the Bible, Grandma?"

"Some day, litttle Georgie," Grandma answered. "I think it is too hard for you yet."

"I wish I could read it. I would like to read about our Heavenly Father!" George replied.

"I'll tell you," Grandma said. "If you'll be a good little boy, I'll tell you a Bible story."

"O, I'll be good," George cried. "Will you tell me a good one?"

"I'll try," Grandma answered. "I'd like you to look through the Bible first and see what you can find there. Then get Mama to select a good verse for you to learn. When you know the verse, I'll tell the story. Perhaps she'll select the third verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus."

"I believe I can find that," George answered, as he began turning the leaves of the Bible. "I want to start on it now so I can learn it. I want to hear that story."

Little George soon found the place.

I wonder if you can do that? I wonder how many little boys and girls can say it by next time?

The story that Grandma told is in the next lesson. Do you want to hear it?

Review

Look for the answers to these questions:

1. What is the Bible?
2. Who wrote the Bible?
3. What people does the Bible tell about?
4. How was the Bible kept?
5. Where was the Bible kept?
6. What part of the Bible did Moses write?
7. How can we usually tell who wrote the different books of the Bible?
8. How many books can you find in the Bible?

LESSON 2

Memorize

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under

the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.—Exodus 20:3-4.

Grandma's Story

One afternoon, as Grandma sat knitting stockings out under the boxelder tree, George came running across the lawn.

"Grandma," he shouted, "I know the verse."

Grandma's kind old face smiled.

"Let's hear it, then," she said.

"All right, here it is: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

"That's right. You're a good boy, Georgie."

"Now for the story," George cried.

" Along time ago," Grandma began, "the Heavenly Father made this earth. At first there was water all over it. Then He caused the dry land to appear and caused the water to flow together in one place. Do you know what we call the water now, Georgie?"

"Yes, we call the water the Ocean," George answered.

"That's right. Then the Lord said, 'This is a beautiful earth. I think I'll cause grass and trees, and flowers to grow on the earth. That will make it more beautiful. It will then be a good place for my children.'

"The Heavenly Father caused grass to grow, then flowers, then trees.

" 'This is a beautiful and good world," God said when he saw the plants growing. 'The world is lonesome. I'll cause some animals to live in these beautiful gardens.' They all lived happily together. The birds sang. The lambs played in the meadows. There was no fighting at all among any of the animals."

"'Now,' said the Heavenly Father, 'the world is ready for my children.'

"So man was created.

"'Your name,' God said to His son, 'is to be Adam, because you are the first man on this earth.'

"Then the Heavenly Father created woman and gave her to Adam for a wife. Her name He called Eve.'

"Now these two people lived together in a beautiful garden. Do you know the name of the garden, George?"

"Yes," George answered. "It was the Garden of Eden, wasn't it, Grandma?"

"That is right. In this garden God put all kinds of beautiful things. Everything was beautiful in that garden, because everything was good. Even the thorns and thistles were beautiful there because they all grew where they should grow. The lamb wasn't afraid of the lion in that garden—nobody was afraid because there wasn't any wickedness or sin. Adam and Eve walked in the garden among all the beautiful things, and were not afraid of anything. All was happiness and peace.

"One day God came to the garden to visit His children.

"He said, 'Now, children, this is your home. I hope you'll be happy. You may have everything in this garden to use. You may enjoy the flowers and the fruits, and there are some wonderful fruits here. You may eat any of these apples or berries or figs or pomegranates, but there is fruit on one tree of which you must not eat. There is plenty of fruit without that one tree. I call the fruit of that tree the "Knowledge of Good and Evil." If you eat that fruit you will die.'

"Before God left He took His two children into the garden and said, 'You may rule over all you see here. I want you to be masters of this world. I want you to have children and bring them up and have them help you rule the world.'

"Then God went away. While He was away, Eve began to wonder how the fruit of the tree of 'Knowledge of Good and Evil' would really taste. She thought lightly

of what the Heavenly Father had told her, so when Satan came and told her that the fruit was good and offered her some, she ate it. Then she took some to Adam, her husband, and he ate also. Then they remembered that they had disobeyed God; they also remembered what the Lord said would happen to them. Do you remember, Georgie?"

"He said they would die," George replied. "Did they?"

"When the Father came back to the garden His disobedient children tried to hide from Him, but no one can hide from God. They were afraid. But they heard the Lord's voice.

"'Where are you, my children?' the Lord asked.

"'Here we are," Adam replied, 'but we are afraid.'

"The Lord knew then that they had sinned, for children are not afraid of the Father unless they have been naughty.

"The Lord said, 'You have eaten the fruit of the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Now you will both die. You cannot remain in this beautiful garden. You must go outside. Only sinless people may remain here. Out there you will have to work for what you eat. Thorns and thistles will grow everywhere. You must dig them out of your fields, but I will bless you my children, for I still love you!'

"Adam answered, 'Father, we are sorry, but the woman Thou gavest me brought me the fruit and I did eat.'

"Then the Father commanded them, 'Go now from this garden and begin life outside. Now that sin has come into the world there will be trouble of all sorts, for where there is sin there is trouble and sorrow. You, my children, must overcome sin. You will both die, as all things that live on the earth must die, but I love you and I will help you to overcome sin and live again if you will believe in me, but always choose the right.'

"With these words the Father left, and from that time on Adam could not walk and talk with Him as he had done before.

"Outside of the Garden of Eden, Adam built an altar

and offered sacrifice and thanksgiving to the Lord, and He was well pleased.

"Adam and Eve were our first parents, Georgie. That is the end of my story for today."

Review

Can you answer these questions?

1. Can you tell why the Bible is called the Holy Bible?
2. After you read the story about Adam and Eve see if you can tell where it can be found.
3. Who was Adam?
4. Who was Eve?
5. Where were they?
6. What did the Lord tell them?
7. What did they then do?
8. What was done to the children?
9. Did God still love them? Why?

LESSON 3

Love at Home

There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home;
Love at home, love at home;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

Love at home, love at home.
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home.
All the world is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

Love at home, love at home;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 46

Memorize

"And Samuel said [*unto Saul*], Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams."—I Samuel 15:22.

George's Disobedience

One day Grandma was sitting by the window again. George was lying beside her on a little bed that had been

prepared for him. A white cloth was bound around his head, and his hand, which lay on the cover, was bandaged. His face was very pale.

At last George opened his eyes.

"Grandma," he said in a soft voice.

"What is it, dear?" Grandma asked.

"Was the Heavenly Father very angry when his children didn't do as He told them?"

"No, He wasn't angry, He was sorry. He knew how much sorrow disobedience brings into the world."

"Did He help His children to be better?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did He love them very much?"

"Oh, He loved them a great deal."

"As much as my papa loves me?"

"Yes, just as much."

"Then God is good to His children, isn't He?"

"Very good, my little man," Grandma said as she patted George's head.

"My Papa loves me a lot." A big tear rolled down Georgie's face.

"How did you get hurt, little man?" Grandma asked.

"I fell out of the barn."

"How did you do that? Tell me all about it."

"The barn is such a nice place to play in. There is lots of soft hay and there are big wooden things to jump from, and there are hills of hay to slide down. I asked Papa if I could play in the barn and he said, yes if I wouldn't get by the window. And so I told him I wouldn't. Soon he went away.

"After he was gone I had lots and lots of fun. I played circus and lots of things. Then I heard somebody call my name. I went to the window to see who it was. I couldn't see 'cause he was too close to the barn. I peeked out to look and the hay slipped and down I went."

"Didn't you remember what your Papa said?"

"Not until I slipped, then I remembered, but it was too late."

"Did it hurt much?"

"Well, I should say so. It broke two fingers and almost cracked my skull."

"What did Papa do? Was he angry?"

"No, he was sorry and scared. He said it might have killed me."

"How did you get fixed up, then?"

"Why, the doctor came and stitched up my head and bandaged my fingers."

"Disobedience always brings sorrow. Do you remember what happened to Adam when he disobeyed his Father?"

"Yes, he was put out of the garden; but you said God still loved him."

"He did, for Adam was His son. Fathers love their sons always, but they are always sorry when their sons disobey. Fathers know how much trouble and pain disobedience brings. Your father loves you. Even though you disobeyed him, he sent for the doctor to help make you well."

"Did God help Adam?"

"Yes. He taught him how to plant grains. Then He sent the rain and the sun to make it grow. And best of all, He told Adam that even though he would have to die for his sin, He had a plan that would make him live again. A plan that would bring his children back into Paradise or Heaven, a place like the Garden of Eden."

"Did He, Grandma?" George cried eagerly. "What was the plan?"

"You must not talk any more now, George. You go to sleep and when you wake up I'll tell you another story. Can you say the verse you learned the other day?"

I wonder whether George knew it.

Review

1. Why did God cause Adam and Eve to leave the Garden of Eden?

2. How did George get hurt?
3. Was it George's fault or his Papa's fault?
4. What happens when people disobey?
5. How was George punished for falling out of the barn?
6. How was Adam punished?

LESSON 4

God of Our Fathers, We Come Unto Thee

God of our fathers, we come unto Thee;
Children of those whom Thy truth has made free;
Grant us the joy of Thy presence today,
Never from Thee let us stray!

Chorus:
Never! Never! Never from Thee let us stray!
Ever! Ever! Ever to Thee will we pray!

Grateful for all that Thy bounty imparts,
Praises we offer with voices and hearts;
Life of our being, and Sun of our day.
Never from Thee let us stray!

Strengthened by Thee for the conflict with sin,
Onward we'll press till life's battle we win;
Then in Thy glory forever we'll stay—
Never from Thee should we stray-

—*C. W. Penrose.*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 147

Memorize

"And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am

the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect. And I will make my covenant between me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly. * * * As for me, behold, my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations." (Gen. 17:1, 2, 4).

The Story About Abraham

The day was warm and bright when Grandma came out of the house under the big tree where she lived with George and his Mama and Papa. Grandma was all smiles, for she and George were going to see the circus parade. George was already sitting in the big back seat of the automobile. He was still a little pale but his eyes sparkled.

"Hurry, Grandma, or we'll be late," he called.

"There's plenty of time, Mother," George's Papa said, as he helped the sweet old lady get into the seat beside George. "We're off now."

He jumped into the seat beside George's mama, who was holding little Beth.

"Honk, honk!" the car shouted as if it, too, were happy at being taken to a great circus parade.

At one of the corners, the automobile stopped and presently along came the parade. George clapped his hands and Beth shouted as they watched the horses, the band wagons, the elephants and the animal cages, pass. At last, along the street came the funniest animal!

It had a long neck, just like the neck of a great big goose. It held its funny head like a goose, too; but it had four big feet and a sort of brownish hair, so George knew it wasn't a goose. When it came close, he discovered that it had a big hump on its back. Another animal almost like it followed, but it had two humps.

"What's 'at fing?" little Beth piped.

"That's a camel," George answered. "I've seen pictures of them in books."

"That's right," Grandma answered. "That's the kind of horse Abraham used to ride."

"You said you'd tell me a story about Abraham," George cried.

"I will, George. You look closely at that camel and all that pretty cloth. Abraham and his Sarah and their little boy used to ride just like that. I'll tell you about that little boy."

By now the parade had passed. Grandma began her story as the car flitted along the smooth streets, for George's father decided to take the family for a ride.

"Abraham was a good man," Grandma began. "He lived far over the sea. He didn't live in a city, but out in the country on the hills. Even though he was rich he didn't have a house. He lived in a tent so he could move from place to place where feed was good for his cattle and sheep.

"Abraham had many herds and many servants and was loved by everybody because he was good. He was happy, too, but one thing sometimes made him sad. He had a beautiful wife but she didn't have any children, and Abraham loved children. His servants had children, therefore Abraham wondered why the Lord didn't send any to him.

"One night the word of the Lord came unto Abraham in a vision, saying, 'Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.'

"And Abraham answered, 'Lord God, what wilt thou give me? Behold to me Thou hast given no son.'

"Then the Lord led Abraham out of his tent and said, "Look now toward heaven, and count the stars, and see if you can number them.'

"Abraham looked up and could see thousands and thousands of stars in the dark heavens, but he couldn't count them all.

" 'Neither can you count your descendants,' said the Lord.

"Abraham believed in the Lord, and the Lord was well pleased with Abraham.

"A long time after this, when Abraham was ninety-nine years old, the Lord appeared to him again, and said, 'I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be thou perfect, and I will make my covenant between me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly.' You see, the Lord loved Abraham because of his faith.

"Then the Lord said, 'I will give this land to you and your children, for I am going to give you a son and his name shall be Isaac.'

"The Lord called the son Isaac, because Abraham laughed when the Lord told him he was to have a son; Isaac means laughter.

"But He didn't give him a son yet, for He wanted to try Abraham's faith.

"A few years later Abraham was sitting in his tent door. It was in the heat of the day. He looked off across the plains of Mamre and saw three men approaching. Abraham knew that these were holy men so when they came up he said, "Stay here awhile and I'll bathe your feet and get you something to eat.'

"He went in and told Sarah, his wife, to prepare some cakes while he went and procured from his herd some fresh veal. This appetizing food with milk and cakes he set before the three visitors.

" 'Where is Sarah, thy wife?" one visitor asked.

" 'She is in the tent,' Abraham answered.

"The visitor said, 'I will certainly return unto thee according to the time of life; and lo, Sarah thy wife shall have a son.'

"Now, Abraham knew it was the Lord who spoke.

"Sarah, who was in the tent heard what the Lord said, and laughed, because she was very old and had never had a son. But the Lord said: 'Why did Sarah laugh? Is anything too hard for the Lord? At the time appointed I will return unto thee and Sarah shall have a son.'

"Now, it had been many years since God first promised Abraham a son, but Abraham never wavered in his faith. Through all these years the Lord had been watching Abraham to see if he really was a good and faithful man. He was, no doubt, delighted to see that Abraham

still believed. After another year the long period of Abraham's waiting came to an end. In the beautiful tent on the hills of Canaan the little boy, Isaac, meaning laughter, was born.

"I am sure Abraham was happy. He must have gone outside and looked up at the stars and said, 'Lord, I thank Thee for this little boy, who must be represented by one of those brightest stars. Help me to rear him properly, so that he will love Thee and keep Thy commandments, for he is a son of promise.'

"Now, George, can you tell why God loved Abraham?" Grandma asked.

"Because Abraham believed in Him and was true and faithful," George answered.

"Right," Grandma replied. "Now if you want to read a story about this boy you can find a good one in the twenty-second chapter of Genesis; read to the twentieth verse. See if you can find a promise the Lord made to Abraham."

"I'm sure I can," George answered.

"Honk, honk!" shouted the auto.

George looked out and there they were by their own front gate again.

As Grandma went up the walk beside George, she said, "God is good, and loves good people like Abraham. I'm going to tell you some day how God saved a little boy from death."

"Good," George shouted. "I want to hear that story."

Review

1. What kind of house did Abraham have?
2. Was he rich or poor?
3. Why was Abraham sorrowful?
4. What promise did the Lord make to Abraham?
5. Why was Abraham's son named Isaac?
6. How did the Lord prove Abraham?
7. Why did God love Abraham?
8. How can we be sure that God will love us?

LESSON 5

Memorize

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good:
For His mercy endureth for ever.
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,
Whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.
—*Psalm* 107.

The Lord Saves a Little Boy

One day in October, just when the leaves were beautiful in their fall dresses, George and a number of his friends were playing on the lawn. Grandma sat close by in her rocking chair.

"Now, boys and girls," she said, "if you'll help me we'll have a litttle play. Perhaps, though, you don't like to play like actors?"

"Yes, we do," they all cried at once.

Grandma laughed, and held her ears pretending that such a big shout hurt them.

"All right," she said. "Line up here and I'll give you your parts, and then we'll work out the speeches just as they do on the stage in the theatre. These are the characters: John may be the father of Moses; Mary may be the mother of Moses; Lucy may take the part of the sister of Moses; Jennie, because she is tall and straight, may be the Egyptian princess; and Sarah, Gwen and Susie may be the maids of the princess. I think we'll let George be Moses, because he is small.

"We'll use this soap box for a litttle cradle, and we'll play the cement walk is the stream. How many have heard the story of Moses and how the Lord helped his Mama to save him?"

Every hand went up.

"All right, line up here and we'll begin on the play," Grandma said.

After the children had worked on it a long time, they were able to say their parts. Here is the play as the children performed it:

Setting: The throne room in Pharaoh's palace in Egypt.

Pharaoh: (Sitting on throne.) These Hebrew children have lived in our country ever since the days of Joseph. Though we have made them slaves and have worked them very hard; though we've made them gather straw with which to make brick, and have whipped them, their God blesses them more than our God blesses us.

Counselor: You speek the truth, most worthy Pharaoh.

Pharaoh: They increase in numbers more rapidly than we do. If they are not checked they will soon overpower us. What can be done?

Counselor: Why not put their baby boys to death. Then their daughters will marry Egyptians and we'll have no more trouble.

Pharaoh: Well said. We'll send word to all the doctors that the baby boys of the Hebrews are to be slain.

(When the Hebrew people heard the wicked command of the king they were very sorrowful. In one little house sat a father and mother and sister around a cradle in which a little three-months old baby lay. It was Moses. All were weeping.)

Father of Moses: Wife, what can be done? Are we to allow our little son to be slain? We have kept him hidden three months; we can hide him no longer.

Mother of Moses: No, no, we must not. He is such a dear baby. The Lord has given him to us and surely He will help us to save him. Let us pray.

(They all kneel around the cradle.)

Father: Our Father in Heaven, the king of Egypt, as You know, has declared that all boy babies are to be destroyed. Help us to save this little one of ours. Help us to keep him, and to preserve his life. Amen.

(They rise and stand looking down at the baby.)

Sister of Moses: (Clapping hands joyfully.) O, I have it, Mama. I know how to save him. He is such a

sweet litttle fellow, anybody would love him. Let us take him and hide him where the princess will find him. I'm sure she would love and keep him.

Mother: Where shall we hide him?

Sister: Over in the stream where the princess takes her daily bath.

Father: That's a good idea. Bring me some pitch and I'll help make a little ark that will float on the water.

Mother: Good, I'll make it warm and snug.

Sister: And I'll stand guard over the ark, so nothing can harm it.

(Soon all was hurry and scurry in the little home. A beautiful little ark was made of bull-rushes covered over with slime and pitch to keep the water out. Early next morning, long before sunrise, the mother and sister with the precious little ark containing the tiny baby hastened off to the river where the rushes were very thick. They found a quiet little pool where the flags were high, and there the mother sent the litttle ark floating on the water. Then she went home, but the sister remained on the bank to watch.)

Sister: Doesn't that litttle ark look pretty there? Just like a little bird's nest floating on the blue water. I hope nothing harms it.

(She moved a little closer. Suddenly some ladies approached. One was tall and was being attended by the others.)

Sister: (Aside.) I wonder if that is the good princess? I wonder what they'll do with my little brother.

Princess: (Coming to the bank of the stream.) What is that basket there in my bathing pool?

Attendant Maid: I don't know. Shall I get it?

Princess: Bring it to shore with care.

Sister: (Silently praying.) Father in Heaven, protect my little brother. Soften this lady's heart so she'll love him.

(The sister of Moses went over to the Princess. The maid brought the ark which was opened before the princess. The little one was crying loudly.)

Princess: The child is frightened. Let this girl take him up.

Sister: I can bring a nurse who can care for him better than I.

Princess: All right. Hasten.

(The princess took the little boy up into her lap as the sister hastened away. Soon she returned with her mother.)

Sister: (Bowing.) Here is the nurse, your Highness.

Princess: Nurse, will you take this little boy and care for him? Treat him well or it will go hard with you. He is to be the adopted son of the princess. He shall be called Moses because he was drawn out of the water. Now take the child away and care for him and I will give you wages.

(The mother and sister of Moses with joyful hearts carry him home. When they are safely in their home they surround the little cradle again and kneel in prayer.)

Father: Our Father in Heaven, now we are sure that Thou art all-powerful and that Thou dost hear the humble prayer of thy children. We thank Thee with grateful hearts for the preservation of this, our son. Amen.

Thus did the Lord answer prayer and save the life of a little boy who was to become a great leader and savior of His people.

When Moses had grown up, he was taken to the princess and was known as her son.

LESSON 6

George Learns More About Moses

One day George went across the street to visit with Benny Walton, a boy a few years older than he. To his great delight he had the opportunity to "listen in" on a radio concert which was being broadcasted from Los

Angeles. When he returned home he went to his Grandmother with a wonderful story.

"Grandma," he cried, "I could hear a man talk just as plainly as I can hear you talk, but he was way down in California."

"Well, well, that was almost like a miracle," Grandma answered. "Just think, that man was nearly one thousand miles away. That does seem to be a miracle, but it isn't quite."

"What is a miracle, Grandma?" George asked.

"I'll tell you another story about Moses. Then perhaps you will know what a miracle is."

"All right," George answered.

"You remember in our little play we saw that Moses was taken into the home of his own mother to be reared for the Egyptian princess. When he was old enough to learn, he was taken to the home of the princess where he was treated as well as if he had been the great lady's son.

"The princess hired the best of teachers to train the little boy. In that way Moses learned the wisdom of the Egyptians, and from his own people he learned the wisdom of the Israelites. Moses was good as well as very wise.

"When he became a man, the Lord called him to lead his people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt where they had been slaves for four hundred years. You might read how he was called, in the third and fourth chapters of Exodus. It is an interesting story.

"Now, it was no easy task for a young man like Moses to free the slaves of a big nation like Egypt. Naturally, he didn't know how to go about it, so the Lord told him what to do. The Lord told him to go to Pharaoh, the king, and ask him to allow the Hebrew children to leave Egypt. This the old king wouldn't do until the Lord had sent a lot of plagues to vex him.

"One day the old king said, 'Well, you may go. Take all the people and leave Egypt. But where do you want to go?'

"'We want to go back to Canaan,' Moses replied. 'That is the land God gave to our Father Abraham.'

"'Very well,' said the king.

"Moses went back to his people and said, 'Come on, let's go, before the king changes his mind.'

"Now the people were all ready to go, so they started in the middle of the night, guided by a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day. They traveled as fast as they could. Soon they found themselves on the banks of the Red Sea. I wonder if you can find that sea in sister's geography?"

"I think so," George replied. "I'll look."

"Not now, dear," Grandma said. "You may look after I'm through.

"Well, there they were by the sea. There wasn't any boat and there wasn't any bridge, and they didn't have any airships. What were they to do? Moses was very wise in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and the Hebrews, but he didn't know how to cross.

"One day, as they were camped by the sea, word reached them that the old king had changed his mind. The messenger said he was coming with a big army to take the Hebrews back to slavery.

"The people were very much frightened.

"'What shall we do?' they said to Moses. 'Why did you lead us out here to be killed in the wilderness?'

"Now, Moses was a little worried, but he knew the Lord had called him to lead the people. He prayed to the Lord about it, and the Lord said, 'Moses, stretch forth your hand over the sea.'

"Moses stretched forth his hand, and what do you think happened?"

"The sea parted," George replied, "and the Hebrew people crossed on dry land."

"That's just what happened," Grandma answered. "After the children were all across the sea, the Egyptian soldiers tried to follow, but the waves came back together, and they were drowned."

"Did Moses divide the waters?" Grandma asked.

"No," George answered.

"Did any man divide the waters by pumps or machines?"

"No," George answered.

"Who did divide the waters, then?" Grandma asked.

"God helped Moses," George answered, "but God did most of the work."

"Good," Grandma answered. "That was a miracle."

"O, now I know what a miracle is," George answered.

Do you, little reader?

Next time Grandma will tell George a story about a great captain who learned a lot about miracles.

Review

1. How was Moses saved from death when he was a baby?
2. In what country was he living?
3. Why did God save Moses?
4. How was Moses called to lead Israel?

LESSON 7

Who's on the Lord's Side?

Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
Now is the time to show;
We ask it fearlessly,
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
We wage no common war,
Cope with no common foe;
The enemy's awake;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

Chorus:
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
Now is the time to show;
We ask it fearlessly,
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

We serve the living God,
And want His foes to know
That if but few, we're great:
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
We're going on to win,
Nor fear must blanch the brow;
The Lord of Hosts is ours;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

The Lord has armies great
Which at His bidding go,
His chariots are strong;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
When He makes bare His arm
To lay the wicked low,
Then is the time to ask
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

—*H. Cornaby*

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Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 205

Memorize.

What Joshua Said to Israel

"And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose ye this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the Gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Joshua 24:15.

Two Great Captains

"Do you know what a 'host' is?" Grandma asked George one evening as they sat by the fire-place.

George scratched his head.

"I guess not," he answered.

"I'll give you two minutes to find it in the dictionary. If you can find it I'll tell you a story about two great captains."

In much less than two minutes George had found and defined the word.

"Now, Grandma, I am ready," he said as he took his seat where the light from the fire-place played over his face.

"Do you still remember what a miracle is, George?"

"Yes," George answered. "A miracle is something that God helps some one to do."

"That's pretty good," Grandma answered. "In this story of the two captains, see if you can find something that will help explain how miracles are performed."

"Moses led the children of Israel through the Red Sea into the wilderness where they all remained forty years, because the people were wicked and were not worthy to enter the Promised Land, the Land of Abraham. During this time Moses grew old and was about to die. He selected a young man by the name of Joshua to lead Israel. He told Joshua that many people lived in the Promised Land, but that the children of Israel were to go in and take possession, because the people who lived there were wicked; besides, the land belonged to the children of Israel.

"Now Joshua was a very good man and, as soon as Moses died, he prepared to enter Canaan.

"He and his army crossed over the Jordan river. You might find that river in the geography.

"They couldn't go any farther, for there was the city of Jericho with a high wall around it and a strong army inside. Joshua was afraid to pass by the city, because he had been told to destroy it; besides, if he should leave the city standing he would have enemies all around him. Now, no wise captain will allow enemies to be all around him.

"The children of Israel camped on the plain before Jericho for a long time, waiting to decide what could best be done.

"One day as Joshua was going by Jericho, he came upon a man standing with his sword drawn in his hand. Joshua wondered who it was, so he said, 'Are you for us, or are you for our enemies?'

"Joshua thought it might be a man from Jericho.

"The man answered, 'No, but as Captain of the Host of the Lord I have come.'

"Joshua fell upon his face before the man, for he recognized him as a messenger of the Lord.

"'What have you, my lord, to say to your servant?' he asked.

"And the Captain of the Lord's Host said, 'Loose your shoe from off your foot; for the place where you stand is holy.'

"Joshua did as the angel commanded.

"The angel said to Joshua, 'I have given Jericho into your hand, also the king, and the mighty soldiers. You are to make a circle of soldiers around the city, and go around the city once every day for six days. And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns; and in the seventh day you must circle around the city seven times, and the priests are to blow their trumpets. And when they blow upon the rams' horns and you hear a trumpet call, all the people of Israel are to shout with all their might; then the walls will fall down flat. Then every man of Israel is to go straight into the city.'

"The Captain of the Lord's Host vanished.

"Joshua called his soldiers together and told them what the Captain of the Lord's Host had said. That very day, the soldiers of Israel, preceded by the ark carried by priests, circled around the city for the first time. On six different days they did the same thing, while the people of Jericho watched them from their wall where they thought they were safe. No doubt, they laughed at Israel and the great captain, Joshua. Of course, they couldn't see the Captain of the Lord's Host and his great company.

"On the seventh day, the Israelites marched around the city seven times. Then the seven priests in the lead blew a long blast on the rams' horns and all the people shouted. Joshua had done just what the Captain had told him to do. What do you think happened?"

"The walls fell," George answered.

"They did. That was a miracle. Who helped Joshua, do you suppose?"

"The Captain of the Lord's Host."

"Perhaps, and also the Lord's Host. No wall could stand against Joshua and the hosts of Israel, assisted by the Captain and the Hosts of the Lord."

"Was Joshua a great captain, too, Grandma?"

"Yes, George, dear, one of the greatest captains that ever lived, because he always had the Lord on his side and he was always on the Lord's side."

Review

1. What did George say a miracle is?
2. Whom did Joshua meet near Jericho?
3. What did the angel say to Joshua?
4. What did Joshua do?
5. What happened?
6. Why should we always be willing to do whatsoever the Lord asks us to do?
7. How can you tell when a person is on the Lord's side?

LESSON 8

Make the World Brighter

Go, gladden the lonely, the dreary;
Go, comfort the weeping, the weary;
Go, scatter kind deeds on your way;
Oh, make the world brighter today!

Chorus:
Make the world brighter,
Go gladly along;
Make the world brighter
With sunshine and song!
Make the world brighter,
Go gladly along;
Make the world brighter,
Oh, make the world brighter with song!

Go forth, giving laughter for sighing;
Go, carry sweet hope to the dying;
Go forth with the sinful to pray;
Oh, make the world brighter today!

Wherever the needy are hiding,
Go, carry God's blessed providing;
The wants of His dear ones allay;
Oh, make the world brighter today!

—*Mrs. Frank A. Beck*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 197

Memorize.

Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks,
Unto Thee do we give thanks:
For that Thy name is near
Thy wondrous works declare.

—Psalms 75, Verse 1.

Things to be Thankful For

George was very cross. His legs had pained him all night, and while eating breakfast he had dropped his prize mug and had broken it into a dozen pieces. Furthermore, he had learned that some of his boy friends were going to see a big football game. Yes, he was decidedly

cross. A great, black thundercloud, seemed to hover right above his eyes.

Grandma entered in a new stiff, brocaded, old-fashioned gown. Grandma looked very cheerful. Her silver hair seemed almost like the halo of a saint. Grandma didn't seem to see the thundercloud.

"Hello, George. I'm wondering if you know what day it is today," Grandma's eyes sparkled.

"It is Thursday," George answered. His voice seemed almost like rumbling thunder.

"Correct," Grandma answered. "But this is a special Thursday."

"O, yes," George said, peevishly, "it's Thanksgiving Day, but not for me. I haven't anything to be thankful for."

"Nothing to be thankful for? Why, George, you surely have forgotten."

"I wish I could forget," he growled. "Here I am crippled; I can't go to the football game; I broke my best mug; I haven't any playmates, and I can't go anywhere."

"Why, that is a lot of trouble. Yet, there must be something you can be thankful for. Let's see, what can you be thankful for?"

Just then there was a shout in the street. George looked out of the window and down the street came a medium-sized white dog dragging an express wagon. A large boy was driving the dog. When they came opposite George's window, the dog ran too close to the curb and the wagon tipped over. The boy jumped up and began to beat the poor dog.

"Look at that mean boy," George cried. "Grandma, can't you stop him?"

George was very much excited.

Before Grandma could reach the door, however, the boy and his dog passed on down the street.

"How would you like to be that little dog?" Grandma asked.

"I shouldn't like it. I'm thankful that I'm a boy and not a dog."

Grandma smiled to herself as she began to knit, but the cloud came back over George's face.

After a few moments George said, "Thanksgiving is an awful day when there's nothing to be thankful for. I wish I could see the football game."

The cloud was getting blacker and blacker.

George closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them a little ragged urchin was standing on the sidewalk outside looking wistfully in. The little boy was bare-footed, in spite of the cold, and his arms looked blue where they could be seen through the holes in his shirt.

"That's Benny Jacobs," George said in a whisper, as if he were afraid the little boy would hear him. "He hasn't any Mama, and his Papa gets drunk. I'll bet he's awful cold. I can see him shake."

"Poor little boy," Grandma said, "he looks terribly neglected. I wonder if he'll have any pumpkin pie and plum pudding today?"

"Of course, he won't," George answered. "He's awful poor. Lots of times he doesn't have even bread to eat; he said so."

"He must be happy though," Grandma said. "He's outside and can go to the football game."

"No, he can't," George contradicted. "He hasn't any money. I like Benny, but he does have a hard time of it. I'm thankful that I have a good Papa and a good Mama."

"Grandma," George said as the black cloud brightened up a bit. "I wish we could bring Benny in and get him warm and give him something to eat. Why can't we?"

"We can, George. I'll go and call him."

Grandma went to the door and called and soon Benny was seated by the warm fireplace eating a wonderful doughnut George's Mama had given him.

The cloud had now entirely left George's forehead, because clouds can never stay where people are trying to help others. George was having a good time watching

Benny eat, while Benny was having a good time eating. His big brown eyes were glistening with satisfaction.

"Benny, do you know what day it is?" George asked.

"Sure," Benny chirped. "It's Thanksgivin' Day and it's a peach."

George's eyes opened.

"Have you anything to be thankful for?" George inquired.

"You bet, I'm thankful for lots of things. I'm thankful for my Dad. Most of the time he's awful good to me."

"What else?" George asked. "O, I donno. I'm awful glad you gave me this doughnut and let me sit here by this fire. Gee, you got a lot to be thankful for. Wouldn't I like to live in this warm house, and have doughnuts like these!" Benny declared. "Gee, but I'd be thankful for all this."

"But what if you had a broken hand, and a broken mug, and what if you couldn't go to the football game?"

"Wouldn't want to go to the football game. I'd want to stay right here. It wouldn't matter what, I'd sure like to live here."

"You'd feel that way even if you were sick?" George asked wonderingly.

"You bet I would. Mm-um, that was a good doughnut. I got to hurry now. Dad will be expectin' me."

Benny picked up his faded cap from the floor and started towards the door.

"Here, Benny, here's my dime," George called. "You take it and spend it."

"Thanks, George. Now I'm thankful for knowing you. Good bye."

He popped out of the door and was gone.

George followed with his eyes the little ragged form as Benny skipped happily along. The cloud was gone now, for George had really done a fine thing. When people do fine things they're always happy.

"Well, George," Grandma said slyly, "Today is Thanksgiving."

"Yes, Grandma," George answered, "and I am glad. Thanksgiving is a wonderful day, isn't it?"

"It is, my boy, when we try to be happy and make other people happy."

"I have lots more good things than Benny has, haven't I?"

"Yes, George. You see you have more, so you must give more. On Thanksgiving Day the best way to show that we are thankful for what our Heavenly Father has given us, is by giving something to someone also. If you had gone to the football game, perhaps you would have been happier, but think of litttle Benny. He wouldn't have had the doughnut, or the fun of sittting here a while beside the nice, warm fire."

"O, this was more fun than any football game. Didn't you see how his eyes sparkled! He was so tickled. Mama makes such good doughnuts. I do have lots to be thankful for, don't I?"

"Yes, George, and even Benny can be thankful, for he's a boy and not a horse or a dog. Besides, Benny loves his Papa after all. The Heavenly Father is good to us all."

Just then Mama came to the door and said:

"Last call for dinner."

George and Grandma went to the dining room door. What a table full of good things greeted their eyes—just the things boys and girls like.

After George's father had asked the blessing on the Thanksgiving dinner, George said, "I wish Benny was here. I'd enjoy this dinner more. I'd like to eat of all these good things, and then I'd like to see Benny eat them.

"After all," Grandma said, "that is the way to enjoy a dinner. That dinner is always best that is shared with someone else. Some day you can read "The Vision of Sir Launfal." In Sir Launfal's vision he saw a leper to whom he gave a drink of water and a part of his crust. Then Sir Launfal thought the man turned into the Savior. These words the Savior said to him:

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need—
Not what we **give,** but what we **share,**—
For the **gift** without the giver is **bare;**
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

"I wish you would learn that, George," his Papa said.

"All right, I will," George answered.

Will you, little Reader?

Review

Can you answer these questions?

1. What things could George have been thankful for?
2. What things can you be thankful for?
3. To whom should we be thankful? Why?
4. What have you shared with others?
5. When are we happiest?

LESSON 9

A Review

In our first lesson we learned something about a wonderful book called the..... In this book we find a story about the.....children, who were children of the Lord. The Bible was written by..... It was written upon.....and rolled upon a ..... This.....was kept in the.....while the people were in the wilderness. The writings in this book were later translated into.....so we can read it.

In our second lesson we learned something about our first parents. Their names were.....and ..... They were placed in a beautiful .....called the.....of..... They were told they could partake of all the fruit of the garden except the fruit of one tree. That was called the tree of the.....of.....and..... Our first mother,.....partook of the fruit and took it to.....,who also partook of it. The Lord told these two people that they would surely..... if they partook of this fruit. He came to the garden and discovered that they had eaten the forbidden..... Then He told them they must leave the beautiful ..... He told them, however, that He still loved them. Outside of the.....of..... our first parent.....built an altar and worshiped the Lord, for the Lord still loved His children.

In our third lesson we learned that George got hurt. His father told him not to..... ..... George heard a friend calling. He ran to the.....of the.....and fell out. He was like our first parents—he disobeyed and was hurt, but worst of all he could not play any longer in the..... He had to go to..... and remain until he was well.

George's father, however, still loved George and had the doctor come to help him to get well. We learned then, that when we disobey we suffer, just as our first parents, ...and.....suffered, but that just as our father continues to love us, God continues to love His children.

In our fourth lesson we learned something of the great man.....who believed God. This man lived in a.....on the hills of Canaan. He was a.....man who loved God. The Lord made a promise to..... This man laughed because he was old, but he still believed God. In due time his....., ..., was born. God told this man....., that his descendants would be as numerous as the.....in the.....

This man became the father of the faithful, because he believed so much in God. We love and honor this man for his goodness.

In our fifth lesson we learned about little..... who was saved from being killed by the king of Egypt by being placed in a.....made of..... which was placed in the.....where the..... came to bathe. The.....found the little .....and asked his sister to bring a..... The sister ran and brought her....., who became the..... The father and mother and sister of this little..... thanked the Lord for helping them to save his life.

In our sixth lesson we learned more about this little ..... He was now a grown man. We learned why the Lord saved him. The Lord wanted a leader of the children of.....out of bondage. This man,....., led the children of Israel out of Egypt to the Red Sea. They could not cross. The Egyptians were coming. The people were frightened, so the Lord told.....to stretch forth his arm. He did so and a strange thing happened. This is what happened..... ..... This Grandma told George, was a..... A .....then is explained. When God helps a man to do a certain thing that is called a ..... There are many..... in the world. God loves His children and often helps them, but He helps them to do only necessary things that they cannot do for themselves.

In our seventh lesson we learned all about..... ....., the great captain. We learned, too, how God performs miracles. This great captain, ..., was told to capture the strong, walled city of..... Joshua didn't know how to do it, but he knew he could do it because God had told him to do it. One day he met a..... This..... said, "As..... of the Lord's..... have I come." He told Joshua what to do. Joshua did as the.....

told him. The capture of.....was thus made easy. Miracles, then, we learned, are performed by invisible forces working under the direction of the Lord. We learned that when the Lord asks us to do a thing we should do it, because He always helps us to do it. We learned how to tell who is on the Lord's side.

Our last lesson was one on Thanksgiving. We learned that we have many things to be thankful for. Some of the things we can be thankful for are: 1..... 2..... 3..... 4..... 5..... The best way to enjoy Thanksgiving is to..... .....to enjoy it.

In these eight lessons we have learned that the Bible is a wonderful book which tells about God and His children. We have also learned to read some of the best things from the Bible. We have learned that God is helping His children all the time. That He makes and keeps His promises to men: and that He has invisible forces working all the time.

In our next group of lessons we shall learn something about Jesus, the Son of God, who was crucified for our sins. We shall also learn something about His teachings.

My favorite song in the songs we have studied is .....

PART II

LESSON 10

Luther's Cradle Hymn

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the heavens looked down where he lay,—
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.

Chorus:
Asleep, asleep, asleep, the Savior in a stall!
Asleep, asleeep, asleep, the Lord of all!

The cattle were lowing,—the poor baby wakes;
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes;
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle to watch lullaby.

Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care;
And take us to heaven, to live with Thee there.

—*Martin Luther*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 214

Memorize.

When Christ Was Born in Bethlehem

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day;
The stars, whose light was pure and bright,
Shone with unwavering ray;
But one, one glorious star
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
An angel, brighter than the sun,
Appeared in air, and gently said,
"Fear not, be not afraid,
For, lo, beneath your eyes,
Earth has become a smiling paradise."

—*Longfellow*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 221

Christmas in Judea

Scene 1. The Hills and Plains of Judea.

Beside a bush on one of the hills, three shepherds are sitting by a little fire. A little to one side a few of the sheep belonging to their flock can be seen. The night is calm and peaceful, and the sky is full of stars.

First Shepherd: There is a rumor in the land that Emanuel, the Savior of the world, is about to appear.

Second Shepherd: I have heard much discussion of that subject, myself. Today when I was in Bethlehem I heard some students talking. They said that the signs are almost all fulfilled; that the Savior ought to appear soon.

Third Shepherd: A strange story has come out of Nazareth. It is rumored up there that the angel of the Lord appeared to two young maidens and told them strange things.

First Shepherd: I hope the Lord appears in my day. O how I would love to see the Savior of the world.

Second Shepherd: I would give Him my best wee lamb.

Third Shepherd: Let us to bed. May the Lord come soon and save His people from wickedness.

First and Second Shepherds: Amen to that desire, Brother Levi.

(Suddenly a beautiful light shines around them. Sweet strains of music, as of children humming, are heard. In a moment an angel enters. The shepherds shrink in fear.)

Angel: Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

(The shepherds listen attentively, although still somewhat frightened.)

Angel: Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

(A host of angels appear. One of the host steps forward and says in a musical voice: "Glory to God in

the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The angels join in singing:)

"Glory to God, glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth good will to men,
Peace on earth, good will to men."

The angels vanish singing.

First Shepherd: (Joyfully.) Glory be to God, the King is born.

Second Shepherd: Now will Israel be saved! What a glorious vision, and how strangely beautiful that song!

Third Shepherd: Where is the Savior? Did he not say in the city of David?

First Shepherd: Yes, in the city of Bethlehem. Come, let us go and worship Him.

Second Shepherd: Let us take presents to Him. I will take my very best lamb. Did he not say the babe would be found wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger?

Third Shepherd: Hark, I hear a song as of angels in heaven singing.

First Shepherd: It must be the wind; I hear no voices.

Third Shepherd: Hist, there it is again.

(Voices now can be heard singing, "Holy Night." Shepherds kneel, listening in awe. When the song is finished they rise.)

First Shepherd: Come let us go and worship Him.

Second and Third Shepherds: Yes, let us go. This is the most holy—the most glorious of all nights.

(Go out.)

"Holy Night" can be heard in the distance.

LESSON 11

Scene II

The Babe of Bethlehem

(A room in a stable in Bethlehem.)

(A manger is seen at one side of the room in which the little child is lying on some hay. Mary, the mother of Jesus, is resting near. The light of the moon shines through an opening above the Savior's bed. Joseph, the husband of Mary, is sitting by the manger holding Mary's hand. Voices are heard singing "Luther's Cradle Hymn.")

Mary: (Smiling.) Joseph, the glorious promise of the angel has been fulfilled. The Savior of the world has been born, and I am His mother.

Joseph: Yes, dear Madonna. Blessed are you above women. To be the mother of Christ is the greatest of honors.

Mary: To be His mother is the greatest of responsibilities.

Joseph: That is true. We must be faithful and diligent, for God will require much at our hands. This boy has a great work to perform.

Mary: Yes, how great, we cannot tell. We must teach Him everything.

(A noise is heard at the door. Three shepherds, leading a beautiful lamb, enter. They kneel before the manger. One looks over into the manger and examines the child's clothes.)

First Shepherd: (In awed voice.) It is He! It is the Lord!

(They all bow their heads as if in prayer. Suddenly soft strains of music are heard. Angels enter singing softly: "Away in a Manger." The shepherds listen breathlessly. When the song is finished, the shepherds pray aloud; Joseph, Mary, angels, and all in the room join in the prayer: "Our Father which art in heaven, Holy is Thy name. Blessed be this little Babe

who is born to be the Savior of mankind, and blessed be this night forever. Help us to love and honor and be true to Him through all our days. Amen.")

Mary: Good shepherds, why did you come here?

First Shepherd: Madonna, the angel of the Lord came to us while we watched our flocks and declared that we would find Christ, the Lord, here.

Second Shepherd: He told us we would find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

Third Shepherd: And we have found Him.

Mary: Yes, this is Jesus Christ who is the Savior of the world.

First Shepherd: We have brought Him a present; the best lamb of our flock, for is He not spoken of in scripture as the Shepherd of Israel?

Joseph: Thanks, good men. May the Lord bless you for your kindness.

Second Shepherd: Come, let us return to our flocks.

Third Shepherd: Come, then, let us go.

First Shepherd: Let your blessings accompany us, Madonna.

Mary: May Jehovah bless you, good sirs. We shall keep the lamb by which to remember your love.

They all pass out one by one.

Joseph: The visit of the shepherds is another sign that this is the Savior of the world. O, blessed above all women.

Mary: (Repeating the words she spoke when she was visited by her Cousin Elizabeth.) "My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away. He

hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy: as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever."

(Angel voices are heard singing once again, "Holy Night.")

LESSON 12

Memorize.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
No memory can find
A sweeter sound than Thy best name,
O Savior of mankind.

—*Bernard of Clairvaux*

Jesus—Lost and Found

Twelve years after the shepherds found Jesus lying in a manger in Bethlehem, a very strange thing happened to Him. He got lost. That is, Joseph and Mary thought He was lost. It happened this way:

Joseph and Mary lived in a little town called Nazareth. This little town was built in the hills not many miles from the Sea of Galilee. In a cozy little cottage in Nazareth the family of Joseph and Mary were very happy. Joseph was a carpenter. Jesus, as well as His brothers, helped His father in the shop.

One day Joseph and Mary decided to go to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. Now, the Passover was

a great feast held by all the Jews each year in memory of their escape from King Pharaoh of Egypt.

On account of robbers that used to hide along the roads and rob people as they went along, the people traveled in companies.

Joseph and Mary took their son Jesus to Jerusalem with them. Jesus had now grown to be quite a large boy. He was a very good and obedient boy; His parents loved Him very much.

After spending a few days in enjoying the feast of the Passover, the company from Nazareth prepared to go home. At the appointed time the company made up of people walking, people riding donkeys, and people riding camels, passed through the great gates in the walls of Jerusalem. Just as the last of the people went through the gate, Mary hastened over to Joseph and said, "Have you seen our Son, Jesus?"

"No, I haven't seen Him," Joseph replied. "He must be in the company somewhere. He knew what time we were to leave. I saw Him near the Temple of Solomon not very long ago."

"He was with the sons of Kish just before we left the Temple; yet, I feel a litttle worried," Mary answered.

"The boy's all right," Joseph said, as he led the ass upon which Mary was riding, through the gate. "Jesus must have gone with the first company. They are probably far ahead by now."

The company moved on. That night as Joseph and Mary were arranging their supper, Mary said, "I do wish Jesus would wait for us. I grow more worried every hour."

"What shall we do?" she said to Joseph later. "We should have watched Him more carefully. He may be lost in that great city."

"Oh, no, He must be here," Joseph argued.

"I hope we find Him here," Mary said as she looked up at the great stars that seemed like little eyes in the sky. "I wish those stars could speak," she said. "Perhaps they could tell me where He is?"

Mary began an eager search for her lost Boy. The more she searched, the more frightened she became. At last she found the sons of Kish.

"Where is Jesus, my Son?" she asked breathlessly.

"We haven't seen Him since we were in Jerusalem," one of them replied.

"Can it be possible?" Mary cried. "We have left Him in Jerusalem."

Mary fairly flew along the ground as she hastened back to where Joseph was preparing supper.

"He is not here; come, let's go back."

"Are you sure He isn't here?" Joseph asked.

"Quite sure," Mary answered. "He isn't here."

As soon as their little meal was finished Joseph and Mary turned back upon the trail over which they had just come. Joseph forced the ass to go at as great speed as he could. After long hours of travel, dusty, footsore, and tired, the anxious parents entered the gate from which they had left the city such a few hours before. They searched the square they had visited while in Jerusalem. After three days of sorrow they went to the temple.

The anxious parents hastened through the outer court. At one of the doors they met a priest.

"Have you seen a boy here recently?" Mary asked, anxiously.

"Why there is a wonderful boy here—the wisest boy that ever I saw. He is in that council room there conversing with some very learned men," the Priest said.

"How old is He?" Mary asked.

"About ten or twelve years old, I think; but He's a wonder. Even the wisest of the men gathered there have trouble answering His questions, but He can answer theirs almost before they can ask them. He's a wonderful boy."

The old priest went down the hall nodding his white head and saying: "He's a wonderful boy."

"It must be He!" Mary exclaimed joyfully. "It must be He!"

She hurried across the chamber and brushed aside

the curtain. There stood the boy Jesus, in the presence of the wise men. For a moment she paused to listen, then she rushed over to Him.

"Son," she said, "Why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

And He said to His parents, "How is it that you sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

The parents didn't know what Jesus meant, for they seemed to forget that the Temple was the house of God, and that Jesus was the Son of God.

Jesus said no more. He followed His parents out of the temple and back to Nazareth.

This is the first time that Jesus said that He was the Son of God.

Mary, His mother, was touched by the words of her Son, and we are told in the Bible that she kept all of Christ's sayings in her heart.

After that, Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men.

Next time we're going to learn something new about Jesus. Every little boy and girl can find out just what happened if they will read the third chapter of Matthew. I wonder how many can tell that story next time?

LESSON 13

Guide Me to Thee

Jesus, my Savior true,
Guide me to Thee;
Help me Thy will to do,
Guide me to Thee;

E'en in the darkest night,
As in the morning bright,
Be Thou my beacon light,
Guide me to Thee.

Through this dark world of strife,
Guide me to Thee;
Teach me a better life,
Guide me to Thee;
Let Thy redeeming power
Be with me every hour,
Be Thou my safety tower,
Guide me to Thee.

—*O. P. Huish*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 110

Memorize.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—Psalm 23.

Jesus Baptized

Mark Phillips sat on the bars of the pasture one evening and watched the sun drop behind a clump of dark trees in the west. It was winter, but Mark didn't seem to mind the cold at all, for he was warm in his heavy woolen coat. Bishop Harley came down the snowy road and stopped beside the boy.

"Well, Mark!" said he, "That is a beautiful sight," as he pointed to the golden clouds in the west."

"Yes," Mark answered. "It is wonderful."

"I didn't see you at Sunday school yesterday," the Bishop said as he watched the boy's shining eyes.

"No, I didn't go yesterday," Mark answered.

"Have you been baptized yet?" Bishop Harley asked.

"Not yet," Mark answered. "I'm not old enough yet. I'll be baptized on my birthday, Mama says, I'll be eight on February second."

"Ground-hog day!" the Bishop laughed. "Well, that's a good day to be baptized on. Although you've heard it many times, if you'll walk towards home with me, I'll tell you how the Savior was baptized."

"All right," Mark said, "I like to hear that story."

He hopped down from the fence and took his place beside Bishop Harley. As they walked along, Bishop Harley told him this story:

"Over in the Promised Land—do you know where that is?"

"Yes," said Mark. "I belong to the Religion Class and have studied about Canaan."

"Good," the Bishop answered.

"Over in the Promised Land there was a man whose name was John. John was a good man and a great preacher. He lived very simply, eating mainly locusts and wild honey. His clothes were not rich. He wore a camel's hair robe.

"This John was an important man, for he had been sent to prepare the way for the Savior. He used to preach the Gospel out on the banks of the river Jordan. He taught the people to be good and not to sin. He

taught them that they should love one another and that if they would be baptized, the Lord would bless them and forgive their sins.

"Many people said to themselves, 'Well, we'll be baptized. It won't do us any harm.' They were not sorry for their sins at all and, therefore, John wouldn't baptize such people. He told them to go and be good to their friends and neighbors. Those who were willing to love their neighbors and help them, he took and baptized in the river. He always told them that he baptized with water, but that the Savior would baptize them with the Spirit, or Holy Ghost.

"One day as he was preaching beside the Jordan he saw a man coming through the crowd. As John looked at Him, he knew Him. It was Jesus Christ, the Lord, now a grown-up man about thirty years of age. John stretched out his arm towards Jesus and said:

" 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!'

"Jesus came up to John and said, 'John, baptize me.'

"John was overcome. He knew that Jesus was the very Son of God. He felt that Jesus was greater than he was, so he said,

" 'I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?'

"Jesus answered, 'Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.'

"John took the Savior into the waters of Jordan and baptized Him just as you will be baptized on your birthday.

"When John led Jesus out of the water, the Heavens were opened and he heard a voice from Heaven say, 'This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' He also saw the Holy Ghost descending and lighting upon Him.

"That's the way Jesus was baptized to fulfil all righteousness. You are to be baptized in order that you may be forgiven of your sins, and in order that you may become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. Jesus said, 'I am the gate into the sheepfold.' That gate is

baptism, for no wicked person may enter Christ's Kingdom. Baptism cleanses a person from sin."

"Will I receive the Holy Ghost, too?" Mark asked.

"Yes, my boy," the Bishop answered. "Baptism is not complete until one is blessed with the Holy Ghost."

"I want to be baptized, so I'll be a member of the Church."

"That's right, my boy," the Bishop answered. "Now, goodnight. Before next Sunday, learn the fourth Article of Faith, if you can."

Mark turned up the road to his own home. In a drawer of his father's desk he found a card containing the Articles of Faith. Within an hour he had the fourth one memorized.

Little reader, can you do it that quickly?

Review

1. What happened to Jesus in this story?
2. Where was He when it happened?
3. Who performed the ordinance?
4. How was it performed?
5. What happened after Jesus came up out of the water?
6. Who spoke from the Heavens?
7. Repeat the Fourth Article of Faith.

LESSON 14

Guide Me To Thee
(Continued)

When strife and sin arise,
  Guide me to Thee;
When tears bedim my eyes,
  Guide me to Thee;

When hopes are crushed and dead,
When earthly joys are fled,
Thy glory round me shed,
  Guide me to Thee.

When silent death draws near,
  Guide me to Thee;
Calm Thou my trembling fear,
  Guide me to Thee;
Let me Thy mercy prove,
Let Thy enduring love
Guide me to heaven above,
  Guide me to Thee.

—*O. P. Huish*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 110

Memorize.

We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; Second, repentance; Third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; Fourth, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.—*Fourth Article of Faith.*

Mark Prepares for Baptism

Mrs. Phillips went into her room one day where she found Mark soaking his hair with water. He was combing it and plastering it down with all his might.

"What are you doing?" his mother asked.

"I'm trying to join the pompadour club," Mark replied, but kept on with his work.

"What is a pompadour club?"

"Some boys over to school have made a club, and they told us little boys that we could join as soon as we could show a pompadour. I'm getting mine back, don't you think, Mama?"

"Yes, dear, but why do you have to have a pompadour?"

"Because, the boys say that shows that we are willing to be members and do what the club wants us to," Mark answered.

"O, I see," Mrs. Phillips said. "Then when you get your pompadour just right, you are a member of the club."

"O, no," Mark laughed. "If it was that way even Papa would be a member. When our pompadours are good we show them to the club members. Then if they accept the pompadours, we are taken into the club room in Bill Jensen's barn. Then one of the members tells us what we have to do, and we have to promise to do it."

"If you know how to join a club, then you know how to join the Church, don't you. You see you are to be baptized soon now and ought to know how to get ready. The Church is much more important than a club. Do you know how to get ready to be baptized?"

"I guess so. You have to be good and repent of your sins."

"Yes, but what does it mean to be good?"

"A good boy shouldn't swear, he shouldn't lie, he shouldn't steal, he shouldn't smoke, he shouldn't—he shouldn't—"

"That will do, dear, I'll tell you a story. Perhaps you'll see differently.

"One day Jesus led His followers up on a hill in Galilee. There He sat down and began to teach them. Great teachers in His day sat down when they taught people. On this day Jesus taught them something new. You'll remember that God had given Ten Commandments to the children of Israel. Can you repeat one of those commandments?"

"Yes," Mark answered. "This is the first one: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me'; another one is, 'Thou shalt not lie.'"

"You see, in those commandments, God said all the time, 'thou shalt not.' The children of Israel did not know God very well. They had been in slavery four

hundred years. They were used to a master to tell them what they could not do. They didn't know how to love the Lord. Jesus, on this beautiful day, in Galilee, was talking to Jews who knew what it is to be free, so instead of saying 'Thou shalt not,' He said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.'

"'Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.'

"'Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.'

"'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.'

"'Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.'

"'Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.'

"'Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called the children of God.'

"'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For their's is the kingdom of heaven.'

"'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you,
And say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad:
For great is your reward in heaven:
For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.'

"Now, do you see the difference in the teachings of Jesus?" Mrs. Phillips asked.

"I think so," Mark replied. "The ten commandments say 'don't, Jesus says we'll be blessed if we 'do' things."

"Yes, that's nearly right. He says we are blessed if we are pure in heart, or merciful, or if we're peacemakers. Christ's Gospel was a Gospel of 'do' not 'don't.' He wants little folks and grown-ups to 'do' good things unto others. He says that's the way He can tell if we love Him. So when you get baptized on your birthday, you are really promising to 'do' good things. Are you like the slave Jews or the free Jews? Should God say 'don't' or 'do' to you?"

"But what can a little boy like me do?" Mark asked.

"After a while I'll tell you about the good Samaritan and then perhaps you can tell. But now I wish you would get the Bible and learn the Beatitudes, that's what these sayings are called. You will find them in the Book of Matthew, chapter five, from the second to the thirteenth verses."

"All right," Mark said. "I love to find and memorize scripture now. It will help me when I get big and go on a mission, too."

"Yes, my boy, and I want you to be a great missionary, too. If you'll keep these beatitudes in mind at all times, and keep yourself the way they say, you'll be a great and good man."

Mrs. Phillips kissed Mark, and he skipped off to do his night chores.

Can you find and learn the beatitudes, little reader?

LESSON 15

I'll Serve the Lord While I am Young

I'll serve the Lord while I am young,
And, in my early days,
Devote the music of my tongue
To my Redeemer's praise.

I'll praise His name, that He has given
Me parentage and birth
Among the most beloved of Heaven
That dwell upon the earth.

O Lord, my parents here preserve,
To teach me righteousness,
That my young feet may never swerve
From paths of holiness;
And, like the faithful ones of old
Who now behold Thy face,
May I be formed in virtue's mold
To fill a holy place.

While youth and beauty sweetly twine
Their garlands 'round my head,
I'll seek, at wisdom's sacred shrine,
The gems that never fade.
Long may I sing Thy praises here
Among Thy Saints below,
And in eternity appear
With them in glory, too.

—*E. R. Snow*

Deseret Sunday School Song Book, p. 159

Memorize The Beatitudes

Mark Learned How to Serve Jesus

Mark and his Bishop were gerat friends. The Bishop was a kind-hearted man who thought a great deal of boys. Mark Phillips was a boy of good judgment for his age, therefore the two got along well together.

One Sunday morning Mark went early to Sunday school. The chapel was almost deserted. Hardly a person was present, and none of Mark's crowd. As he passed the Bishop's office, Mark glanced in. His eye caught that of the Bishop, who had evidently been reading the Bible, for the Bible lay open upon the table.

"Come in," called the Bishop heartily. "I'd like to talk with you a bit."

Mark, wondering what the Bishop wanted, stepped inside.

"I want to talk to you a little more about baptism," the Bishop said. "I'm wondering if you are getting ready to join the Church."

"I think so," George replied. "I'm trying to be good."

"Fine," said the Bishop. "How do you be good?"

"O, I go to Sunday school and I don't say naughty word, smoke, nor tell lies."

"Fine again," said the Bishop. "Those are all good 'don'ts' except one. Now what other 'do's' have you besides the 'I do go to Sunday school?'"

"I don't know," Mark said slowly. "I go to Sunday school, but I'm not big enough to do anything else in the Church."

"O, yes, you are, my boy," the Bishop said. "Every man and woman and boy and girl is a son or daughter of God. Whenever you help one of His children you are Helping Him and His Church. I wonder if you've heard the story of The Good Samaritan?"

"Yes," George answered, "but I'd like to hear it again."

"All right, my boy, you shall hear it, for I think it teaches how to do the will of the Father. You know we talk about being good. We usually mean by that that we don't do bad things, but Christ taught us that the 'do's' are more important than the 'don'ts.'

"But to the story. One day a man came to the Savior and asked Him a question. He said, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'

"The Savior answered, 'What do the scriptures say?'

"The man replied, 'They say you are to love the Lord with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind, and you also are to love your neighbor as you love yourself.'

"Jesus answered, 'You have said rightly.'

"Then the man asked, 'Who is my neighbor?'

"Jesus then told the man the story—'The Good Samaritan.' This is the story:

"Once a Jew from Jerusalem went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. While on his way he was set upon by robbers who robbed him, and left him by the roadside, wounded and nearly dead.

"A little while afterwards, a Priest, a Jew, passed by. When he saw the wounded man, even though the wounded man was a Jew whom the Priests were to care for, the Priest passed on and left him.

"A little later, a Levite, who was also of Israel, passed along the road. When the Levite saw the wounded man, he too passed on and left him.

"Presently a Samaritan passed by. This man was not a Jew. The Jews hated Samaritans. They thought the Samaritans were not good people, because they didn't go to church in the Jewish church, and because they were not Jews. But when the Samaritan saw the Jew, wounded and alone, he picked him up and dressed his wounds. The Samaritan placed the Jew on his horse and took him to an inn. He gave the inn keeper some money and said, 'Keep this man. Care for his wants, and when he is well, if any more money is due you, send the bill to me and I will pay it.'

"When Jesus finished the story, he tured to the young man and said, 'Who was the Jew's neighbor, the Priest, the Levite, or the Samaritan?' You answer that question, Mark."

Mark answered it right. I wonder, little reader, if you can?

"Now," asked the Bishop, "which of these men was the best man?"

Mark answered promptly.

"You're right," said the Bishop. "The Priest went to church on Sunday and observed all the 'don'ts' but he didn't observe the 'do's.' Now Mark, how can you tell when you're good?"

"When I help those who need my help."

"Fine," said the Bishop. "One more question. How

can you tell when you are loving God? You can't see Him. How can you help God?"

"When I love my neighbor," Mark answered. "I can help God, too, by helping my neighbor."

"Good boy, Mark," the Bishop said. "Now, I want you to find and learn the thirty-fourth to the fortieth verses of the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. If you'll learn that, you will always know when you are pleasing the Lord."

"I'll learn it," said Mark. "Thanks for the story."

"Not at all," said the Bishop. "You must know something about the Gospel before you're baptized and I ought to help teach you. Come again."

Mark went out into his Sunday school class. All that day and all that week he did his best to help people, because he wanted to love his neighbor as himself.

Little reader, this coming week let's see if you can be NEIGHBOR to some one. The Lord needs in His Church lots of neighbors.

If you are a good neighbor, you are a good Christian.

LESSON 16

Memorize.

Jesus answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."—John 3:6.

The Story of Nicodemus

"Mama, did you ever hear of Nicodemus?" Mark asked one Sunday, when he returned from Sunday school.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Phillips answered. "He was a very prominent Jew who lived in the days of Jesus."

"Our teacher mentioned him today. What did he do?"

"I'll tell you about him," Mrs. Phillips answered.

"Soon after Jesus was baptized he began to preach the Gospel in Judea. Do you know where Judea is?"

"Yes," Mark answered. "Judea is the land given to Judah, the son of Jacob. It surrounded Jerusalem."

"Good," Mrs. Phillips exclaimed. "I had no idea that you knew so much about the Promised Land.

"Jesus went out into the country many times to teach the Gospel to the country people, but he also preached to the city people. John, the Baptist, was still preaching in and near Jerusalem.

"These two—John and Jesus—preached with such great power that many people believed the Gospel and were baptized in the river Jordan for the forgiveness of their sins.

"One day while John was preaching to a large crowd of people, he saw Jesus coming through the throng. John pointed to Jesus and said, 'Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' For John knew that Jesus was the Savior.

"Scores of people heard John's saying. And again on the following day John made the same statement to the people who had gathered to hear him preach.

"Two or three days later there was a marriage in Cana, of Galilee. Here Jesus performed the first miracle that we know anything about. The people drank all the wine. Mary, the mother of Jesus, told Him that there was no more wine. Then Jesus caused water to turn into wine, in order that all might drink. You may read this story in the second chapter of the Gospel written by St. John.

"Well, John and Jesus became so well known and people were so interested in them that everybody talked about them. But because the two preachers said that sinners should repent, many were very angry with them. They were despised by some of the Jews.

"Nicodemus was a ruler of the Jews. He was a very wealthy man, also a very wise man. He heard of the wonderful things Jesus had said, and the great miracles He had performed. He was interested, and wanted to hear more of the new Gospel, but he was afraid his friends would laugh at him should he be found talking with

Jesus. So one night, after it was dark, he went to Jesus and said, 'Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no one can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.'

"Jesus answered and said unto him, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

"Nicodemus was astonished.

" 'How can a man be born again?' he asked. 'I am born, how can I be born again?'

"Then Jesus told Nicodemus a great truth. He said: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.'

"Then Jesus told Nicodemus many other things. Among other things He said that God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

"Nicodemus remained with Jesus some time. He seemed to believe what Jesus told him, and yet he disliked to be baptized. He was afraid of being laughed at. After a long time, the Bible says, Nicodemus went away sorrowful. He had been told that in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven it would be necessary to be born again. Yet, he wasn't brave enough to be baptized.

"Do you think Jesus would be pleased with Nicodemus?"

"No," said Mark. "Jesus would be angry with him."

"No, not angry with him. Jesus would be sorry for him," Mrs. Phillips answered.

"Nicodemus was afraid for two reasons, perhaps. He was afraid of his friends, and then, perhaps, he was afraid he would find it hard to be a follower of Christ, for a follower of Jesus must think less of self and more of others. Do you think you can be a good Christian, Mark?"

"I'll try my best," Mark answered.

"That's all Jesus wants us to do," Mrs. Phillips said.

"I'll be glad when the day comes, for I want to be a regular member of the Church of Jesus Christ."

"Then you must learn to love others," his Mama said. "Real Christians do unto others as they would like to be done by."

"All right, I'll start from today," Mark cried.

"Good," said his mother. "Then you will be greater than Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews."

Mark ran out into the big world looking for people to help. He was preparing for the new birth.

Review

1. Who was Nicodemus?
2. Why did he come to Jesus by night?
3. What question did he ask Jesus?
4. How did Jesus answer him?
5. What did Jesus mean?
6. Do you think Jesus was pleased with Nicodemus?
7. Why?
8. What must a true follower of Jesus do?

LESSON 17

Lord, Accept Our True Devotion

Lord, accept our true devotion,
Let Thy Spirit whisper peace;
Swell our hearts with fond emotion,
And our joy in Thee increase.
Never leave us, never leave us,
Help us, Lord, to win the race;
Never leave us, never leave us,
Help us, Lord, to win the race.

Aid us all to do Thy bidding,
And our daily wants supply;
Give Thy Holy Spirit guiding,

Till we reach the goal on high.
Ever guard us, ever guard us,
Till we gain the victory;
Ever guard us, ever guard us,
Till we gain the victory.

May we with the future dawning,
Day by day from sin be free,
That on resurrection morning
We may rise at peace with Thee.
Ever praising, ever praising,
Throughout all eternity;
Ever praising, ever praising,
Throughout all eternity.

—*R. Alldridge*

Deseret Sunday School Song Book, p. 50

Memorize.

The blessing on the bread or on the water.

The Story of the Sacrament

Mark Phillips had a curiosity bump, or, at least, he always wanted to know everything about everything. He wanted to know what makes the moon yellow, and why the sun doesn't burn up, and where the wind goes to, and a lot of things like that.

One day he said to his Mama, "Mama, why do we have the sacrament in Sunday school?"

"I'm glad you asked that question, if you don't know," his Mama answered, "for next week you will be baptized, and every boy and girl ought to know why we have the sacrament before they become members of the Church. I'll tell you all about the sacrament.

"Jesus told us to pass the sacrament to members of the Church and He also showed His apostles how.

"You will remember that Jesus had twelve men

whom He called apostles. These men were always with Him. They learned to love the Savior very much.

"One day as Jesus and His apostles were coming into Jerusalem, one of the apostles said, 'Where shall we prepare to eat the feast of the Passover?' Now this was a feast the Jews used to eat once a year."

"Jesus answered, 'Go into the city until you meet a certain man, and say unto him, The Master saith: The time is at hand; I will keep the Passover at your house with my disciples.'

"Jesus was the Lord. He knew that He was soon to be crucified by the Jews.

"Now when the evening had come Jesus sat down with His disciples at a table which had been prepared, and they began to eat.

"While they were eating, Jesus said, 'One of you shall betray me.'

"John, the beloved apostle, was sitting next to Jesus. One of the other apostles said to John, 'Ask the Master who it is that will betray Him.'

"John whispered in the ear of Jesus and asked that question.

"Jesus answered, 'It will be the one who dips with me in the dish.'

"It proved to be Judas. Now, Judas Iscariot was a wicked man. He loved money more than he loved Jesus. He had already arranged with wicked men to sell Jesus to them so the wicked Jews might put the Savior to death.

"Soon afterward, Judas, with his troubled heart, could stand to be in the Savior's presence no longer. He rose from the table and sneaked out to tell the Jews where to find Jesus in order that they might kill Him.

"After supper was finished, Jesus, knowing that it would be the last time they would eat together, took bread and broke it, after which He blessed it and passed it to His apostles, saying: 'Take, eat; this is my body'. This do in remembrance of me.

"Then Jesus took a cup of wine and blessed it, after which He passed it to His apostles, saying: 'Drink ye all of

it, for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.'

"That was the first sacrament. Because it was passed to His apostles during the last supper it is called the sacrament of the last supper. Why do we eat the bread and drink the water?"

"In remembrance of Jesus," Mark answered readily enough.

"That is right," his mother said. "After Jesus was resurrected He came to the American continent, and told the Nephites who lived here how to administer the sacrament, and last of all He told the Prophet Joseph Smith how to prepare the sacrament.

"Every time the elder who prepares the sacrament is breaking the bread we should remember the sorrowful last supper when the Savior was really saying farewell to His beloved apostles. We should also remember His body which was hung on the cross and His blood which was shed for the forgiveness of our sins. You'll do that next time, won't you, Mark?"

"Yes, indeed," Mark answered, "I'll be permitted to eat the bread and drink the water just as the apostles did, won't I?"

"Yes, dear," his mother answered. "Here are the blessings on the bread and on the water as the Lord gave them to Joseph Smith. Read and study them, Mark, and see if you understand them. They are found in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 20, verses 77 to 79."

Review

1. What is meant by "the last supper"?
2. What occurred during the last supper?
3. Who betrayed Jesus?
4. How did Jesus prepare the bread and the wine for His apostles?
5. Why did he ask the apostles to partake of the sacrament?
6. Where may we find the blessings on the bread and on the water?

LESSON 18

Memorize

For God so loved the world, that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

Mark is Baptized

At last the great day arrived! Mark jumped out of bed almost before daylight and went running to his Papa's and Mama's room.

"I'm eight today!" he shouted, "I'm eight today!"

"Eight years ago this morning you were a little red-faced, squalling baby," his Mama said.

"I'm going to be a member of the Church this very day," Mark cried. "I want to be baptized just as Jesus was."

"You shall be," his father said. "We will not go to the temple, however, because the temples are so rushed this time of year by people working for the dead. I'll go and arrange with the bishop to have the water in the ward chapel font warmed a little."

Soon there was a great deal of activity around the Phillips' home as the family prepared for breakfast.

After breakfast Papa Phillips went over to Bishop Harley's home.

"Good morning, Bishop," he said, "I have come over today to see if I can arrange to have the water in the baptismal font heated up. It is Mark's birthday today, and he is anxious to be baptized."

"Certainly you may heat it up," Bishop Harley replied heartily. "I am glad the boy wishes to be baptized on his birthday. We'll arrange with the janitor at once to have the fire built."

"Thank you, Bishop," Mr. Phillips said.

"Not at all," the Bishop replied. "Who is to baptize the boy?"

"He would like to have me do it."

"Very well, I'll tell Brother Sanderson that you will perform the ordinance."

Mr. Phillips returned home while Bishop Harley went to arrange for the fire to be built.

"Well, it is all arranged," Mr. Phillips said, when he reached home. "Are you ready, Mark? You know when a boy joins the Church, he is making some very solemn covenants. When he is baptized, he promises he will be a true follower of the Savior. When a person is put under the water that represents a burial just as Jesus was buried. Then when one comes out of the water, that represents the resurrection. All sin is supposed to be left behind, and the baptized person is supposed to live a good life."

"I understand," Mark said. "Then we are to live the 'do' Gospel of Jesus."

"What do you mean by the 'do' Gospel?" Mark's Papa asked.

"Bishop Harley said that the children of Israel lived the 'don't' Gospel. They had been slaves so long that the Lord had to set 'don'ts' all around them, like don't steal, and don't lie. Jesus came and said, 'Do good to your neighbor,' 'you are blessed when you are good.' 'Do unto others as you'd like to be done by,' and many things like that."

"Fine," said Mark's Papa. "I believe my little boy knows something about the Gospel, after all. Do you know who set the pattern for baptism?"

"Jesus set the pattern."

"Who baptized Jesus?"

"John the Baptist baptized Jesus in the river Jordan."

"How must one be baptized?"

"'We believe the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are; first, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and fourth, the laying on of hands for

the gift of the Holy Ghost.' That's one of our Articles of Faith."

"Good. Why, Mark, you know a great deal about the Gospel. I am proud of you," Mr. Phillips said. "How can you tell when you are a good Later-day Saint?"

"Oh, I can easily tell. If I help my neighbors, I am a good follower of Jesus."

"I suppose that's right. But you must also attend Sunday school and meeting sometimes and partake of the sacrament."

"When will I be baptized, Father," Mark asked, for he was becoming very anxious.

"About noon," Mr. Phillips said. "We'll go and baptize you, then we'll come home and have a good dinner, shall we not, Mama?"

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Phillips replied, "I'll prepare a double birthday dinner, for today our little boy will be born into the Church."

Promptly at noon, Mark and his Papa, accompanied by some of Mark's friends, went to the ward chapel. Mark's Mama remained at home to prepare the birthday dinner.

When Mark reached the church, he found Bishop Harley and Brother Sanderson, the man who attended to the baptism in the ward, there. The water was beautiful and clear and warm.

In a minute it seemed, Mark had removed his clothes. He put on a clean, white union suit and was all ready for baptism.

"Soon you'll be a member of the Church," Bishop Harley said. "You'll remember, however, that there are two parts to baptism—the water part and the spirit part. Your Papa will baptize you in water today and then Sunday you'll be confirmed."

"I wish I could be all baptized today," Mark said. "I'd like to enter the Church on my birthday."

"In that case," said Bishop Harley, "you shall be confirmed here today. Brother Phillips, you perform the ordinance of baptism."

"Come, son," Mark's Papa said, as he went down the steps into the font.

He took hold of Mark's hand and led Mark down into the water until the water was up above Mark's waist.

Mr. Phillips took Mark's hand in his left hand, and then he raised his right hand and said in prayer to the Heavenly Father, "Mark Phillips, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then Mark's Papa put his right hand on Mark's back. Mark closed his eyes and held his breath as his Papa gently laid him under the water. In a very few seconds he raised up. He stood for a moment without saying a word as his Papa wiped the water from his face. Then they both climbed out of the font and were soon dressed again in their warm, dry clothes.

"Now," said the Bishop, "we'll confirm this boy right here, and then he will be a full-fledged member of the Church. The ward clerk is in the other room."

A chair was placed for Mark. The Bishop, Mark's Papa and Elder Sanderson laid their hands upon his head. The Bishop offered the prayer. He said, "Mark Phillips, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Lord, we, your brethren, holding the Holy Priesthood, unitedly place our hands upon your head and confirm you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we say unto you, receive ye the Holy Ghost who shall be a light to your path and a guide to your feet. Amen."

When he had finished, Bishop Harley shook hands with Mark and said, "Young man, welcome into the Church."

"Thank you," said Mark.

"Some day," said Bishop Harley, "I shall tell you how the Priesthood was restored which gives us the right to make you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ."

"All right," said Mark, "I want to learn all I can."

When Mark and his Papa reached home, what a good time everybody had! The birthday dinner was very good. All were cheerful, and glad because that day there

was one more little member of the Church.

Next time, little readers, I want you to tell the stories. Each one will ask Mama or Papa to tell about the Prophet Joseph Smith and the restoration of the Gospel. Each one will bring a picture of the Prophet or of his home or of the monument. Each one, too, will be prepared to tell how Joseph received the Book of Mormon, and later the Priesthood.

Review

1. What did Mark mean by the "do" Gospel?
2. What was the "don't" Gospel?
3. Who set the pattern for baptism?
4. Who baptized Jesus?
5. Can you quote the Article of Faith that Mark quoted?
6. What two parts are there to baptism?
7. How are boys baptized?
8. Have you been baptized?
9. If you have been baptized, what are you doing to show that you are a member of the Church?

LESSON 19

Joseph Smith's First Prayer

O how lovely was the morning!
  Radiant beamed the sun above,
Bees were humming, sweet birds singing,
  Music ringing through the grove,
When within the shady woodland,
  Joseph sought the God of love.

Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing—
  'Twas the boy's first uttered prayer—
When the powers of sin assailing
  Filled his soul with deep despair,
But undaunted still, he trusted
  In his Heavenly Father's care.

Suddenly a light descended,
Brighter far than noon-day sun,
And a shining, glorious pillar
O'er him fell, around him shone,
While appeared two heavenly beings,
God the Father, and the Son.

"Joseph, this is my beloved,
Hear Him!" Oh, how sweet the word!
Joseph's humble prayer was answered,
And he listened to the Lord;
Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,
For he saw the living God.

—*George Manwaring*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 41

Memorize

Read Luke the eleventh chapter—the first fourteen verses. Memorize Luke 11:9-10: "And I say unto you, Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

The Children's Stories

Now, litttle readers, Teacher will sit in her chair and listen to the stories of Joseph Smith's first vision; the restoration of the Priesthood to Joseph Smith, and whatever other stories you may have to tell. Let us see how well you can tell them.

LESSON 20

In the last group of lessons we have been trying to learn some things about Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, and His gospel. At Christmas time we played

a little play in which we represented the..... watching in the.....by night. Suddenly an.....appeared to the ..... and told them a wonderful story of a.....who was born in....., the City of..... Suddenly a host of angels appeared.....a new..... The song was..... The best song we sang on that occasion was..... ..... A new.....appeared in heaven. This showed that Jesus was born.

In the next lesson we read about Jesus who was then.....years old. Even at that age He seemed to know that He was the.....of..... When His parents found Him after a search of three days, they found Him in the.....talking with the..... When Mary asked Him why He had left He said..... ..... This was the first time that Jesus said He was the.....of.....

In the next lesson we were told about the Baptism of Jesus. He came to.....and asked to be baptized. John said: "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" Nevertheless Jesus insisted. John took Him into the.....and there He was baptized. When Jesus came up out of the water the.....were opened unto John and he heard a voice say, "....."

In the next lesson we learned how Mark prepared for baptism. All boys who are going to be baptized should prepare to become members of the..... Mark learned the..... These were wise and good sayings made by Jesus. They differ from the ten commandments in that they tell us to..... not to..... Mark learned that even a little boy can do things that will please Jesus.

In the next lesson we learned about the Good ..... We also learned who is my ..... Jesus says we are to love our.....as ourselves. We learned that

the man who.....another is that man's ..... The Bishop told Mark that every man and woman and boy and girl can serve the .....by serving their..... We learned, too, that we love God when we..... our..... We learned that if we are a good.....we are a good..... Since we had that lesson I have helped..... and .....and .....

In the next lesson we read about the Last Supper that Jesus had with His apostles. In it He took..... and broke it and.....it and passed it to His apostles saying, "....." Whenever we partake of the sacrament we promise the Lord that we will keep His commandments. I can say the blessing on the..... Here it is:

.....

.....

.....

We learned, too, a great deal about baptism. We read a story of Nicodemus. He was a.....of the..... He went to Jesus by.....because he was afraid to go in the..... Jesus said to Nicodemus, "....." Though Nicodemus believed, he would not follow the advice. Mark was not like Nicodemus. He said, "I want to be a.....of.....

In our last lesson we read about Mark's baptism. Mark was baptized just as.....was baptized. He was baptized in this manner:..... ..... A baptism consists of baptism of.....and of the ....., according to Christ's saying to Nicodemus. That is the way I was or will be baptized.

This is why Jesus is called the Savior of the world. He came and showed us how to be good, how to be baptized, how to serve God.

PART III

LESSON 21

Behold the Great Redeemer Die

Behold the great Redeemer die,
A broken law to satisfy;
He dies, a sacrifice for sin,
That man may live and glory win.

While guilty men His pains deride,
They pierce His hands and feet and side;
And with insulting scoffs and scorns,
They crown His head with platted thorns.

Although in agony He hung,
No murmuring word escaped His tongue:
His high commission to fulfil,
He magnified His Father's will.

—*Eliza R. Snow*

Songs of Zion, 129; L. D. S. Hymns 334

Memorize

It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where you want me to go.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain or plain or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

The Great Neighbor

One day Bishop Harley was driving along the street in his fine new cutter. At one of the crossings he stopped. A small boy was helping a small girl to her feet after she had fallen on the pavement. The boy brushed off her clothes, handed a parcel to her that she had dropped, and then started away, after saying some kind words to the little girl.

Bishop Harley called to him.

"Hello, there, young man," he called.

The little boy stopped and came forward.

"Well, well, it's Mark Phillips," the Bishop said. "I can see you have not forgotten."

"I'm trying to be a neighbor to everyone," Mark answered.

"Good," said the Bishop. "Get in here and I'll take you for a short sleigh ride."

Mark was soon up beside the Bishop in the warm cutter. The Bishop spoke to his horse and away they flew.

"I'm glad you're a neighbor," the Bishop said as they spun gaily along. "Would you like to hear what the greatest Neighbor of all did for all of us?"

"I should, indeed," Mark answered.

"All right; as we flit along, I'll give you as much of the story as possible. Do you know who the greatest neighbor of all is, Mark?"

"Yes," said Mark. "The greatest neighbor is the one who gives the most."

"You are right, provided he gives fully. You'll remember how Sir Launfal gave. But who gave the most?"

"Is it Jesus?" Mark asked.

"Yes, the greatest Neighbor of all is our Father in Heaven, who gave His Only Begotten Son that we might be saved. Jesus, too, was a great Neighbor, because He gave His life for me and for you. That was a great gift, and, of course, Jesus is a great Neighbor."

"I think I told you about the Last Supper," the Bishop said.

"Yes," said Mark.

"Well, you'll remember that when Jesus said one of His apostles was to betray Him, Judas Iscariot arose and went out. As he passed out Jesus said to him, in a low voice, 'That thou doest, do quickly.'

"After the supper was over, the Savior led His apostles out into the Garden of Gethsemane, a beautiful garden in Jerusalem. Jesus was very much troubled, for He knew that the angry Jews would soon come for Him. The Jews were sinful, and because Jesus told them of their sins they were anxious to put Him to death. Besides, they had been living the Law of Moses—the 'don't' Gospel, while Jesus came teaching the 'do' Gospel.

"When the Savior entered the garden, He said to His apostles, 'Sit here, while I go and pray yonder.'

"All of the disciples remained at the gate except Peter, James and John. These three men, the Lord took with Him farther into the garden.

"These four men who had been together so much paused in a silent place in the garden, and Jesus said to His three apostles, 'My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death. Remain here and watch with Me.'

"Then Jesus went a litttle farher into the garden and fell upon His face, and prayed, saying, 'Oh, my Father, if it is possible let his cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' Now, Jesus knew that He was going to be crucified for the sins of the world, yet He was willing to say 'Thy will be done.'

"After He finished praying, He returned to Peter, James, and John, and found them fast asleep. Then He said to Peter, 'What, could you not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak.'

"Then Jesus went away again and prayed. This time He said, 'O, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.'

Again He was speaking of His death as the cup. Then He came and found the disciples asleep again.

"This time He did not wake them, for their eyes were heavy with sleep.

"Again He left them and prayed the third time, using the same words as He used before.

"When He returned to the apostles the third time, they were still asleep.

"'Sleep on,' said He, 'and take your rest: behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that does betray Me.'

"While Jesus was speaking, Judas, the betrayer, accompanied by a multitude of men, who carried swords and clubs, entered the garden. They had been sent by the chief priests and elders to take Jesus. When they came near, Judas stepped forth and kissed Jesus, for that was the way he was to tell the mob which person was the Lord. The wicked man said, as he kissed the Savior, 'Hail, Master.'

"Then, of course, the mob knew which was the Savior. Jesus said, 'Friend, why did you come here?'

"A number of men seized Jesus. Peter could not bear to see the Savior taken by the mob, so He drew his sword and cut off the ear of one of the men. Then Jesus said unto him, 'Put your sword away, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' Peter should have known that the Father, if Jesus had called for help, could have sent down twelve legions of angels. But if this had been done, how could the scripture have been fulfilled, which says that Jesus must die for the sins of the world?

"When the mob began to drag Jesus away; all of His apostles ran and left Him to face the angry men alone.

"The mob took Jesus to the High Priest. The Jews and all that were there mocked Him, and spat upon Him, and beat Him. The next morning they took Him before

Pilate, the Roman ruler, for they were determined to put Him to death.

"When Jesus was brought before Pilate, He was found to be innocent of any wrong. The Jews, however, cried, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him" Pilate then took water and washed his hands, and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see you to it.'

"The Jews answered, 'His blood be upon us, and our children.' You see, the Jews were very angry, and very hard-hearted.

"The soldiers took the Savior of the world into a room and stripped Him. Then they put a scarlet robe upon Him, and wove a crown of thorns and put it upon His head. Some mocker then placed a reed in His right hand and cried, 'Hail, King of the Jews.'

"Jesus, however, suffered in silence. He knew that He was the Son of God, the Savior of the world. He knew, also, that He had come into the world to show His love for the world by dying for the sins of the world.

"After the Jews had mocked Jesus, they put His own robe upon Him and led Him away to crucify Him. As He walked along He grew faint under the weight of His cross, so tired was He from being abused all night. Yet, He murmured not a word.

"When Jesus reached a little hill called Calvary, the soldiers nailed Him to the cross and set it in a hole that had been dug. Then the crowd gathered around Him and mocked Him and called Him names. The Savior answered not a word even though He must have been in great pain.

"Now, from about the sixth hour darkness began to gather over the earth. About the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Then the Savior of the world died. Earthquakes shook the earth. The veil of the beautiful temple was torn in two.

"Jesus was the great Neighbor. Our father Adam disobeyed God and brought death and sin into the world. Our Brother, Jesus, gave His life as a sacrifice for

Adam's sins, and for our sins. Jesus made Adam's sin right with God. He will make ours right if we show by being baptized that we love Him and that we will keep His commandments.

The cutter came to a stop, and to Mark's surprise, he found that they were at his own gate.

"That was a sad story," Mark said, as he climbed out of the sleigh.

"Yes," said the Bishop, "but it is a beautiful one. It proves how much Jesus loves us, and shows how much we should do for Him."

"I am anxious to show Jesus that I love Him," Mark said.

"Goodby, Mark," the Bishop called, as he started his horse. "Keep on being a neighbor, and the Lord will bless you."

As Mark went up the walk to the house one of the beatitudes popped into his mind. It was, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Review

1. Who is "a neighbor"?
2. Are you, litttle reader, a neighbor?
3. Did Jesus have to go with the mob?
4. How do you know he didn't have to go with them?
5. Why did Jesus allow the mob to take Him and crucify Him?
6. What did Jesus give to the world?
7. For whom did He give it?
8. What did Jesus always say at the end of His prayer?
9. Should we say that also?

LESSON 22

Jesus, My Savior

Jesus, my Savior,
Let me hear Thy gentle voice;
Teach me to love Thee,
Let my heart rejoice.
I have strayed far from Thee,
Yet my soul would near Thee be,
Nearer to my Savior,
Nearer, Lord, to Thee.

Chorus

Sweetly the Savior
Let me hear Thy gentle voice;
Teach me to love Thee,
Let my heart rejoice.

Sweetly the Savior,
Whispers to the Christian heart
Words of sweet comfort,
That will ne'er depart.
Faith will bring the blessing,
Faith will strengthen every prayer;
Come to Him confessing,
Come to Him in prayer.

Memorize

I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever living Head.
He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

The Story of the Resurrection

"O, Mama, Easter is coming in less than three weeks," Mark exclaimed one day. "I have just been looking at the calendar."

"That is so," said Mrs. Phillips.

"I must have some beautiful Easter eggs this year, sure," Mark declared.

"You shall have some," Mrs. Phillips answered. "I'll help you paint them."

"Goodie," Mark cried. "We'll go Eastering, too. I wonder why Easter always has to come on Sunday?"

"Do you know why we observe Easter, Mark?" Mrs. Phillips asked.

"It's something about Jesus, isn't it?" Mark replied.

"Yes, Easter is observed as the day Jesus was resurrected," Mrs. Phillips said, "I should like to tell you that story, Mark."

"All right," Mark answered. "I'd like to hear it. Bishop Harley told me about His death. Those Jews must have been wicked men."

"They were blind men, Mark," Mrs. Phillips answered. "They wouldn't believe that the carpenter's son was the very Son of God. We mustn't judge them, son. Jesus said, 'Judge not.'

"If you've heard the story you will remember that the earth shook when Jesus died. But before he died, the Savior asked the Father to forgive these Jews for they didn't know they were crucifying the Savior of men.

"After Jesus was dead, loving hands took the cruel spikes out of His hands and feet and lifted Him tenderly from the cross. They wrapped a sheet around His poor, broken and wounded body and took it and laid it in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Now, in those days, as in these, rich people did not bury their loved ones in the ground. They would have stone-cutters cut out a hole in the side of a rock in which they would lay their dead loved ones. Or, they would find a cave in which to place the coffins. It seems that Joseph of Arimathea had just finished a tomb. No one had ever been placed in it

at all. Joseph loved Jesus, therefore, he said to the friends of the Savior, 'Bring the body and lay in my tomb.'

"So on the evening of Good Friday, that's the Friday before Easter, the body of Jesus was laid in the clean, new tomb.

"Now, Jesus had said many times that He would not remain in the tomb. He said He would rise again the third day. He said He would be resurrected, and in that way He would overcome death. The Jews and the soldiers had heard Jesus make this statement about rising again after He was dead, but, of course, they didn't believe it.

"When the body of Jesus was placed in that new, clean tomb, these unbelieving Jews said, 'The apostles and friends of Jesus will wait until we are gone, then they will come and remove the body and bury it somewhere else. Then they will say Jesus has been resurrected. We'll prevent that.'

"The Jews, then said, 'We'll seal this tomb. We'll put a big rock in front of it and lock it up tight. We will, also, put a guard of soldiers around the tomb, in order that none may come and steal the body away.'

"After the body was safely laid away, Mary, the mother of Jesus, and the apostles went to their homes, but the guard remained to watch the tomb.

"The guard watched Friday night and Saturday night. Along about daylight Sunday morning, the guard got very sleepy. Undoubtedly God caused them to fall asleep. While they were slumbering, an angel came and broke the seals and rolled the stone away from the tomb.

"Then, as surprising as it seems to us, Jesus, the Son of God, who had been dead, came to life again. He rose and removed the burial clothes from His head, and, in company with the angel, walked past the sleeping guards. The Savior was resurrected; He was immortal, not subject to death any more.

"The resurrection of Jesus was the most important event in the history of the world since the day Adam ate the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden. Do you remember what happened to Adam?"

"Yes, he was told that he would die," Mark answered.

"That was it. Adam, when he grew old, died. All of his children died, too, when they grew old. Our great-grandmas and great-grandpas, and even some of our own grandmas and grandpas have died. We all must die some day. Now, Jesus came to make it possible for us to live again. On that first Easter morning He walked out of the tomb alive. And, just as Jesus lived again, so are our grandparents who are dead going to live again. That was the big thing Jesus did for us. By giving His life He was able to make it possible for us all to live again in the next world. The Apostle Paul said, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' That is why He is called the Savior of Men. He saved us from death and made us live again.

"Now, the Jews and soldiers, even though they didn't know how it was done, told all around that after all, the friends of Jesus stole His body, but that wasn't true. On Easter morning, Mary, the Mother Magdalene, went to the tomb. There, when she looked in, she saw an angel. The angel said, 'He is risen.' He meant that Jesus had risen from the dead. Mary was leaving the tomb when she met the Savior. Imagine her happiness when she saw Him, whom she had seen three days before suffering on the cross, alive and well. Mary was so happy that she forgot Jesus was immortal and threw out her arms toward Him, exclaiming, 'Master!' But He said, 'Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father.' Then He said, 'Go, and tell the brethren.'

"We can imagine how Mary would hasten to tell the good news that Jesus was alive again.

"Later, Jesus showed Himself to His apostles, and

also, the Apostle Paul says, to more than five hundred people. So you see, many knew that Jesus was alive again, and that the transgression of Adam was atoned for.

"Jesus remained with His apostles and friends, teaching them the Gospel for about forty days. One day He led them out of Jerusalem on the road to a little place called Bethany. Out there, He said goodbye to all of His earthly friends and then went up into heaven to the home of His Father, God.

"Now, Mark, perhaps you can see why we should be baptized. In the first place, Jesus is our brother and has asked us to be baptized in His name. Next, we ought to be baptized in order to show Jesus that we love Him and will keep His commandments. And then, when we get baptized we become members of His Church.

"Now, Mark, you've heard a great many stories about Jesus. Next time we talk, we'll talk about all those stories and see just how many we really remember."

"I think I can remember them all," Mark said bravely.

Do you, little reader?

LESSON 23

My Father Knows

I know my heavenly Father knows
The storms that would my way oppose;
But He can drive the clouds away,
And turn my darkness into day,
And turn my darkness into day.

Chorus

He knows, He knows
The storms that would my way oppose;
He knows, He knows,
And tempers every wind that blows.

I know my heavenly Father knows
The balm I need to sooth my woes,
And with His touch of love divine,
He heals this wounded soul of mine;
He heals this wounded soul of mine.

I know my heavenly Father knows
How frail I am to meet my foes;
But He my cause will e'er defend,
Uphold and keep me to the end,
Uphold and keep me to the end.
I know my heavenly Father knows,
The hour my journey here will close;
And may that hour, O faithful Guide,
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

—*S. M. I. Henry*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p. 248

A Story of Giving

One Sunday morning, Mark came down to breakfast. Although he was very hungry, the table was not set and he couldn't even smell anything cooking. He sought for his mother at once. He found her sitting calmly in a rocking chair reading the Bible.

"Mother, what is the matter?" Mark cried. "I do not see any breakfast, and I am as hungry as a wolf."

"Have you forgottten, Mark?" His mother asked.

"Forgotten what?"

"That this is the first Sunday in the month," Mrs. Phillips replied.

"O, is this Fast Day?" Mark whined. "I am so hungry. I don't believe I can fast today. I must have something to eat."

"All right, Mark, just as you wish," his Mother answered. "But you know you are a member of the Church, now. Remember, Jesus said that His is a 'do' Gospel."

"What do we fast for, anyhow?" Mark asked, a little crossly I fear.

"I'll tell you," his mother answered, "if you will come and sit here in this rocking chair."

Mark seated himself a little slowly, for he was hungry, and a hungry boy is almost as cross as a hungry bear.

"I'm ready," he growled.

"Once there was a strong, healthy, young man who never knew what it was to be sick. He used to chop big pine trees down and help to make them into lumber. He was a good worker and because he was so big and straight and strong he could cut more trees down than any other man in the mountains. Now this young man worked hard, and sang at his work, because he was happy. His clear voice used to echo through the canyons as he swung his mighty ax.

"This young man was not afraid of bears, or any wild things, because he loved all things. But best of all he loved a beautiful girl who lived down in the valley. Every time he swung his keen-edged ax he would think, 'Chip, chop, another penny, another penny and I'll have a dime; another dime and I'll have a dollar; another dollar and I'll have a home; when I have the home I'll have a wife, and then how happy I'll be."

"At last, after months of hard work, he had a little money stored away. With his little pile of money he went down to the valley, bought him a litttle home, and then went to get the girl he loved. They got a recommend from their bishop to go through the temple. One day in June they were married.

"These two people were very happy in their little home. The man became president of the Young Men's Mutual. He was a doer. The girl became a Sunday school teacher. She also was a doer.

"Everything went well. The young couple were very happy in their snug little home all through the winter. They helped the bishop in many ways. They had prayer in their home every day.

"At last spring came. Their little pile of money grew smaller day by day, but they were very careful. They wanted to make their litttle hoard last until another crop could be sold.

"Just when the crop was getting ripe, a terrible storm came up. The thunder cracked, the lightning cut across the black sky, and the hail pelted everything. When the storm had passed, the crop was lying flat on the ground all threshed out. I sometimes think the Lord wanted to try those two people as He tried His own beloved Son.

"This man was very brave, however. He was a real man. He put his arm around his girl wife and said, 'Well, that ends the crop, dearest. I suppose now I'll have to pick up my old ax and go back to the timber for a while.'

"She tried to be brave, too, so she said, 'We'll get along all right. I hate to have you go, but perhaps it is best."

He prepared to leave for the lumber camps. One morning he kissed her goodbye and started off, but he stopped and said, 'Next Sunday is Fast Day, dear, don't forget to pay your fast offering, for even though we've lost our crop there are many poorer than we are.' He always paid fast offering.

"The days wore on. Nearly two weeks had passed. The brave woman was doing her best to be happy. One day the Bishop came over and told her some very sad news. He told her that a tree had fallen upon her husband and that he would be brought home that night.

"When the young man was brought home, the woman couldn't help but cry a little. The man, however, was still brave. 'Never mind, Lucy,' he said. 'It is unfortunate, but we'll get along somehow. The Lord will not forget us. While I was strong and well I never forgot Him. I paid my tithing and every Fast Day I went without my food and gave what it would cost me to the Church. Now that I am crippled He will not forget me.'

"The young wife was comforted, but that very night a little boy baby was born in that little home. Imagine the condition those poor folks were in. One was ill in bed with a little new-born baby, and the other had a broken leg.

"The neighbors were very good to them. Some good woman was beside those beds every hour of the night and day during which that mother was in bed. Then when the food supply was gone and there was no more money with which to buy more, the Bishop appeared one day, and with him brought flour, and sugar, and rice, and butter.

"The young man was a proud young man. He was proud of his strength; he was proud of his ability to work and make money. When the Bishop appeared with food, it hurt him. Tears rolled down his cheeks. They were tears of thankfulness because the Lord had sent a friend, but they were also tears of humiliation because the ward had to help. But the Bishop was a wise and good man. He understood; he went over and put his big hand on the young man's shoulder and said, 'Young man, cheer up. The world is made for laughter, not for tears.'

"The young man answered, 'Bishop, I didn't know my family would ever be dependent upon charity. It is hard, to bear, Bishop, but I thank you.'

" 'This is not charity,' the Bishop answered sharply. 'Just for amusement I looked over my records. For twelve years you have been laying by a fund with which to assist people who have misfortunes. My boy, the principal and interest will keep your family for a long time. Besides, with some of that money we have made many poor people happy. Charity, your grandmother! This is not charity.'

"The young man wiped his eyes and said, 'Bishop, from the bottom of my heart I thank you. O I am glad now that while I was strong and well I remembered the Lord. I knew He would remember me always.'

"'You are right,' said the Bishop. 'It was greater wisdom than man's that said we should give our meals one Sunday a month to the Lord.'

"Mark," Mrs. Phillips added, "that young man was your father; that young woman was I, your own mother, and that little boy was you."

"Your father got well at last," Mrs. Phillips continued. "He went to work again. We have prospered. The Bishop doesn't have to bring us anything now, and of course we don't have to give anything to the fast offering fund if we don't want to. You'll find some bread already sliced in the bread can. The knife and the butter are where you can easily find them. You may go and have your piece of bread and butter now."

Mark looked at his mother a moment as if he didn't understand. Then he rose and put his arms around her neck and whispered in her ear. Then he went and began getting ready for Sunday school. Pretty soon his mother could hear him singing as he worked,

"Do what is right,
Let the consequence follow;
Battle for freedom
In spirit and might.
And with stout hearts
Look ye forth till tomorrow;
God will protect you,
Do what is right!"

Suddenly from the bathroom where Mark was washing, his voice piped out—"Mother, about how much would my breakfast cost?"

"About ten cents, I think," his mother answered.

"May I pay that much for the fast offering?"

"You may, dear."

"This is sure a 'do' Gospel isn't it?" he called.

"It is, my boy," Mrs. Phillips answered.

Little reader, see if you can write on a piece of paper what Mark whispered to his Mama.

LESSON 24

Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel

The world has need of willing men
Who wear the workers' seal;
Come, help the good work move along,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Chorus

Put your shoulder to the wheel, push along,
Do your duty with a heart full of song;
We all have work, let no one shirk,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

The Church has need of helping hands,
And hearts that know and feel;
The work to do is here for you,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Then don't stand idly looking on,
The fight with sin is real;
It will be long but must go on,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Then work and watch and fight and pray,
With all your might and zeal;
Push every worthy work along,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

—*Will L. Thompson*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p 178

Mark Buys an Interest in a Church

Mark Phillips was a very small boy to own a farm; yet, he owned one, or at least, he was boss of one. It wasn't very big, but it was good. His owning a farm came about in this way:

One spring day, while his father was drilling in the grain, Mark was riding on the drill. In one corner of the field, shut off from the rest, was a little half-acre of ground all ready for seed.

"O isn't that a fine little farm?" Mark cried. "I wish I had a little farm like that."

"You shall have it," Mark's father said, "if you look after it a little bit.

Mark readily agreed to watch the little piece of land all through the summer. His father took the drill over on it, and soon it was seeded to good club wheat.

Mark watched the wheat grow all through the summer, and from time to time he even helped his father irrigate it. At last it was ripe and ready to cut, and what a beautiful crop it was! When Mark walked out into it, all that could be seen was a moving group of heads of wheat.

One day Mr. Phillips paused beside his little son and said, "Well, Farmer Mark, I wonder if it isn't about time we were cutting our wheat. I think it is plenty ripe."

"I believe mine is ready," Mark answered, just as if he were a grown man.

"All right, then, we'll start today." Mr. Phillips went out to the farm and soon had three big horses hitched to the binder.

"You'd better come out and see that I do it right," he said to Mark, as he got up on the seat.

Soon the binder was cutting down the tall, golden grain. The wheat—that is stalk and head—would fall over gracefully as the sharp knife skipped back and forth through the guards on the machine. Then the wheat was carried up and bound in large bundles or sheaves. These were thrown out of the machine upon the ground. Mark tried to pile them up, but they were so heavy he soon gave it up.

By sundown the wheat was all cut down. As soon as it was dry enough the grain was stacked in beautiful, round tapering stacks. Mark's little crop was stacked by itself in a regular little beauty of a stack . Mark was

very proud of it. He loved very much to take his friends over to see it. "This is my stack," he would say proudly.

One wonderful golden day in September a loud whistle from an engine announced the big, steam thresher had arrived to thresh out the grain.

Mark was a very interested little farmer, as he watched the big thresher beat the wheat out of the straw and turn it into the sacks.

As he watched, he noticed that his father was making two piles of wheat. He would put nine in the big pile and one in the little pile of full sacks. Mark didn't know what his father was doing that for.

At last, all of the wheat belonging to Mr. Phillips had been threshed. Instead of three beautiful bundle stacks, there was one big, sprawling straw stack, and two stacks of full sacks of wheat. One stack was large, the other small.

Now the men began to pitch Mark's own bundles into the machine. Now it was his own precious grain that was running into the sacks. Mark was delighted.

Mr. Phillips again piled nine full sacks in one place, then one full sack in another place.

"What do you do that for?" Mark shouted so his father could hear, because the threshing machine was making a very great noise.

"That big pile is yours, this little pile belongs to the Lord," the father answered.

"Belongs to the Lord?" Mark questioned. "What does that mean?"

"That means that this little pile is your tithing. That is to be paid to the Bishop."

"What does the Bishop do with it?" Mark asked.

"I'll tell you when the machine leaves," Mr. Phillips said, as he carried over another sack to the little pile.

The little stack was soon threshed out and the machine had moved. Mark counted his sacks.

"Twenty-one sacks," he said. "The Lord has two sacks. It seems to me that when a little boy has such a little wheat, he ought to have it all."

"Well, son, if that's the way you feel about it, you may keep it all," his father said, not unkindly. "The Lord is good. He gave us this beautiful world, and told us we could live here and do about as we please. He has told us that we ought to pay one-tenth of our income to Him, but He doesn't collect it."

"Well, what would the Bishop do with it, if I give it to him?" Mark asked.

"I'll tell you. If you take that wheat to the Bishop he will give you a receipt for four bushels of wheat or whatever it actually weighs. He will take the wheat and sell it. Then he will send the money he gets for it to the Presiding Bishopric of the Church in Salt Lake City."

"Then what will become of it?"

"The Presiding Bishop will keep the money in the storehouse until some bishop wants a meeting house. Or, perhaps, some missionary is ready to come home. In that case the Presiding Bishop will send enough money to pay his ticket home. Or, the temple may need some repairs, or the poor may need some help, or some Church school will need some money. When you pay your tithing you buy an interest in all these things. If you pay your tithing when you go to church you'll feel good, because you feel that you are doing your bit to keep the Church going."

"Well, maybe I'd better pay it."

"Suit yourself, my boy. But I want to tell you now that the Lord loves you. It will please Him very much to have you pay your tithing, but after all, He can get along better without you than you can without Him. If we are truly to love our neighbors we must learn to be cheerful givers."

"I'll send that right over to the Bishop, first," Mark said. "The Lord shall have His share first."

The very next Sunday when Mark went to church, a fine, satisfied feeling came over him as he entered the chapel door.

"I have bought an interest in this house now," he said to himself. "I am very glad."

From that day on, Mark was a faithful tithe-payer. Every time he made ten cents, he laid one cent aside for the Lord.

Review

1. How did Mark get a farm?
2. What did Mark raise on the farm?
3. Did all that Mark raised on his farm belong to him?
4. How much belonged to Mark?
5. What did he do with the remainder?
6. Could Mark have kept all that grew on his farm?
7. Why didn't he keep it?
8. How did Mark buy an interest in a church?
9. Do you own any interest in any church?
10. Are you going to buy an interest this year?
11. What is a tithing?

LESSON 25

Memorize

"Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Mark Hears a Pioneer Story

Mark was humming a Sunday school song over and over again. On the second verse he actually sang. These were the words:

I may not hide my little light,
The Lord has told me so.
'Tis given me to keep in sight,
That all may see it glow.

Shine on, shine on,
  Shine on bright and clear;
Shine on, shine on
  The day is near.

O little light, shine on, shine on,
  In this dark heart of mine;
Until another soul be drawn
  To seek the light divine.

Mark's mama, who was mending stockings near by, said, "That's a beautiful little song, Mark. Do you know what it means?"

Mark read the verse.

"Well, I know a little about it. I know what a light is, but I'm not sure about it, and I don't know how to keep it where 'all may see it glow.' "

"Come and hold this skein of yarn for me and I'll tell you a story that may help you to understand."

Mark got the yarn around his hands and as his mother wound the yarn on to a ball, she began:

"Once, Jesus was talking to His followers on this very subject. He said, 'You must not hide your light under a bushel,' and again He said, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

"What did He mean?" Mark asked.

"I'll tell you my story, then perhaps you will know," Mrs. Phillips said.

"In the early days a man by the name of Reuben Colter lived down in southern Utah. He had a large family of tall, fine-looking boys. He was a pioneer; therefore, he was very poor. He had a few head of cattle, but they were not worth very much. He lived in a little log house way out on the edge of a desert, all alone.

"One year snow began to fall very early. This man got all ready for winter. He had hay for the few stock he had to feed and his sons drove the others to the winter range.

Late in October, to his great surprise, a long train of emigrant wagons pulled up before his house and stopped. The leader of the wagons came to the house and said:

"'We've got to get our stuff across the river before snow gets very deep, or we'll have trouble. Will you help us?"

"Mr. Colter said, 'Certainly I'll help.'

"'I'm glad,' the man answered. 'Although we can't pay you very well. We are all poor.'

"Mr. Colter said, 'That's all right. I don't want any pay. The river is very hard to cross. No wagon has ever crossed it before, but perhaps we can make it.'

"The Pioneer went and helped the emigrants. The canyon down to the river was so steep that ropes had to be tied to the wagons in order that strong teams could hold them back as they went down the steep bank. At last, after a week of hard work, the last of the wagons was safely over.

"'Now, what do I owe you?' asked the captain of the emigrants.

"'Not a penny,' the Pioneer replied. 'If you ever get an opportunity you can help some other outfit.'

"'Say, you're white! You're a Christian,' the captain exclaimed, as he shook hands with the Pioneer. 'We really are very poor. We appreciate your kindness, and, some day, we may be able to do you a good turn.'

"'You may!' Mr. Colter replied. 'In this world we frequently need help.'

"'Yes, and it's mighty fine to find somebody who will help,' the other man answered. 'I hear there are "Mormons" out here. I'm glad we found a Christian rather than a "Mormon." We've heard strange stories about the "Mormons".'

"'I'm a "Mormon,"' Mr. Colter answered, 'and, I hope, a Christian, too.'

"'If you're a "Mormon," "Mormons" must be all right,' the captain answered.

"Again he shook hands, and then took his place at

the head of the wagon train. In a moment, the men, shouting 'goodbye,' and the women, 'God bless you,' the long line of wagons moved on.

"Now, Mark, do you know what the song means?"

"I think I do, Mother," Mark said. "Those emigrants saw Mr. Colter's light. We make our light shine by helping others."

"Good," Mrs. Phillips answered. "You see the emigrants not only liked Mr. Colter, but the "Mormons," too, on account of the way he acted. When a man or a boy is good, those who know him like his people and his church. When a boy or man is bad, people may think the father and mother are bad, too. Therefore, we should always follow the Golden Rule that Jesus gave. I wish you would memorize it, Mark."

"I'll do it," Mark answered.

Little reader, you, too, should memorize it. You'll find it in Matthew seventh chapter and twelfth verse.

LESSON 26

Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
  Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself says thou shalt gather
  It again some future day;
God Himself says thou shalt gather
  It again some future day.

Chorus

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
  Though the waves seem dark to men;
Sorrow will be turned to laughter,
  When thou findest it again;
Sorrow will be turned to laughter,
  When thou findest it again.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sowest with liberal hand;
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sowest with liberal hand.

Give then freely of thy substance,
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

Memorize

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

Bread That Returned

"What is a proverb?" Mark asked his Mama one day as he was preparing his school lesson.

"A proverb is a wise saying," Mrs. Phillips replied.

"Who made proverbs?" Mark asked.

"Oh, many people make proverbs," his Mama answered. "In the Bible there is a part named "Proverbs." Those are wise sayings made by the Hebrew people, but it is supposed that King Solomon, the wisest man in the world, made most of them. It is quite certain that Solomon gathered the wise sayings together into one book, for Solomon was not only wise himself, but he was interested in all wise men and all wise sayings."

"Here is a proverb given in this book of mine," Mark said. "It says, 'Bread cast upon the waters, after many days will return.' What does that mean?"

"That means if we do good to other people, some day, perhaps, those same people may be able to do good

to us. I can tell you a story that shows just how this happens sometimes."

"All right," Mark cried, always ready for a story. "I want to hear a story."

"You will remember, the other day I told you a Pioneer story about how Reuben Colter aided some emigrants to cross the deep Green River. Do you remember what the captain of the emigrants said when he left?"

"Yes," said Mark, "he said that some day he might be able to help Mr. Colter."

"So he did," Mark's Mama answered. "I am going to tell you a story how he did that very thing."

"Some years after the incident with the emigrants, Mr. Colter and his family moved to Arizona. In Arizona they lived for three or four years, but the seasons were so hot and the markets were so far away that they could not make any money by any means except by raising horses. These the boys would drive one hundred and fifty miles to a town where they could be sold to immigrants and stock men. The family became very poor. They had plenty to eat but they did not have much money. At last, Mr. Colter and his family decided to move back into the state of Utah.

"One fine day, what little furniture the family possessed was loaded into a covered wagon along with Mrs. Colter and the two children. The five grown sons mounted their horses and went out into the hills and rounded up their large herd of horses, and the journey back to Utah began.

"After a journey of more than a week, the family at last found themselves back in the Uintah country, still far from the main body of the Saints, but in a land the family knew well and loved. They were happy although they didn't have a bit of money, and their food was almost gone.

"One day Mrs. Colter went to her husband and said, 'Rube,' she always called him Rube, 'our flour is all gone. What are we to do?'

"Now, Mr. Colter was a Pioneer who always did something when he got in a tight place. He was one of

those men who never say die. He replied, 'There is a grist mill over on Berry Creek. We'll send Young Rube over there with a wagon and have him ask the miller to let us have some flour on time until we can sell some horses or can find work. Perhaps the miller himself will take a horse.'

"Accordingly, Rube, Junior, hitched a team of horses to the wagon and started on the forty mile journey after flour. He didn't have a cent in his pocket, but he had supreme confidence in the judgment of his father, so he felt confident that he would get flour. Besides, the family all knelt round the table before he went on his journey and asked the Wise Father to send them help. These people could pray in faith, because they had been keeping the Lord's commandments. In fact, Mr. Colter had been called several times to go to different places and start a settlement. He had never refused the call made of him; he felt sure the Lord would hear his prayer now.

"For a big, long day Rube, Junior, traveled through the sage-brush on his way to the mill. In those days the roads were not good. Of course, there were no automobiles either. About sundown he drove into a little meadow on Berry Creek and camped for the night.

"The next morning early he went to the mill. He found a jolly old miller sacking flour.

" 'Is this the miller?' he asked.

" 'It is,' the miller replied. 'For nearly ten years now I have been grinding wheat on Berry Creek.'

" 'I would like to get one thousand or twelve hundred pounds of flour,' Rube, Junior, said slowly.

" 'All right,' said the miller. I'll load it at once.' And he began to throw some sacks of flour on a rude wheel-barrow he had made.

" 'But wait,' said Rube, Junior. 'I haven't any money. I can give you a horse for it, otherwise I would like to get it on credit. Father said to tell you he would pay as soon as he could sell some horses or find work.'

" 'Who is your father?' the miller asked.

"'His name is Reuben Colter,' Rube Junior, replied. "'Does he live out on the bank of the Green River near the emigrant trail?'

"'He used to live there,' Rube, Junior, replied. 'We have been down in Arizona since then for a few years. We didn't make it very well down there, though, and so we are moving back into Utah.'

"'Reuben Colter'; The little man repeated. 'Reuben Colter; I know your father now, and, by George, I know you. It was your father that helped us emigrants across the Green River at the risk of his life. It was you, too, who wouldn't take any pay! It was you, too, who acted like real Christians.' The litttle man's eyes were moist. 'You don't know how much your help meant to me. I had the responsibility of that whole train on my shoulders. I simply had to get them through. Then to think that you and your father worked so hard for us, entire strangers, and yet wouldn't take a single penny of pay. Why, God bless such men, I say.'

"The little miller wiped his eyes and then began loading the sacks of flour again. All the time he was saying, 'God bless such men, I say; and He will bless such men, too. I know He will.'

"Rube, Junior, watched the little man. His heart was touched by the words of appreciation. Soon he began to assist in throwing the heavy sacks into the wheel-barrow and from it into his wagon box. They had made two trips with five sacks to the trip. The little man then threw two sacks on the barrow, then three, then four—.

"'Hold on,' cried Rube Junior, 'I asked for one thousand or twelve hundred pounds!'

'I know you did,' the little miller replied, 'but you are going to take more; you must take more. You must take at least fifteen sacks.'

"'But we cannot pay for so much,' Rube, Junior, replied.

"'Tut, tut, tut, who's talking about pay,' the little man replied. 'This flour was paid for more than ten years ago. You take fifteen hundred pounds of my very best flour to your father and tell him that I am still in

his debt. God will reward, God must reward such men!' he declared as he threw the last of the fifteen sacks of flour into the wagon.

"Rube, Junior, grasped the hard little hand of the dusty miller and tears were in his eyes as he said, 'God will surely bless you! You love your neighbors.'

"'God has blessed me, young man, many, many times,' the little man replied. 'I discovered long ago that God always gives us a chance to serve others, and then He gives the others a chance to serve us. Now you tell your father that he doesn't owe one red cent for this flour, and that if he needs more he can always find it at the little mill on Berry Creek, as long as I am left upon the earth.'

"'Thank you,' Rube, Junior, said fervently as he got into the wagon. 'You are much like father, after all.'

"'Then I am a Godly man,' the dusty little miller replied as he bowed his head.

"Rube, Junior, turned his horses toward home with a full heart. 'Solomon was right,' he said to himself, 'Solomon was right. Truly the bread cast upon the waters has returned.'

"Do you understand now what the proverb means?" Mrs. Phillips asked.

"I do," Mark answered. "But does it always?"

"Always, my boy. It may not come back in money or flour, but it will always return in love and friendship and good feeling, which, after all, are more precious than mere gold."

Little reader, can you get from your parents or friends a story of bread that has returned. If so, you may tell your story next time.

LESSON 27

In Our Lovely Deseret

In our lovely Deseret,
Where the Saints of God have met,
There's a multitude of children all around;
They are generous and brave
They have precious souls to save,
They must listen and obey the Gospel's sound.

Chorus:
Hark! Hark! Mark! 'Tis children's music—
Children's voices, O how sweet,
When in innocence and love,
Like the angels up above,
They with happy hearts and cheerful faces meet.

That the children may live long,
And be beautiful and strong,
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise,
Drink no liquor and they eat
But a very little meat;
They are seeking to be great and good and wise.

They should be instructed young
How to watch and guard the tongue,
And their tempers train and evil passions bind;
They should always be polite,
And treat everybody right,
And in every place be affable and kind.

They must not forget to pray,
Night and morning every day,
For the Lord to keep them safe from every ill,
And assist them to do right,
That with all their mind and might,
They may love Him and may learn to do His will.

—*Eliza R. Snow*

Deseret Sunday School Songs, p 114

The Story of a Great Man

Mark Phillips went to sacrament meeting one day. On that particular day an elder of the Church preached a sermon on the Word of Wisdom and the Power of Prayer. Mark was interested. He had heard a little about the Word of Wisdom at home. His mama and papa told him that certain things were not good for him, but he did not know before that so much importance was attached to the keeping of the Word of Wisdom. When he returned home he went to his mother with some questions.

"Where did we get the Word of Wisdom?" was one of his questions. Another was, "What does the Word of Wisdom say?" "Why should we keep the Word of Wisdom?" "What good does it do to keep the Word of Wisdom?" Many more questions did Mark ask.

"Why, Mark, don't ask your questions all at once like that," his mama said, laughing. "I'll try to answer some of them if you will just give me a little time."

"All right," said Mark, "I'll listen now."

"The Word of Wisdom was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith as a revelation from the Lord. You will find it just as the Prophet gave it to members of the Church in the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants. You may get the book and read it for yourself. When the Word of Wisdom was first given it was given merely as good advice. The Lord wishes his people to do good because they wish to do good, not because they are commanded to do it. The people, however, were very slow to follow the Word of Wisdom. They had been so accustomed to living as others lived with their tea and coffee and tobacco and strong drink, that they thought it was impossible to do without these things. After the Latter-day Saints moved to Utah, the President of the Church issued a statement in which he said that all Latter-day Saints who wished to be advanced in the Gospel and who wished to be leaders must keep the Word of Wisdom. The Saints, themselves, agreed that they would do as the president said."

"Then we have some dont's in the Gospel still."

"Yes, of course; there are some 'don'ts.' The 'do's,' however, are most emphasized. The person who is living the Gospel needs few 'dont's'; he needs mainly the 'do's.'

"When the Lord gave the Word of Wisdom He made some great promises to those who would keep it. He said that those who keep the Word of Wisdom could run and not be weary; could walk and not faint; would have strength given to them sufficient to do their work; that they would be able to find treasures of knowledge, yes, hidden treasures; and best of all, He said that the destroying angel would pass by the person who keeps the Word of Wisdom. Weren't those great promises?" Mrs. Phillips asked.

"They certainly were," Mark answered. "It seems strange that people would break the Word of Wisdom when such great promises are given. It is easy to keep, too."

"Yes, it is easy to keep for those who really wish in their hearts to keep it. You will remember that Daniel, the great Hebrew prophet, kept the Word of Wisdom. Remember how the Lord blessed him."

"Did Daniel know the Word of Wisdom?"

"Certainly, the Lord always instructs His children how to live, for living is a very important thing."

"Tell me about Daniel."

"You will remember that the great king Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, took many of the Hebrew children captive. Among the captives were four Hebrew boys: Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah. Now these four boys, because they were intelligent and handsome and good, were taken to the king's palace for the king wished to teach them the wisdom of the Chaldeans.

The king ordered his head waiter to feed these boys from his own table of the best food in order that they might grow strong and be wise. The head waiter took to these boys meat such as the king ate and wine such as the king drank. He wished to feed them in this fash-

ion for three years before teaching them the wisdom of the Chaldeans.

"These boys were good Jewish boys. They had been taught how to live; therefore, when the rich meat and wine were brought to Daniel, what do you think he did?"

"I don't know," Mark replied. "I should think meat from the king's table would look very good, and the wine must have been very tempting."

"They were, but Daniel was true to his church and to his God, so he said to the prince of the king's servants, 'I do not wish to defile myself with this meat and wine. It isn't the sort of food that I have been taught to eat, or the sort of drink I have been taught to drink. Will you please give me something else?"

"The prince of the servants loved Daniel. He wanted to do as Daniel suggested and yet he was afraid of the anger of the king, so he said, 'I fear my lord the king, who has said what I am to feed you boys. If you don't eat good food when you come before the king you will look thin, then the king will ask me what is the matter with you that you look so much thinner than the other boys. Then if I tell him I have been feeding you different food, he may put me to death.'

"Then Daniel said, 'Try us ten days. Give us, that is, the four Jewish boys, vegetables to eat and just pure water to drink. Then come and look at our faces and the faces of those who eat the king's meat and drink the king's wine. If we do not look as well as they look, then we will eat whatsoever you give us to eat.'

"The experiment was tried. At the end of the ten days the man who had charge of the feeding came and inspected the boys and to his great surprise discovered that the faces of Daniel and the other Hebrew boys were fairer than those of any of the others. Melzar, the man who looked after the feeding of the captives, took away the wine and the king's meat and allowed the four boys to eat food of their own choice. As a result, the Bible says this: 'As for those four children, God gave them

knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom; and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams.'

"You see, God kept His promise to those boys. God always keeps His promise. He has kept His promise to thousands of missionaries who have gone into the mission field preaching the Gospel. He has filled their minds with wisdom and knowledge and understanding just as He did the mind of Daniel who was able to interpret the king's dream and to tell the king many important things. God will keep His promise to you, too, my boy, if you will but test Him."

"Was this the same Daniel that was cast into the lion's den?" Mark asked.

"It was," his mother replied, "the very same man."

"Then God kept another promise, too, didn't He?"

"Yes, He kept His promise. The destroying angel passed by the man of God. The other three Hebrew children were thrown into a fiery furnace which had been heated seven times hotter than it was usually heated, but they were not burned. Some of the king's men who opened the door of the furnace were killed, so great was the heat, but the boys who loved God more than they did the wine and meat of Babylon were saved. When the king, who was very much afraid, came and looked in the furnace, he saw another being in there with them. He said that other one looked like the Son of God."

"Even the king said, when he saw that the three boys were saved, 'Blessed be the God of Shadrack, Meshach, and Abed-nego (the king's servant had changed their names), who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in Him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any God, except their own God.' The king then commanded that no people should speak anything against the God of these Hebrew boys. He was so pleased with them because they were loyal to the truth and to the teachings of their God that he promoted them and made them rulers in the province of Babylon."

"I am going to keep the Word of Wisdom all my life," Mark declared earnestly when the story was finished. "I want to be loyal to God and to His teachings; besides, I want to be wise and strong."

"Good boy, Mark," his mother replied. "I hope you always keep that determination in your heart. The world is full of temptation, but I am sure there is nothing more tempting than the meat and the wine of a king. You read the Word of Wisdom. In fact, I believe it would be worth while to memorize it. If you never start to break the Word of Wisdom you will never need the "don'ts' of the Gospel. Don'ts are for weak people, not for strong ones."

"I'm a 'do' boy," Mark declared. "I want nothing to do with the 'don'ts.' Jesus was 'do' through and through. I want to be like Him."

"I hope you will be, my son," Mrs. Phillips said fervently.

LESSON 28

Final Review

Sing a song chosen by the class.

Spend a few minutes reviewing the memory exercises.

Suggestive Review

1. A boy who has been baptized has become a member of the Church of.....
When he was baptized he promised to be.....
Not only..... but.....
for something. He agreed to live a "do" Gospel.

2. What do we mean by a "do" Gospel? I'll tell you. This is what I mean.....
.....

3. Jesus died for our.....

4. When I say that Jesus was resurrected, I mean that He.....

5. The first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are .....

.....

6. Why are fast offerings given to the bishop?.....

.....

7. What is tithing?.....

8. Why should I pay tithing?.....

9. What does the Golden Rule say?.....

10. What did the wise man mean when he said that bread cast upon the waters after many days would return?

.....

11. What is the Word of Wisdom?.....

.....

12. If I am a true follower of Jesus and a good member of the Church, how will I act?.....

LESSON BOOK

FOR THE

RELIGION CLASSES

in the Church *of* Jesus Christ *of*
Latter-day Saints

FOURTH GRADE

"In the Days of the Pioneers"

Written for the General Church Board
of Education

By

HARRISON R. MERRILL

Published by the
DESERET BOOK COMPANY
1925

Copyrighted, 1925
By HEBER J. GRANT
For the
General Church Board
Of Education

Printed in the United States of America

INTRODUCTION

This Reader is written in an attempt to increase appreciation of life and its opportunities and blessings. It is hoped that children may be led through this volume to a fuller understanding of what those who have gone before us have done for our benefit. Heirs of the past, we become trustees for the future. This book charges us to safeguard and honor our trust.

The book is unique in this—it is a continued story which reveals from week to week the experiences that go to make up the history of a typical pioneer family. The experiences are not actual but they are none the less true. It is hoped that they will be thoroughly enjoyable and that they will lead pupils to read other fascinating pioneer material.

For further suggestions relative to the use of this Reader teachers should consult the *Religion Class Hand Book* which is available through the office of the Commission of Education, 47 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

SUGGESTED SONGS TO BE SUNG IN RELIGION CLASS—FOURTH GRADE

In connection with this book any good pioneer songs are appropriate. I think, however, that every child should not only learn the words but should catch the spirit as well of Brigham Young's favorite song, "Hard Times Come Again No More." My mother informs me that she has been in a number of gatherings in which the great pioneer leader requested that this song be sung. She says, too, that she has seen the tears run down the face of the great prophet of Deseret during the rendition of the piece.

Other songs that are appropriate for use in connection with the Fourth Grade book are: "Come, Come, ye Saints," "True to the Faith," "We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet," "Utah, We Love Thee," "Utah, Queen of the West," "Lovely Utah," "Our Mountain Home So Dear," "The Morning Breaks," "Do What is Right," "Home Sweet Home," "Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home," "Little Mother of Mine," "Out where the West Begins," "Ere the Sun Goes Down," "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel," "Who's On the Lord's Side? "The Lord Is My Shepherd," "Send the Light," "My Light is But a Little One," "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," "My Own United States," "America," "America the Beautiful," "Catch the Sunshine," "We Are All Enlisted," or any other good home or church song that has an appeal for the children or which is a special favorite of the teacher.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready.
Have you your pistols, have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you youths, western youths,
So patient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all!
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

—*Walt Whitman.*

CHAPTER 1
PIONEER DAYS

We sons and daughters or the grandsons and granddaughters of the Pioneers who came to Utah when it was practically an unknown territory, and looked upon as the great American desert, have very small appreciation of what the great state has cost in trials and even lives. So desolate did this country once seem that people of the east, and especially of Kansas, used to say in their rough way, "There h'aint no God west of Newton." Newton was a small town on the very frontier. The Pioneers, however, pushed west and brought the love of God with them. They found here in this great state many problems that were, indeed, hard to solve.

There was the desert. In Utah, though the soil was fertile there was not enough moisture to mature good crops of grain and vegetables such as the Pioneers possessed. After the spring rains passed, whole weeks would go by during which not a single drop of rain would fall. Grass and all kinds of vegetation, except in protected places, would burn to a deep brown by fall. Sometimes even the little streams that laughed down from the mountains would fade away and dry up during the hot months.

There were the winters. Winter, to those who have a warm home, some money, and a store near by from which they may buy food, is a time of joy and merriment, but to the pioneer, whose crop consisted of a few meager bushels of grain and potatoes, winter sometimes was a tragedy. Except for wild game and a few domestic animals the people were compelled to depend upon stored food for a living. The pioneer had such small crops that it was practically impossible for him to store more than the barest necessities in sufficient quantities to last during the winter months. To many of the older people the luxury of having bottled fruit last the year round is a very recent experience. In those days there was little or no canned foods upon which the family might draw.

There was that heart-breaking isolation. The Pioneers were at least one thousand miles from the homes of other white people. They of necessity had to live what a modern person would call very lonely lives. They could have few new or pretty things except those manufactured by themselves, because that thousand miles which separated them from stores and factories could only be traversed by slow horse or even ox teams. There were no great railroad trains to haul goods by the hundreds of tons in a single haul across the great prairies and the mountains, consequently hauling charges had to be so great that the resulting prices of goods were beyond the reach of the common people.

There were the Indians. The Pioneers, tucked away in the narrow valleys of the Rocky Mountains, had to depend entirely upon their God and upon themselves for protection. There was no state militia, there was no army to come at their call. They had to organize their own forces, sometimes called Minute Men, to serve as protectors of the homes of the Saints. In many parts of the territory the Indians were hostile, and resented the encroachment of the whites upon their hunting ground. Frequently the savages were stirred into hostile action by travelers passing through the country. At least two long and rather bloody Indian wars swept the territory. Scores of good men and brave, as well as women and children, lost their lives during the Indian troubles.

Besides these few big problems that confronted the Pioneers, there were many smaller ones that demanded their attention. Clothes had to be made, wheat had to be ground into flour, houses, implements, tools and other articles had to be secured. Factories had to be established, roads had to be built, streams had to be bridged, and hundreds of other things had to be done.

The Pioneers, however, were sustained by an abiding faith in God that taught them that He would come to their assistance in every emergency. Accordingly they set their hands to accomplish all things that were in need of accomplishment. As a result it was not long until a new civilization sprang up here in these valleys. The peo-

ple, though set about by hardships and dangers, sang at their work.

CHAPTER 2

HOW THE COLLINS FAMILY CALLED FOR HELP

John Collins was a pioneer whose battle with problems was especially heated. In the early days he had pitched his camp one Spring evening on a piece of land in Round Valley. He had selected a site for his home beside a little stream that raced down from a large, blue mountain, that poked its head up into the sky, around whose sloping shoulders pine forests hung.

The acres selected for the farm were covered with sage brush so high that when little Eddie, big John's second son, rode through it in search of a lone cow upon which the family depended for milk, his little peaked, white hat could scarcely be followed by his anxious mother, who always watched him until the willows along the creek hid him from view. This sage brush had been grubbed with a tremendous amount of labor from a few acres which were immediately planted to wheat and other crops. In this work of clearing the land, the entire family had joined. Even Mother Collins had taken her turn at gathering the sage that had been turned up by the plow into piles ready for the fire that was usually lighted at night, when the fire looked beautiful in the darkness, and when the aroma of wild sage was especially pleasing.

"We are going to make the desert blossom as the rose," Father Collins would say as he worked along beside his boys. "Just think how fine this country will look when it is covered with waving wheat and hay."

In that way these people worked and dreamed until at last the crops were truly planted. Soon after twenty-five wonderful acres of rich, black loam had been seeded with wheat, a copious rain descended. Valley and hills were wrapped for a full week in flying mists. Lone Mountain,

like a great tower, rose out of sight in the soft white clouds.

Every day that the rain lasted, Father Collins would look out of the door of his home—he could not look out of the window, for, having no glass, the windows had to be closed with blankets during the cold rains.

"Every day of rain means another bushel of grain to every acre," he would say; "let it rain."

But to active John Collins, the oldest son, and to Eddie, who loved the outdoors the long days were torture.

"We need the rain, my sons," Mama Collins would say every time they voiced their complaint. "God is sending it, I truly believe. Men have said that grain will not mature in these valleys, but God's people have built homes here and He will not allow them to starve."

"But it don't have to rain all the time, does it?" John asked in his impatience.

"It won't rain all the time," Father Collins said. "This may be the last one this summer."

It was. After the storm cleared away, the sky became a turquoise blue and so remained for week after week with only a filmy white streak above Lone Peak occasionally, or a bank of snowy billows against the southern sky at intervals to break its blue monotony. Mother Collins was to learn how nearly right the men were who predicted that no grain crops could mature in the desert valleys.

One desperately hot day in late June, Father Collins came into the little log home with face drawn and careworn. His eyes seemed hollow and the wrinkles around his mouth seemed to have deepened noticeably since morning.

"What is it, John?" Mother Collins asked, alarmed at his tired and woeful face. "What has happened?"

"That's what's the matter, nothing has happened. For these last three weeks I have been hoping for rain, but none has come." Father Collins spoke very bitterly. "Our beautiful crop of wheat that looked so promising is practically burned up. It will never mature without water. I doubt if rain could save it even now."

"But surely some will ripen, John. We must have some wheat for seed, even if we have none for bread."

"We must have it," Father Collins said, dejectledly, "but that won't bring it. It is practically gone and there's not a cloud in sight. Lone Mountain stands up there in as clear a patch of blue as was ever seen."

"But the grain must mature, some of it. Men have said it will not, but the Prophet of God has said, 'This is the place.' I believe he was right. This is the place—these valleys—and the Lord will be here to help."

The faith that had led Mother Collins from a comfortable home across the trackless desert had not deserted her.

"The rain must come within one week or the crop is gone, whether this is the place or not," Father Collins replied, his faith plainly now weaker than that of his wife.

"We'll see," Mother Collins replied. "Let us make it a matter of prayer."

"I've prayed and prayed," her husband answered, "but there's still no cloud."

"Let us pray again. Daniel prayed for three weeks before his prayer was answered. Let us ask again."

"All right, I'm willin'. Call in the boys."

At the call of Mother Collins the boys filed solemnly into the house where the chairs were already placed in the well-known circle.

"Boys," Father Collins said, "we are going to pray for help. Our crop of wheat is about to burn up. We need help. Mamma, will you pray?" he asked, turning to the calm, blue-eyed little woman who was as an anchor to his soul.

The family knelt down and Mamma Collins offered the prayer for all. With all her soul she prayed for help, knowing that should the crop fail there would be no bread in their home for months. Help and not rain was the burden of her prayer.

When she finished her simple petition, Father Collins rose wiping his tear-dimmed eyes with the back of his rough hand.

"Mary, that was good," he said as he kissed her. "The Father surely will come to our rescue."

"I hope so, John," she replied simply.

"I wonder if He will," Eddie said as he and John went out softly into the sunlight.

"Of course, he will," John answered unhesitatingly. "Mother knows. We'll watch."

All the rest of the sunny day the two boys watched the sky behind Lone Peak for signs of storm, and though neither voiced it, each felt a keen disappointment whenever he looked and found still the unchanging, smiling blue.

Thus the day wore on. At twilight, the lads, having milked the cow, were on their way to the house when Eddie said, "Help hain't come yet."

But even as he spoke a low rumble, almost as thunder, was heard. The two boys stopped abruptly and listened with all their keen young ears.

"Gee, its a wagon. I thought sure it was thunder," Eddie exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

"Yep, it's a wagon crossin' Rocky Ford," John agreed "Rain ain't comin' tonight."

But neither boy knew how important the coming of that wagon was to be.

Questions and Problems

1. Describe your valley as you think it looked before there were any houses.
2. Why was it hard to start a home in your valley in the early days?
3. Who was the first settler in your valley?
4. Visit the oldest settler and get his story.
5. What did the Collins family need?
6. Where did they go for help?

CHAPTER 3

HOW HELP CAME TO THE COLLINS FAMILY

The whole Collins family was grouped around their front gate as the wagon, the boys had heard, approached through the dusk. The coming of a wagon to the gate of any one was a wonderful thing in those days, for in all the Round Valley there were but twelve or fourteen homes, so remote from each other that communication was rare.

As the wagon approached, the watchers soon discovered that it was drawn by a team of wiry horses, which, in turn, were driven by a man who hunched down into his seat like one who had driven much. The wagon, though dusty, looked substantial and well kept.

The driver stopped his horses in front of the gate.

"Good evenin'," he said, scarcely turning his head.

"Good evening," Mr. Collins replied genially.

"I'm a stranger," the driver said, "but I'd like to stop here all night. What's the chance?"

"All the chance in the world," Father Collins said warmly. "Get down and unhook."

Turning to his wife he said,

"Mary, can you get the traveler a bite of supper?"

"Sure," Mother Collins replied cheerfully. "It'll be ready as soon as he has tended his horses."

"Drivin' far?" Father Collins asked as he began to assist in unhooking the team.

"Rather," the stranger replied. "I'm goin' over into Mound Valley to look at the country. They say there's lots of meadow over there."

"'Tis a fine lookin' country, but cold."

"That don't make no difference to me," the stranger replied. "I'm runnin' cattle."

"We'll take these horses out to the pasture," Father Collins said, as the harness was stripped off and placed carefully under the wagon.

The two men went off side by side leading the steaming horses. At the pasture bars they stopped while the horses rolled on the dusty road that ran into the meadow beside the stream. At this point, too, the wheat field cornered. As the stranger turned away from the bars his keen, black eyes caught sight of the burning grain.

"Grain gettin' pretty dry?" he asked.

"Yep, practically burnt up," Father Collins replied.

"Do you water it?" the stranger asked.

"No, how could I water it?"

"Man, what about this stream?" The stranger pointed to the sparkling water. "Doesn't this run here all the time?"

"Sure."

"Well, why not run it out on to your wheat?"

"Can't be done."

"Why can't it? Over in Salt Lake Valley everybody is waterin' grain that way."

"Is that so? I never thought o' that. How do you do it?"

"Why, you have to go up the creek to a point higher than the land you wish to water and then build a ditch in which to lead the water to the grain. It's very simple."

"By George, it sounds like it. What a dunce I've been. Here I've been prayin' for rain all the time when it was better sense, not rain at all that I needed. Stranger, that suggestion of yours is worth a heap to me."

"I'm glad," the stranger answered modestly. "If you've never laid out a ditch you might have trouble. If you want me to I'll go out with you in the mornin', and help you lay it out."

"I'll be much obliged," Father Collins replied. "We'll save that crop yet. It's goin' to be a fight between me and the drought, but now I know how to fight. Come into the house, stranger, while I break the news to Mary."

When the two men entered the house, the face of Father Collins was glowing, for now he could work. The long hours of watchful waiting and recurring disappointment were gone.

"Mary," he cried, "this stranger here may be the answer to our prayers. He has offered a simple suggestion that may save the crop yet, rain or no rain, if I can work fast enough."

The stranger smiled.

"It will be hard labor," he said, "but it will work."

Father Collins then proceeded to tell his wife how the crop was to be saved by irrigation, while the stranger ate and enjoyed the humble hospitality.

After the substantial meal was eaten, Father Collins said,

"We are Latter-day Saints and usually have prayer in our home. Won't you join us?"

"Certainly," the stranger replied: "I am also a Latter-day Saint. I am John Stranger—Bishop John Stranger."

"I am glad to know you, Bishop Stranger," Father Collins replied, as he grasped the bishop's hand. "How glad, I shall never be able to fully express."

The folowing morning soon after sunrise, the two men with a tin cup and a square-edged, straight board having a leg on each end, one a quarter of an inch longer than the other, set off up the creek. These common implements, in the absence of better ones, were to serve as level and transit to the pioneer irrigation engineers, a term never dreamed of in those days.

"We can use the cup filled brimming full of water as a level," Bishop Stranger said, as they set out. "The board may be used as a transit along which we may look to mark out the course the ditch is to take. These hills are deceiving. The unaided eye of even an experienced man is almost sure to err."

They tramped up the stream for an hour or more until they had reached a point well above the burning field of grain. Here Bishop Stranger stopped.

"It looks feasible," he said. "Although you have a rather steep hillside to get around and a lot of brush to grub, I think you can do it."

"Good," Father Collins replied, "let's lay out the course right now."

"Not so fast, my friend," the bishop replied. "We came up here merely to prospect. We begin on the lower end to lay out a ditch."

"How's that?" Father Collins asked astonished.

"Should we begin here, we might come out too low, or higher than necessary. If we begin at the other end, we can get it to come out just right."

"I can see that's true. Let's go down to the field and get started at once."

"All right. You're going to have a race to save that grain. There is no time to be lost."

"No, but it can be done. I look upon your coming as the answer to prayer. God wouldn't answer too late, would he?"

"You're right, Brother Collins. We'll get busy. If I am the help the Lord sent to you, I want to help to the utmost."

Together the two men returned to the upper side of the burning patch of grain that they were attempting to save. Here Bishop Stranger began with his crude level and his cruder transit to mark out the course of the ditch.

As they worked in the blazing sun of that June day, each man was thinking of the working of an all-wise Providence, but each man knew that the fight with drought was practically a hopeless one, for the grain was almost gone. Each worked on, however. believing the power that had brought the experienced bishop to the home of the inexperienced man in need, would help them to the finish.

All during the morning hours while the men measured and sighted and measured again, the two boys, John and Eddie followed along. John carried a bucket of water from which the cup was replenished from time to time, for the water had always to touch the brim all around. Eddie carried a light shovel with which his father marked the course of the proposed ditch at every five steps.

"Jimmy, but won't it be fun to make a ditch?" John said as the two boys sat on the hillside while the two men discussed some phase of the work.

"You bet," Eddie replied, "but it will be still more fun to watch the water run around this side hill."

Neither boy realized how much toil was involved in the making of that ditch, or how difficult it would be to water the grain after the ditch was finished.

An hour before sunset the task of locating the grade of the ditch was finished. The task had been longer than was anticipated on account of the difficulty of manipulating the crude instruments used for the purpose. The grade had to be laid out and then checked and rechecked, for the making of a ditch with proper grade is a technical job.

As the two men walked down the canyon together, Father Collins said in a tone of voice shaken with emotion,

"Bishop, you are the Good Samaritan."

"Not at all," the bishop replied "I am merely your neighbor."

"Oh but that is exactly what the Good Samaritan was. This country would be unendurable without men like you."

"Any country would be almost unendurable without neighbors," the bishop answered quietly.

Questions and Problems

1. How were the prayers of the Collins family answered?
2. What was Bishop Stranger's suggestion?
3. Why hadn't Father Collins thought of watering his wheat before?
4. Find out from some old resident how the pioneers surveyed ditches. Get some one to show you a "grasshopper" that could be used for this purpose.
5. Who was the Good Samaritan? Tell his story.
6. What did John and Eddie do to help?
7. Why are good neighbors necessary in a new country?"

CHAPTER 4

HOW THE COLLINS FAMILY HELPED A WOUNDED INDIAN

Before the sun had come into view over the eastern mountains the next morning, the Collins' had breakfast and Bishop Stranger had his team hitched to his wagon. Although he had offered further help, Father Collins had refused. declaring that he and his boys could plow out the ditch. Bishop Stranger climbed up to his high seat on his wagon.

"Well, Brother Collins, I'll be moving on. I hope you'll have no real trouble with your ditch. Begin at the upper end and be sure to plow your first furrow high enough. Good-bye."

"I'll be careful. Thanks, ever so much, bishop. I hope I can help you some day."

"The pleasure has been mine," the bishop answered as he spoke to his impatient team and allowed them to move off up the road.

"He's a man of God," Father Collins said feelingly as he watched his new acquaintance move away.

"Now, boys, let's get busy," Father Collins shouted, a note of joy in his strong voice. "Let's get at that ditch. Whoopee! The race is on. We'll see if work wins or if drought wins."

Even the faces of Mother Collins and little Mary glowed with the thought of the coming battle.

"We'll all help, father," Mary declared as she ran towards the house, "I'll get my bonnet."

"Bless her heart, she would like to help," Mother Collins said tenderly. "She's right, John, we'll all help."

The little woman laid her small, strong hand on the hand of big John Collins and her blue eyes looked into his.

"It's going to be a hard race," he said, "but we'll win, for your sake. We must have bread."

The horses were soon harnessed and hitched to the big wagon in the box of which the plow had been placed the night before. The entire family got in, and young John drove the team up the canyon as far as they could go

with the wagon. Here the plow was unloaded and the horses hitched to it. Father Collins went with his axe to open the way.

At last the point from which the water was to be taken from the stream was reached.

"We're going to have a time making the ditch from here to the point of the hill, but from there on it will be easy. You people can sit here and watch the team or play in the water while I cut a way through the brush here in the bottom. John, you can get the grub-axe and follow me. You can grub out the easiest roots, while I cut the brush."

Soon the canyon was ringing with the mighty blows of Father Collins' axe, and the weaker thuds of John's grub axe. Eddie stood by the team and fought troublesome flies away, while Mrs. Collins and Mary sat in the shade of a birch tree and enjoyed the laughter of the stream.

The work had progressed for probably an hour. Father Collins had cut a swath through the bushes four feet wide, which reached out to the foot of the ridge around which the ditch was to go. He was followed, though less rapidly, by John who was manfully endeavoring to remove what roots and rocks he could. Eddie was allowing the horses to nibble fragrant handfuls of wild grass he had been able to gather along the stream. Mother Collins had removed her sunbonnet and was busy on some patch work, when the near-by bushes parted and a half-naked Indian stumbled out into the open.

Mother Collins was startled at the sudden appearance, although she managed to keep quiet and calm. Eddie, however, was not so well trained. When he caught sight of the Indian, down whose cheek blood in streams was trickling, he left off feeding the horses and made a leap towards the path cleared through the bushes by Father Collins.

"Father!" he yelled as he disappeared up the path.

It was only for an instant, however. The thought of his unprotected mother and sister shot into his mind. Though he was a mere boy and dreadfully frightened,

little pioneer that he was, he turned back to do what he could towards protecting them.

Mother Collins, meanwhile, sat all but stupified with astonishment and fright as the Indian half fell beside the creek, evidently overcome with fatigue or pain from his wounds.

At the sound of Eddie's voice, big John Collins came running axe in hand, for he had detected in it the note of fear. When he arrived, the Indian was attempting to drink from the stream, but his efforts seemed futile.

John Collins stood looking at the fallen redman for a moment, then turning to Mother Collins, he asked,

"What has happened, Mary? Where did this fellow come from?"

"He just now stumbled from the bushes behind you. O he frightened me!"

Her voice trembled, and her hand shook as she laid it on the brawny arm of her husband.

"There, there, don't be afraid," he answered as soothingly as a mother might. "He's probably a hunter injured some way in the chase."

Father Collins knelt beside the fallen Indian and bathed his face with water after which he helped him to drink from a tin cup his wife handed to him.

The water seemed to revive the redman, who sat up immediately and looked about him in a dazed sort of way. Across his high cheek bone a ghastly wound extended almost to his ear. From this wound oozed blood only to mix with the dirt on his copper-colored skin.

John Collins looked uneasily at the brush whence the Indian had come.

"Lone?" he questioned.

"Huh," the Indian nodded, evidently understanding the question.

"What's the trouble?" Father Collins asked in Indian, for he understood a little of the language.

"Bullet cut here," the Indian answered, pointing to the wound. "Shoshone fight—shot here—Shoshone dead."

" Are any following?"

"No, no, follow-all here. Long time no food—no water."

The Indian once more raised the cup to his lips.

"Here, let me fix you up," Father Collins said, motioning to the wound. "I'll wash it and bind it up."

With the Indian's help, Father Collins washed the wound, after which he bound it up with a piece of white cloth Mother Collins had brought with their dinner.

"Now, you're all right," the white man said.

"Huh," the Indian grunted by way of thanks.

"Now, Mother," Mr. Collins said, "let's share our dinner with the poor fellow. He's in a bad way."

Mrs. Collins promptly brought the basket containing the dinner and soon had the savage devouring her sandwitches of eggs and bread and bacon. He ate ravenously what she set before him while the two boys and the little girl looked on half curious and half frightened.

"Huh," the savage grunted when he had eaten the last morsel set out for him. He seemed in his savage way to be voicing his thanks for the food. "White man and white woman good to Injun," he said in broken English."

"That's all right," Father Collins replied. "You need help, we give help—someday maybe we need help."

"Huh," the Indian grunted "Mebbeso. Rested now. Push on to village."

He got to his feet and though not quite steady at first, made off through the bushes towards the west.

"Poor chap," Mother Collins said, "he seems to be very much done up."

"Will he come again and kill us?" the children asked almost in a breath.

"No danger," Father Collins answered. "Did you see how thankful he looked. An Indian never forgets, they say. President Young said, 'Feed 'em, don't fight 'em.' We'll see if he was right."

"Of course, he was right," Mother Collins answered in her characteristic way. " We've spent much of the forenoon looking after the needs of the savage. Come and

gather round, it is nearly noon. We'll eat what the Indian left."

Mother Collins spread the appetizing, though rough and common food on the grass while the others washed and gathered round.

"John, you return thanks," Father Collins said, "for surely we have much to be thankful for."

After the saying of grace the meal proceeded merrily, although the Indian's appetite had much reduced the amount of food available.

"We shouldn't have given the Injun so much," Eddie said when he discovered his share was small.

"Never mind, my boy," Father Collins replied, "that meal may mean more to us than any meal we ever gave away in our lives."

After the lunch the work on the ditch was resumed with renewed energy, and before the sun set, a short stretch of furrow had been made to mark the course of the ditch that was to save the crop of grain. The fight was well begun but it was to continue for days with unabated vigor.

That evening when the family returned to their home, tired but happy in the thought that the work on the ditch was well begun, Father Collins took down his old gun and examined it carefully.

"We may see some chickens tomorrow," he said. "I saw chicken signs today."

But Father Collins was thinking of troublesome Indians. He meant to be prepared another day in case the Shoshones, mentioned by the wounded redman, should make their appearance. Father Collins was wise in the ways of Indians and knew how much it meant to be prepared. He, however, was very careful not to mention Indians to his family, for he knew that it would alarm them needlessly.

The western pioneer was tender with his women folk, and spared them all the mental anguish he could, for he knew how terrible the loneliness and isolation sometimes became to them, even when their minds were at

peace. When fears of Indians or other things were present the lonely valleys and the silent, watchful hills, behind any of which danger might lurk, became indeed unbearable.

That night when the family devotions were said, the voice of Father Collins possessed an unusual note of earnestness when he prayed that no harm might befall his little family during the dark hours when Indians love to make their cruel attack.

Questions and Problems

1. Explain fully how John helped with the ditch.
2. Would you have acted as Eddie did when the Indian came?
3. Did the Collins family do right when they fed the Indian? Why?
4. What was President Young's advice regarding the treatment of Indians?
5. How should we treat any one who needs help?
6. Should we help only our friends? What did Jesus say about it?

CHAPTER 5

HOW THE INDIAN REPAID THE KINDNESS

"Johnnie, I'll go for the horses this morning," Father Collins said next morning after breakfast was over. The thought of that wounded Indian was still in his mind, and he felt that sooner or later he would be visited by Indians either hostile or friendly.

He found the horses grazing as usual along the creek. No signs of Indians could be seen.

"I am glad," John Collins said to himself. "I haven't time for Indian troubles now, and we'd surely lose our crop if we had to move into the fort even for a short time.'

By 7:30 o'clock the canyon was once more ringing with

the blows of Father Collin's axe. This time, however, Mother Collins and Mary were seated in a more secluded spot near where Father Collins was at work.

"I want you near where I can talk to you occasionally," Father Collins had said as he leaned the old musket against a tree near them. "I want you to keep your eyes open for grouse," he added. "They'd taste mighty good for supper."

John and Eddie, the two boys, were busy shoveling dirt out of the furrows that had been plowed the day before. Close by John, lying in the bushes, was the old army revolver that the family had brought across the plains. It was loaded all round with powder and ball and was ready for any trouble.

Occasionally big John Collins would pause, axe over shoulder, while he surveyed the creek bottom and the surrounding hill-side with his experienced eyes. Then he would resume his work with renewed vigor. He was anxious to complete the ditch to the ridge within the day if possible. From the ridge he could be able to see his home, and Father Collins felt that danger to his family and his home lurked in the vicinity somewhere.

"What would ye do if Injuns would come?" Eddie asked his older brother as they paused once to rest. Seemingly the boy's intuition had informed him of his father's uneasiness.

"I'd jump and grab that old pistol, and if the Indians showed fight, I'd shoot 'em," John replied sturdily.

"But what if they'd shoot first?"

"They couldn't. I been practicin' with that old pistol. I can hit almost anything. If I ever shoot at an Injun he's a goner," John bragged.

"I'd hit 'em with this shovel," Eddie declared stoutly. "I nearly hit that one yesterday before I saw he was hurt."

"Yes, you did. You purty near broke your neck gettin' away from him," John laughed.

"I did for a minute, but when I thought of Mother and Mary I whirled around, and if that Injun hadn' been layin'

on the ground, I'd a fixed him." Eddie closed his fists and looked very fierce as he reviewed the incident.

"Well, we'd better git to work. Father's more anxious than ever to get this ditch done. I reckon there'll be no Injuns here today."

The two boys took up their shovel and resumed work. Uneventfully the day wore on. Each hour saw the ditch advanced until at sunset when the tools were laid aside for the last time, practically a completed ditch ran within a few rods of the coveted comb of the ridge.

As Father Collins hitched his horses to the wagon he breathed a sigh of relief, for all day long he had been on a strain. Even while he swung his axe or held to the handles of his plow his eyes and ears were ever on the alert to detect sight or sound of hostile Indians. He reasoned that if the Ute had been wounded by Shoshones there was trouble brewing between the two nations that might result in trouble for himself and family. It was, therefore, with no little feeling of thanksgiving that he drove into his own yard and found everything all right.

"I may have been mistaken after all," he said to himself. "Perhaps I am too cautious."

Nevertheless his vigilance did not cease. After the chores were done and the family was ready to retire, the guns were carefully examined and placed where they were easily accessible.

"If nothing else interferes, we're goin' to win," Father Collins said, as the family were preparing for bed. "Although the wheat is getting yellower every day, we'll save part of it if outside troubles do not interfere."

"I hope we can save part, at least; our flour is getting very low," Mother Collins said. "If we don't save some we'll be out of bread for weeks and weeks."

Rat-atat-tat.

A soft knock on the door broke the silence. The children pressed close to their parents. Knocks seldom came to the doors of the pioneers, especially after nightfall.

Father Collins rose and stepped cautiously to the heavily

barred door. He reached up and took the old army pistol from a shelf where John had placed it.

"Who's there?" he asked softly.

Every ear strained for the reply.

"Utah," came the gutteral response, "wounded Utah."

"What Utah want?" Father Collins asked softly.

"Want come in," the Indian replied.

"Are you alone?"

"Huh," the Indian answered.

Father Collins unbarred the door and opened it ever so little. The Indian slipped through the opening into the room.

He stood calmly by the door. The bandage, dirty and awry, was still on his head, but he looked alert and ready. His beady eyes were as sharp as two points of flint. In his right hand he held a short rifle.

"What-message-Utah?" Father Collins asked.

"Shoshones come," the Indian replied, solemnly. "White man be careful."

"How many?"

The Indian held up both hands, with fingers and thumbs, except three extended.

"Seven," Father Collins said.

"Huh," the Indian replied. "Bad Injuns."

"When Injuns come?"

"Mebbeso tonight, mebbeso morning."

"Thanks, Utah. We'll get ready for 'em."

"Mebbeso Utah help," the Indian replied . "Big Chief help Utah; Utah help big chief."

"All right, we'll like it. Sit down." Father Collins set a chair beside the Indian.

"Mebbeso go out—see Shoshone—warn Chief."

"All right— good idea," Father Collins agreed.

The Indian opened the door and slipped noiselessly outside.

"Now what about that dinner?" Father Collins asked, turning to the wide-eyed boys.

"Jing, I'm glad he's for us," John answered.

"And so am I," Eddie joined in. "It pays to feed and not fight, don't it?"

"It surely does, my son," Mother Collins said. "It always pays to help those who need help. Jesus spent most of his time doing that."

"Injuns ain't all bad, are they?" John declared.

"No, indeed," Father Collins replied. "I've known some Indians who were as honest and honorable according to their own ideas as any men who ever lived. Now let's get ready in case we have to withstand an attack."

"Will they kill us?" little Mary asked innocently, yet fearfully?"

"Not if we can help it," Father Collins replied almost cheerfully, for he always felt better in action than when waiting for something to happen. "We'll put this heavy chest against the door."

A large chest that contained the family's extra clothes was slid over in front of the door. Then Father Collins went to the windows and hung blankets over the openings, after which the light was put out.

"Now, children, we'll take turns in watching and turns in sleeping," Father Collins said, "Although I think we can depend fully upon our friend, the Ute, to warn us, we must keep on the alert. Eddie and I will take the first watch, and Mother and John the second watch. So you three go to bed and get some sleep. You're perfectly safe for the time being at least. Now, Eddie, you take up your station by the front window and watch for anything that moves. I'll watch from the back window."

The family followed the father's suggestion, and within a few minutes, although on account of the dread of something terrible, no one slept for a time, all was quiet in the home. The white face of Eddie as he sat where he could look from the window without being observed from without, could be dimly seen against the black front wall, and the stalwart form of big John Collins could be outlined against the rear wall. Here they sat through the long hours which preceded midnight. Everything was so still that Eddie had great difficulty in keeping awake,

but he managed to do so by running over in his mind the incident connected with the first appearance of the now friendly Ute.

Shortly after twelve o'clock John was roused from sleep. He relieved Eddie at the front window. Later Mother Collins rose and relieved her husband at the rear window.

Thus the vigil continued as the dark hours of the morning dragged slowly by.

Just before dawn, when the darkness was blackest, there came again at the front door the cautious rat-atat-tat.

Instantly Father Collins was alert, although he had seemed in deep slumber. He had the hair-trigger wakefulness of the genuine pioneer and scout.

"What is it?" he inquired softly at the door.

"Shoshones no come. Mebbeso," the gutteral voice of the Ute replied.

"Sure?"

"Huh," the Indian replied.

Father Collins moved the chest and opened the door cautiously.

The Ute stood without.

"Mebbeso, me go way. Shoshones no come tonight."

"Good, I'm glad they haven't come," Father Collins replied. "Mother, give Utah a sandwich."

The Ute grinned his appreciation as a good, fat sandwich was passed out to him.

"Utah never sleep," he said as he received it. "White man good."

He raised his gun from the ground and silently disappeared.

"Thank God, we're safe for tonight," Father Collins said as he closed and barred the door. "I'm sure we are safe, but we'll take no chances. You'd better watch till daybreak. It won't be long now."

"Can Utah be depended upon?" John asked.

"Absolutely," his father replied. "'Utah never sleeps.' I'll tell you it's worth while to hear him say that. It

means that he intends to watch and warn us whenever danger from these bad Shoshones threatens. The wise man was surely right in our case."

"What wise man? What did he say?" John asked.

"Solomon; he said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' We did that very thing when we fed and helped that Ute. Now he's a self-appointed watch dog."

When daylight came there was no sign of the friendly Ute or the bad Shoshones. The sun rose as calmly as if the night had not been filled with alarms. But fears once raised are not easily abated; the following days were filled with watchfulness on the part of the Collins family.

Questions and Problems

1. Show that it paid to feed the Indian.
2. What did Solomon mean when he said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days?"
3. Have you ever cast "bread" upon the waters? Has it ever returned?
4. Do you think bad bread would return as well as good?

CHAPTER 6

HOW A MIRACLE WAS WORKED

Early on the morning following the night of alarm the Collins family were once more at work on the ditch.

"We must hurry," Father Collins would say, "the sun is beatin' us."

Thus he worked with renewed energy until shirt and trousers were wet through with sweat.

John and Eddie were working as two loyal young pioneers can work. Although Eddie was not twelve years old and John but two years older, they were able to help materially when it came to shoveling the dirt out of the plowed ditch.

Even Mrs. Collins and Mary lent a hand until the work went forward with surprising rapidity.

Within two days from the time the ditch reached the point of the ridge the furrow had been extended around the brown, rock-covered hill to the upper corners of the field.

On the third morning Father Collins said, "We'll not use the horses this morning. The plow has done about all it can do. We'll go along with the shovels and trim up the ditch. By tomorrow night we ought to be able to turn a test stream of water in."

"Do you think so, John?" Mother Collins asked, her face lighting up with a smile. "We'll win then, won't we?"

"We sure will, unless I'm greatly mistaken," Big John replied. "We may have trouble getting the water to stay in the ditch on account of the dirt bein' so dry, but we'll get water to that grain now if we have to carry it."

"We'll all get out and drive the water down the ditch," John said stoutly. "It looks to me as if that ditch runs up hill, but we'll make her take water."

"You betye," Eddie agreed. "We kin herd cattle, and we kin herd water, can't we John?"

"Yes, sur. If we all get along with shovel and things to herd it back with if it goes to jump the krell, we'll make her stay in, your blame' right."

"That's a good idee," Big John answered. "Water is really harder to herd than pigs, let alone cattle, I reckon; but if we stay with it we'll win."

Father Collins tramped off across the field to where the furrow, like a lead pencil mark across brown paper, could be seen on the hillside. He was followed by his entire family carrying whatever implements they could find that would be best in moving dirt. Little Mary, even, carried a large spoon with which she expected to do her share.

With spade and shovel the man and his two boys worked steadily throwing out dirt, cutting off points and

building up low places in the bank. By noon they had worked more than half way along the ditch.

"We'll try the ditch out tonight, sure," Father Collins said joyfully." We're goin' to win, hands down."

But Father Collins was new in the ways of water and little guessed what arduous tasks still awaited him.

An hour before sunset a wild, "Whoopee" rang across the fields to the house where Mother Collins had remained during the afternoon to finish her ironing. She ran to the door.

Father Collins and the boys were standing on the ditch bank swinging their hats.

"It's done!" the big voice of Father Collins boomed across the field.

"Mother, its all clean," the shriller voices of the boys piped in jubilation.

Mother Collins with hands that actually trembled, seized her bonnet and without stopping to tie it on, made off rapidly across the field, little Mary trotting as rapidly as she could behind her.

The family met on the bank of the finished ditch. To us, a ditch is a common enough thing, often signifying little, but to that family of pioneers it meant bread—no, more, almost life, itself.

"Isn't is wonderful!" Mother Collins said fervently as she stood by big John and looked at the little ditch that was to mean so much to them.

"It is," Father Collins said. "It represents a miracle. We are goin' to make water run where it has never run before; we are goin' to water grain without rain. It is wonderful."

"God is good!" Mother Collins said softly. Then she raised her eyes to mighty Lone Peak that loomed like a giant against the northwestern sky. Not a cloud was visible anywhere in its vicinity.

"God must have placed it there," Mother Collins continued. "He must have placed all these beautiful mountains around these valleys in which to store water. He sends the snows in winter; piles them high in these moun-

tains. The rock basin, the slopes, the soils sop them up and hold them only to squeeze them out like a sponge in summer to make these streams. It is wonderful!"

The boys got up from their seat on the new ditch bank and gazed up at the great blue mountain with its forest of fir. A new appreciation was in their eyes.

"Do mountains do all that?" John asked. "My, they're worth something then. I thought they was just to look at and to herd cattle on."

"Is Lone Peak holdin' water up there?" Eddie asked.

"Of course, where do you think this ditch is goin' to get water from?" John asked contemptuously.

"Well, I'll be darned," Eddie said, in an awed voice. "I never thought of that before."

"There's lots of things you ain't thought of," John answered shortly.

"I guess I've thought of as much as you," Eddie answered hotly, stung by his brother's sarcasm.

"Now boys," Mother Collins said reprovingly, "Let's not spoil the wonder of this day by hot words."

"Well, Mother,"—Eddie began.

"There, there, son," Father Collins said, "you've worked well today and this is to be a wonderful night—the ditch is done. Let's be thankful instead of cross and bearish."

Eddie hung his head a moment.

I'm sorry, father," he said in a low voice. "It is wonderful."

"It was my fault." John stepped forward manfully. "I shouldn't have nagged at him."

"Rightly done," Father Collins exclaimed. "If you boys can always keep that spirit with you, you'll be great and good men some day. Now, let'e go and turn the water into our new ditch."

The entire family started across the hill.

"Are you all goin'?" Father Collins asked. "It's quite a walk."

"Yes, but we must all see the miracle," Mother Collins replied. "I believe I feel as the children of Israel must have

felt when Moses struck the rock and caused water to gush forth."

"By George, we've done that very thing, haven't we?" Father Collins exclaimed.

"I'm sure a goin' to like old Lone Peak more'n ever from now on," John said as he walked along feasting his eyes on the great blue giant that had suddenly become a miraculous picture from which copious streams of water forever run.

"So'm I," Eddie agreed. "Say, John, I ain't thought as much as you, 'cause you're older than me."

"Aw, forgit it," John said freely, "I guess you have, after all."

The two boys trudged on up the ditch behind their elders, each with a tender thought in his mind for the other.

The family of pilgrims, modern miracle workers, followed the ditch around the point to the steep hill-side.

"Here's where we'll have trouble if anywhere," Father Collins remarked. "The soil is light here, and the hill is so steep that we'll have to be on the alert. We'll all go down to see the water turned in, then we must all station ourselves along here and keep the water from running over. If the grade is right we may have no trouble."

"We'll watch it, won't we, Eddie?" John declared.

"You betye; we kin keep it in."

Together the family went down into the bottom and within a few minutes the water was racing merrily along the new ditch to the delight of everyone.

"There she goes," Eddie shouted. "Let's follow her, John, and keep her in the trail."

"Trail," John laughed. "All right, we'll play its a herd of cattle; come on."

"The miracle begins," Mother Collins said as she watched the water flow past.

"Yes," Big John Collins answered; "I believe we've won."

But had they? The ways of water in soil are almost

beyond comprehension, even to the experienced, and these people had never seen an irrigation ditch before.

Questions and Problems

1. What is a miracle?
2. Why did watering wheat seem like a miracle to Mother Collins?
3. Name some wonderful things that are being done that seem like miracles.
4. Of what use are the mountains to us?
5. Why did Father Collins think his sons would be good men some day?
6. When we say cross things tto another person how should we act afterward?
7. Do you remember a time when you might have acted a little better than you did?

CHAPTER 7

HOW FATHER COLLINS LEARNED A LESSON FROM LONE PEAK

The next morning, with the first streak of day, John Collins was out with shovel on his back hastening off towards his grain field. The night before he had followed the first stream of water along the ditch until he felt sure that it would continue to run, then had gone ahead to the grain field where he had made openings that he thought would scatter the water through the wheat.

Father Collins was happy this wonderful morning in the thought that he was going to save the patch of grain for the little family that had to depend upon him for food. He felt as a hero ought to feel, not proud of himself but proud of his power to help others. He never thought once of the delicious bread Mother Collins would make for him from this grain, but of the smile on little Mary's face when she would receive bread to eat, of the delight of the husky boys upon being given a flaky, white biscuit.

Yes, Father Collins was very happy as he walked across the field. He would look up with gratitude in his heart at Lone Peak that rose like a blue temple against the sky. When he was half way across the field the sun tipped the old mountain with gold. It seemed to Father Collins that some mighty power, pleased with the work of the old peak, had suddenly glorified and hallowed it.

John Collins stopped and reverently bared his head.

"Father in Heaven," he murmured, "help me to be as steady and as helpful as this mountain is, that I may eventually be glorified through service."

To him suddenly, the morning became a holy thing filled with the Divine Presence.

He hurried on across the field as the glory of the morning filled the upper air.

At last he reached the ditch just before it entered the patch of grain. He looked expectantly over the bank to see the life-giving water dashing merrily along to the dying wheat.

The ditch was empty.

The shock almost killed the pioneer, his disappointment was keen. His face, that never blanched at any physical danger, grew pale with emotion.

"What can have happened?" he cried as if to the old peak upon which his eyes rested as he raised them from the moist but empty ditch. "As steady as the mountain is," he said over again to himself, "As steady as the mountain is, I'll have to be if I succeed."

Father Collins followed the ditch to where it entered the field in order to see how much grain had actually been watered before the water failed. Here again he was disappointed, for scarcely a square rod had been moistened.

"It must not have more than reached here before it failed," he said to himself. "Well, no matter, it has proved that water will run all the way along the ditch, anyway."

He shouldered his shovel and started up the ditch to see what had become of his truant stream.

Had Father Collins been wise in the ways of water he never would have left the ditch during the long night,

but he had never attempted to irrigate before. He supposed that when he guarded the water past the steep hillside, the only place where it was likely to break out, it would be safe. He had not taken into consideration the hours of soaking that would be likely to loosen the dry soil from several feet below the ditch.

As he suspected, the break had occurred on the steep hillside. There he found a great gap in the bank of his precious ditch that had cost so much work, and the water madly racing down, a great gash in the soil as if determined to wash the whole hillside away.

John Collins was appalled by the sight. His gentle little stream of water that he had left peacefully flowing along the ditch provided for it seemed altogether different in character this morning. It had become a raging, destructive torrent, impatient of restraint.

"How like a good boy gone wrong;" Father Collins watched it, fascinated. "Peaceable, gentle when in its right path, wild, destructive, insubordinate when out," he said to himself.

Musing on the likeness, Father Collins hastened on to the creek where he dammed off the ditch and turned it dry. To the big pioneer it was like the damming of a hope or a dream.

"We'll have to get that ditch mended today," he thought, as he went back to the wash and studied out a plan for reconstructing the bank.

Consternation reigned in the home when Father Collins returned with the sad news, but there was no useless waill ing. The Collins family, as were so many pioneer families, was a family of heroes.

"Well, Father," John comforted "we'll all get out after breakfast and fix it. One stampede ain't goin' to scare us."

"I should say not," Eddie replied; "we'll go up and fix up the old krell, then I ken day herd and John kin night herd."

"A good idea," Father Collins exclaimed. "I guess that's what we'll have to do, but the water was running'

so purty last night that I thought there was no danger of a break."

"New hurders allus has trouble with the stock, Nick Jones ust to say," John replied quoting a cowboy that once rode in Round Valley, as an old experienced man might do. "We'll learn, though. No little maverick of a ditch of water is goin' to git the best of us."

"No siree," Eddie agreed. "We'll go up there an' fix that krell. Then we'll drive that water in and we'll keep her."

Thus talking, the boys with axe and shovel followed big John Collins off to the new conquest.

The afternoon was well advanced when the break was repaired and the water was once more turned in. This time the boys remained on the hillside patrolling the ditch at ten minute intervals, their sharp eyes alert for danger spots and their strong young hands ready for any emergency. Father Collins followed the water down the field.

In the grain field big John Collins soon discovered that water is worse than a wayward boy. It seemed determined to go all together and at such a wild rate of speed that the grain was threatened with destruction. Here the hardy pioneer discovered that his strength availed but little. A boy could turn the water, but even a man's strength failed to make it obey.

Father Collins was sweating in every pore, on account of his hopeless struggle with the active stream whose little rivulets began to remind him of wriggling serpents. He would no sooner get the water going right in one place than it would gather its forces at another and leap into some depression and scurry away, washing the dry soil before it. The fight was becoming so desperate that it is to be feared that calm, cool John Collins was rapidly losing his temper. He would rush to the head of a wriggling stream, and like a wanton boy, would viciously jab his shovel in the ground, as if he intended to cut the stream off.

"Beats anything I ever saw," he snapped, as he scraped

a veritable cascade of perspiration away from his blazing forehead and dug the moisture from his burning eyes.

"What does?" a voice behind him asked.

Startled, Father Collins whirled to meet the smiling eyes of Bishop Stranger.

"The way this water can get the best of me," Father Collins answered as if he had really expected to be questioned. "Where did you come from?" he asked holding out his hand to the Bishop.

"I'm on my way back, an thought I'd stop and see how the new irrigation project was gettin' along."

The Bishop seized the outstretched hand and gripped it in his own strong one.

"You're jest in time again," Father Collins said, "I'm helpless. I'm about to give it up." But as he turned Lone Peak came into his line of vision.

"Well, I guess I'd never of given it up," he said, as he remembered his morning experience of the day before and his own words, "as steady as the mountain," came to his mind.

"I'm sure you never would give it up, " the Bishop answered. "You would eventually solve your problem, too; but I think I can help you enough to make you master of the situation. Irrigating is never an easy task."

"I'm glad you can help; I was sure you could," Father Collins replied.

"We'll have to have your team and plow," the Bishop said, "so you had as well let the water go. I'll tend to my team while you get yours." Father Collins stuck up his shovel and together the men hurried off towards the house.

"We'll have to plow furrows through the grain," the Bishop said. "By running ditches carefully through the wheat your problem can be solved. If we get the ditches exactly right you'll find watering hard work but interesting."

"Bishop, you're the help sent, I feel surer than ever," Father Collins declared, "I don't believe I'd have ever

thought of plowing furrows actually in the grain. It looks so destructive and yet, now, I can see that it must be done."

Late that evening after the furrows had been plowed and the water deftly spread by Father Collins, assisted by the more experienced Bishop, the boys returned triumphant.

"We've sure got the water in the trail now," John declared with glowing face. Every time that water tried to get funny, we was right there, I tell you."

"Yep, that water won't try to make no more breaks," Eddie swelled out his chest and twiched his shoulders. "That water actually got afraid of us. You couldn't dog it out of that ditch now."

"That's right," the Bishop said. "Even water seems to know a master. You have to be calm and steady to succeed with it."

"As steady as the mountains," Big John Collins added.

"Yes, as steady as the mountains, as steady as the valleys, as steady as the water itself, for it always runs down hill whenever it can."

"We've got to be greater than the water, I can see that," Big John said. "We've got to be able to run up hill as well as down and keep a goin'."

"You're right, Brother Collins," the Bishop answered. "Sometimes the way is steep and hard, but we got to keep a goin'. Sometimes I think the steeper the way and harder the climbin' the better the man will be if he keeps going."

"I've come to believe that a firm faith is the first essential, and after that work—lots of work," Father Collins answered. "We asked for help; you came; we believed; we worked, and now by tomorrow night, if all goes well, we'll git a large part of the grain watered, and thereby saved."

But Father Collins was to learn how difficult it is sometimes to be as steady as the mountain.

Questions and Problems

1. What did you like about John and Eddie in this chapter?
2. Did you ever help water the garden?
3. In what way is water that gets out of its ditch like a wayward girl or boy?
4. When is the water most useful?
5. What lesson did Father Collins learn from Lone Peak?
6. Tell in your own language what you think Father Collins meant when he said, "As steady as the mountain is."
7. See if Father Collins remembers this lesson?

CHAPTER 8

HOW EDDIE SAVED HIS FATHER'S LIFE

The days went by. Lone Peak shouldered up into the air, a smoky blue. The sky remained a passive turquoise, relieved occasionally by clouds some of which promised rain;—but no rain came.

The little creek, however, unmindful of the blistering summer heat, unmindful of sapphire skies, or faithless clouds, continued to rollick down Birch canyon, a living stream from the bosom of the old peak.

Big John Collins had learned much in those hot days about the ways of water, and so also had his two growing sons. The wheat had at least been completely irrigated, and though the drouth had cut down the yield, the crop would be a fairly good one.

Bishop Stranger had become a warm friend of the big farmer of Birch Creek. The Bishop recognized in Father Collins those sterling qualities—courage, resourcefulness, self-reliance—that the pioneers who really succeed most possess. The Bishop in addition recognized, in quiet Mother Collins and her three companionable children, the characteristics that a pioneer's wife and family must also possess.

Summer—the warm, healthful luxuriant summer—hastened rapidly away. Every long day was crowded full of hard yet enjoyable work. The precious grain had at last been cut. Father Collins, day after day, swung his mighty cradle, mowing down the ripened grain in long, swinging, semi-circular swaths—while John and Eddie and sometimes even Mother Collins followed, binding the grain into handsome bundles. The evenings often were spent flailing out the wheat and winowing it in the breeze.

By the middle of August all the grain that was worth while was cut and bound and shocked in neat shocks such as only careful workmen can make. These shocks stood rather thickly around in the golden stubble, presenting a very pleasing picture to the eye,—especially to the eye of Mother Collins who was artist enough to enjoy the rare beauty of the field as well as the thought that here was grain enough for bread, and to spare.

August was glorious in Round Valley. In spite of the heat that seemed fairly to crisp the leaves of every growing herb, and to cause every breathing thing to wreak with sweat and to writhe with distress, the day and especially the evenings and mornings were beautiful. Mother Collins used by the hour to watch the changing light and shadows on Lone Peak, and to teach her boys and girl to do the same.

"One ought never to be lonesome, ought never to want for companionship here," she would say pensively. "One can look and look again and still find something more to see. Every hour has its mood; and every mood its beauties."

"I love the mountain, too," Eddie said in the same tone his mother had used. "It seems like an old friend to me—a big chief. Today he has his blue blankets tightly drawn around him, don't 'e?"

"He does, my son; he looks very remote and restful today. See, he has a bit of red at his throat and a yellow scarf around his middle. Do you know what that means?"

"It means Jack Frost has been visitin' the chief," Eddie answered. "I love summer—I hate to see winter come."

"We can't always have summer," Mother Collins replied. "I love summer, too, but change is interesting and autumn is wonderful."

"Lone Peak is pointin' like an Injun," John said, as he squinted up at the mountain glowing in the afternoon sun. "He never goes on the warpath, though, does he?"

"No, he's as calm and as steady as the earth," Father Collins said. "No wonder the old Hebrew prophets loved the mountains and the high places."

"O, I kin see a smoke," Eddie, who had been scanning every loved outline of the old peak, exclaimed suddenly. "See right over there jest in the edge of the shadder." His finger pointed eagerly to the right of the old peak where a thin and almost imperceptible column of smoke arose against the shoulder of the mountains and lost itself in the blue sky.

"I see it," John cried. "There's another further west."

All turned to where John was pointing, and there, sure enough, a similar column rose.

"What can that mean?" Mother Collins asked. "No white men are up there today, surely."

"No," Father Collins answered, "those fires were made by Indians—experienced Indians. They are undoubtedly signal fires."

"What do they mean?" John asked.

"I don't know, I hope it's no mischief for us." Big John Collins rose and scanned the smoke with experienced eyes. "Ten or fifteen miles away and ten miles apart," he concluded.

"What shall we do?" Mother Collins asked.

"I hardly know," Father Collins answered, wrinkling his brow. "If it wasn't for the wheat out there, we'd strike out for the fort in order to play safe. As it is, I think we'll stay. I haven't heard of any Indian trouble. It may be but a hunting party. In that case we will not be harmed and we'll be able to protect the grain.

"We must not take any chances, though," Mother Collins answered. "Instructions from headquarters are that when danger threatens, people are to hurry to the fort."

"I know it, Mary," Big John Collins replied, "but I've worked hard for that grain. I've been waitin' anxiously for it to ripen and dry enough to be brought in and threshed. If we leave it, it is very likely to be destroyed; if we stay we must save at least some of it. If you are fearful, dear, I'll git the horses and John can drive you over." Big John's jaws set determinedly. "I'm goin' to stay."

"Then we stay, too," Mother Collins answered. "What can we do to prepare for trouble?"

"We can send John over to Claxton's and tell the Minute Men that Injuns are coming, and to send help; then we'll gather up all materials that the savages might carry off, and prepare for a siege.

"I'll git the guns ready," Eddie said.

"John, you get old Rowdy and ride hard to Claxton's and hurry back. Tell them the situation as it is; that we haven't seen any Indians or heard any, but that signal fires have been seen on Lone Peak. Tell them we have a good crop of grain here that ought to be protected. Now hurry."

John went off on a run to get his horse, while the others began gathering things of value into the house, especially those useful implements that were likely to be carried away.

A clatter of hoofs and John was off down the road at a fast gallop, for Claxton's was nearly five miles away.

Big John Collins noticed the anxiety in his wife's face as she watched her oldest son ride away.

"He'll be safe," Father Collins said. "He'll be back within the hour, and the Indians can't possibly reach here in that time."

John had been gone but ten or fifteen minutes when Eddie glanced up once more at the old peak.

"More smoke," he cried.

"True," Father Collins answered. "Nearer this time and close together. We're to receive a visit, sure. Two parties will probably come together soon. I hope they come into sight before dark so we can see what kind of a party it is."

"I wish the Ute was here," Eddie said, thinking of the wounded Indian. "He could sure help us now."

"There is One who is always here," Mother Collins answered in her characteristic way. "He can always help us."

"Who is he, Papa?" Little Mary asked, solemnly.

"Yes, Papa is here, but there's always one more. The Lord is always ready to help His children. He has always been the strength of the pioneers."

"Your faith is always helpful, Mary," Father Collins, said tenderly. Thinking of that Mary who anointed the Master, he said, "You were rightly named."

"Here they come," Eddie shouted from the window. "They're coming on the dead run."

Father Collins rushed to the door.

"They wouldn't be rushing out like that before dark if they meant mischief," he commented.

He stepped out into the dooryard to await the arrival of the Indians, nine in all. He studied them carefully as they approached. Even when they had come within a few rods he was at a loss to know their purpose. That they meant no immediate harm he felt certain.

The Bucks brought their steeds to a sudden stop as they came within a few feet of the waiting white man whose keen eyes watched every movement the Indians made. As the wiry little ponies were brought to an abrupt halt, Father Collins for the moment was entirely enveloped in dust.

Inside of the house Eddie, with beating heart, was watching the little drama that was going on in front of the building. He fingered his single barrel shotgun—a gun of his own that he had traded for during the summer. He was not so certain as his father that the savages meant no harm.

"Hulo," one of the Indians shouted, as he drew up beside the white man.

"Hello," Father Collins answered cordially. "Where goin'?"

"Mebbeso, shoot ducks," the Indian replied insolently. The others laughed.

"No ducks here," Father Collins answered. "Little water; no ducks."

A glint in the savage's eye alarmed him although he preserved a calm exterior. The Indian crowded his horse over against the white man.

"Ducks here, somewhere; Mebbeso, seen some?" the Indian grinned as he poked Father Collins in the ribs with an arrow he was motioning with. He pretended that the jab was an accident, but again the watching braves laughed.

Father Collins restrained his anger with difficulty. The fellow was becoming insolent, but uppermost in Father Collins' mind was the thought of the safety of his family and his crop.

"Be careful, Injun," he warned as he stepped back.

"Mebbeso, white man fight," the Indian said mockingly, jabbing Father Collins again with his arrow point, this time deliberately.

The others were coming in with their chorus of insolent laughter when unusual things began to happen.

Father Collins suddenly realized that the Indians intended to get him to resent their insolence in order to have the excuse and the pleasure of killing him. His anger at their methods suddenly overflowed all bounds. He was afire with indignation. Before the Indian could move, one of his big hands reached out and seized the savage by the leg dragging him from the horse. With the other fist he dealt the Indian such a blow that he crumpled up on the ground as if stricken dead.

With lightning rapidity, Father Collins whirled with blazing eyes. The Indians surprised, drew their horses away. One seized his rifle intending to shoot the white man, but before he could use it a shot gun barked from

the house where Eddie had been watching the whole scene.

The Indian dropped his gun, his hand cut to ribbons by the bird shot. In the confusion that followed, Father Collins leaped through the door-way and slammed the door after him.

The Indians with incredible speed seized their dazed comrade and spurred away expecting to be followed by flying bullets. Well out of range of any possible shots they dismounted and settled down as if to wait for reinforcements and darkness.

"Good boy, Eddie," Big John Collins said, as he turned to his white-faced son. "You probably saved my life."

"Do be careful, John," Mother Collins cautioned, her voice a tremble. "I suppose we're in for it now."

"I suppose so," Father Collins replied, "but we're ready. I can see now that they meant to raise a row and murder me in order that explanations might be easier. They're crafty. Now, however, I think we'll have open war. They'll probably be joined by the other band."

"And John hasn't returned. I'm awful worried about him," the mother said anxiously.

"Don't worry. A pioneer must fight and work,—not worry. John's a wise boy for his age. We'll watch for him."

"The God that saved Daniel from the hungry mouths of the lions can save him from these savages," Mrs. Collins said resignedly.

"You're right, Mary. Now that darkness is upon us, we'll have to watch close for John and the Indians. John knows the country so well that he may try to come in under cover of darkness.

"I've got my old shot gun loaded half full," Eddie said proudly, "The Indian that gits this load will never ride away."

"I hope we'll not have to kill any of them, my son," Big John said. "After all, they're human bein's, even though they're savages. I'd much rather be friends to

'em than to fight 'em. They're God's children. The Book of Mormon says they are to become white and delightsome. Of course, we must protect ourselves and our crops, but we must not kill, except in self-defense.

"They are savages, but God's children jest the same. He loves them as He loves us, but I'm sure he don't like some of their ways, but then the whites have been mean to them."

Father Collins, however, took his old musket from the wall and proceeded to load it carefully.

"I'm glad I shot at that feller's hand," Eddie said. "I don't want to kill 'em."

"That's right, we must love these enemies, and some day that love will win. Now we'll have to set down to a night of waitin'!"

In their prayers that night, the little family did remember their enemies. The Lord was asked to soften their wayward hearts.

Complete darkness hid all but the stars and the dim outlines of things from the eyes of the watchers who, with anxious hearts, listened for every tell-tale sound. On the lips of Mother Collins as the night settled down were fervent prayers for her oldest son who was out somewhere, perhaps surrounded by dangers dark and sinister.

Questions and Problems

1. What is a signal fire? What is it for?
2. How did Eddie save his father? Did he do right?
3. What did Father Collins say a pioneer must do? Is that good advice for us?
4. Describe an Indian you have seen.
5. Why didn't Father Collins want to kill the Indians?
6. Who are the Indians?
7. What did Mother Collins mean when she said there was One there who could help?

CHAPTER 9

HOW JOHN COLLINS ESCAPED FROM THE INDIANS

When John left his home, he rode swiftly to Claxton's ranch, a farm designated as a place of gathering and refuge in case of Indian troubles. Here a sort of fort had been built that would accommodate all of the families of Round Valley. Here, too, the headquarters of the Minute Men of the valley were maintained. At Claxton's ranch there was always one or perhaps two ranchers or cowboys ready to act as messengers to arouse the Minute Men and to gather them in when trouble threatened.

When John arrived he found the place in commotion. An alarm had already been turned in by a farmer living farther west.

Even as John rode up, a messenger arrived on a steaming horse from over in the next valley. The men who had assembled at Claxton's gathered round the boy and the newly arrived messenger.

"What is it?" Sam Taylor, captain of the Round Valley Minute Men, asked as the two drew rein.

"Father, John Collins, sent me over here to tell the Minute Men to git ready for trouble, that signal fires on Lone Peak indicate that Injuns are gathering. He said in case they make an attack he'll need help, because he has a crop of wheat in the shock that he hopes to save," the excited boy broke out before the calmer messenger could say anything.

"What's your message?" Captain Taylor turned to the dusty traveler from over the ridge.

"The Indians have painted up and are on the war path," the messenger replied. "Chief Blackbear and his men mean mischief to every settlement in this valley."

The messenger dismounted and removed the saddle from his tired horse. Orders is for people to stay together so they can protect themselves. Wherever possible they are to protect and harvest their crops, but men are not to go even to the field alone."

"This looks serious, then," Captain Taylor said as he turned again to John. "Now, sonny, tell us again all you know."

John, a little calmer, explained the situation as he knew it at the farm.

"Father thought if the Indians with the fires was the only ones around they would not reach the farm for at least two hours," he concluded.

"Good," Captain Taylor answered. "Are you ridin' back home?"

John nodded.

"All right, you tell your father if attacked to hold out strong, and we'll be there. We have another call and will ride out that way first. Tell him to take no chances; but I know Big John Collins," he said as he turned to the messenger. "He's the biggest hearted feller in this valley, cool, courageous, and resourceful. He's one of the best Minute Men we have. He'll have no trouble, holdin' out till we get there."

"All right, sonny." He turned again to John. "Ride like the devil so you can git in before the Injuns attack—I guess they mean business, all right."

"Don't spare your horse;" "Keep your eyes open;" "Burn the gravel," others of the assembled men said as John turned his horse and struck out through the gathering dusk for home.

"Brave little cuss," one of the ranchers said, as he watched the boy and horse flying across the prairie. "Risky to send him back, but I reckon he kin make it."

The road John had to follow led for two miles across the open prairie after which it entered the depression, it could hardly be called a canyon, down which Birch creek ran.

John did not spare his willing horse but allowed him to run at full speed along the road. It was growing almost dark as he reached the part of the road that ran along Birch Creek where in many places the road was lined on both sides with dense willows. Here John's throat tightened and he gave old Rowdy still a looser

rein. Every movement he half expected to hear a wild war whoop and the whistle of a bullet past his ear.

Nothing happened, however. The only sound that came to him was the clatter of Rowdy's hoofs on the stones of the roadway. Straight ahead of him Lone Peak loomed up against the darkening sky.

As he neared the edge of the bushes where the road ran out and across an open space to his home, John stopped his horse and listened attentively for any sound that might warn him of the presence of Indians. Three or four hundred yards away he could see the dim outlines of the house. There was absolutely no sign of life about the premises. This seemed sinister to the watching boy. A light should be shining from the window facing him. Why was it not shining? To John there was but one explanation. The Indians had made their appearance and the house was being kept dark in order that the savages might have no mark at which to shoot.

John studied the situation carefully but briefly. If Indians were somewhere near, they had heard his horse and would soon be upon him. He decided that they must be along the creek north and west, if anywhere.

He turned his horse and trotted him a few rods down the road he had come, then dismounting and removing the bridle, he struck the horse a blow that started him trotting still further down the road.

Almost as noiselessly as an Indian himself, John parted the willows and disappeared among them, setting his course to the south-east.

John depended largely upon the horse to mislead the savages, if any were in his vicinity. He thought they would hear the horse going down the road and would follow him, or would conclude that it was useless to look farther. The boy, however, underestimated the cunning of the Indians.

As he pushed cautiously through the brush, every sense keenly alert, and heart pounding, he thought loudly and silently prayed for deliverance from his perilous position. He had heard of cruel things that had been

done to white settlers and had no desire to be the main character in an Indian jubilee.

He was making for a wash that ran south and east of the house, for he felt that no Indians would be in that vicinity. Although he could not see the house he could catch occasional glimpses of Lone Peak with his crown of stars by which he steered his course.

He had worked his way some distance through the brush of the creek bottom, and was about to conclude that he would make the wash safely and thence the house, when a nearby sound startled him. He stopped breathless. The darkness seemed suddenly filled with threatening things. He crouched down in a bush, barely breathing.

The noise, as of some one passing through vegetation, came again, and before John could even straighten up he was seized and borne to the ground with heavy hands. A wad of long grass thrust into his mouth prevented him from crying out, although his cries would have been entirely useless.

Two Indians were evidently present, although in his fright John could see neither. Strong arms and hands and a heavy weight, as of a man, on his chest bore testimony to the presence of at least one.

In a twinkling John's hands were tied and he was jerked to his feet by a rough hand.

"Huh," the Indian said with a push, and John got the idea to move on.

He was shoved and jerked along through the brush. It cruelly gouged his face and hands, for, being bound, he was totally unable to protect himself in any way.

The party walked west and north-west when suddenly they passed around a bush into the presence of probably twenty Indians who were resting near a tiny fire that threw a fitful glow upon the copper-colored faces of the silent throug of warriors.

John was shoved rudely through the crowd and out into the center near the fire. There he stood, bewildered for a moment. All eyes were upon him. Memories of

Indian tales he had read flashed through his mind.

"I'll pretend to be brave," he said to himself. "Even Injuns like brave men."

He threw his head back and calmly looked around at the dusky ring that surrounded him. As his eyes studied the bronzed faces in the fitful firelight, two black, sharp eyes caught and held his own. The Indian, the owner of the eyes, solemnly worked. Then John saw what he had not noticed before, a deep scar across the Indian's high cheek bone. He opened his lips to speak when he was stopped by another slow wink and a shake of the dusky head.

John thought he understood and kept silent, although a glow of delight thrilled his being. Immediately he became a different lad—now calm, cool, self reliant. He felt somehow, that the Ute recognized him and still meant to help some way.

Some of the Indians looked curiously at the boy, and some of the younger ones made remarks which John could not understand, but which seemed to cause them considerable merriment. The leading chief seemed to be having a consultation with John's captors. For the moment no one seemed to be paying any attention to the boy in their midst.

As though tired John sank to the ground at the feet of the friendly Ute. The Indian seemed to be totally unconscious of his presence, yet one of the Ute's moccasined feet came in contact with the boy's legs. John could have sworn there was a slight pressure from the foot as though the Indian would tell him that a friend was near.

By this time John's first great fear had left him and he began to observe more carefully the group of Indians around the fire. None of them were war painted. This reassured the boy and made him hope that his fate might not be immediate or cruel. In the meantime he determined to escape if possible.

The Indians treated the boy as if they looked upon him as being of little importance. He was ignored, in fact, although John could see that he was not entirely

unobserved. The redmen sat and lay around in positions of comfort waiting seemingly for some command or signal. John made himself as comfortable as he could, and soon, in spite of his perilous position, his fatigue overcame him and he slept.

John was startled into wakefulness by a rough hand that seized him by the collar and jerked him to his feet. Instantly the boy remembered where he was and made no resistance.

All was activity about the fire that had died down to a dull ember. Braves were adjusting their quivers or were inspecting powder horn or pouch. John knew that the time for action had come. He looked up at his rough captor and discovered that it was the Ute with the scar that held him by the neck.

"Come," he said gruffly and almost jerked the boy from his feet as he drew him into the bushes.

The other Indians seemed to pay but little attention to the two.

Once safely in the bushes and a short distance from the camp, the Ute cut the bands that held the boy's arms.

"Run," he said. "Go quietly—like coyote."

He struck through the bushes at a rapid rate himself and was followed closely by the thankful boy. The trail the Indian took led around through the brush to a point south of the house thence due east, where John soon found himself in the very wash for which he had been making when captured.

"Come," the Indian said again as he led the way up the wash. "Be careful, white man good shot," he said, as they finally left the wash and began creeping from bush to bush toward the house, fearful both of the white people within and the Indians without, either of whom might take them to be enemies and fire upon them.

Inside the house Big John Collins was carefully scanning the darkness at the rear of his home for any moving thing. For hours he had been watching, hoping and praying that at least John would come.

It was well on towards the morning when his trained

ears caught a new sound. His eyes, long accustomed to the darkness, questioned every object that could be dimly outlined without. At last they detected a movement, ever so slight, not more than twenty steps from the building. Instinctively he reached for his musket that leaned against the wall within easy reach.

"I hope it's John," he muttered. "I wish I knew."

Even while he debated a whisper came from without.

"Father," it said, "don't shoot; it's John."

"Good," Father Collins replied in the same low voice. "Come in, my son."

Big John Collins hurried to the door, his hands a tremble as he undid the fastenings.

John, followed by the silent Indian, slipped through the opening.

Father Collins caught the boy in his arms and hugged him, so great was his joy, before he even knew that there was a companion.

"Who is this with you?" he questioned when he felt rather than saw the presence of the Indian.

"It's Utah," John replied using the name the family had given the Indian.

"Good," big John Collins exclaimed, as he searched and found the buck's hand in the darkness. "Thanks, brother," he said huskily, "for bringin' the boy home again."

Mother Collins in turn threw her arms around the hero.

"My boy, my boy," she cried brokenly, unable to restrain her tears."

"Huh," the Indian grunted. "Brave boy."

"What's the news?" Father Collins asked.

"The Injuns are on the war path all right," John answered turning from his mother. "I think this band is preparing to attack now. Captain Taylor will come as soon as possible."

As he spoke a sudden glare split the darkness. Father Collins glanced from the door.

"They are firing the wheat," he cried. "Oh, the villains."

He seized his gun as if to rush out to protect the fruit of his labors.

"You must not do it," Mother Collins exclaimed grabbing his arm. "It would be sure death."

"Mebbeso, Utah go," the Indian said. "Mebbeso save some wheat."

Noiselessly he slipped through the door and was gone.

The indignant family stood and watched as shock after shock of wheat burst into flame. Occasionally the forms of the savages could be seen against the yellow glare.

"The rascals, the wanton rascals," Father Collins cried. "They deserve killin', everyone of 'em."

"Do you think they'll attack the house next?" Mother Collins asked, fearfully.

"I'm afraid they will. Let's get ready." Shaking his fist impotently at the raging flames where the Indians could occasionally be seen Father Collins cried again: "I'd like to tan the whole bunch."

Even as he spoke a volley of shots ripped the silence of the dark.

"Be careful," Mother Collins cried, as she pulled her husband inside and slammed the door.

Again a volley of shots rang out.

"It's the Minute Men! By George, it's the Minute Men," Father Collins cried. "You kin always depend on old Sam Taylor to git here in time. Now we'll at 'em."

There was an answering volley of shots from the Indians and a scurry through the darkness.

The Minute Men rode out towards the wheat field where at least a score of shocks of grain were blazing, then they charged off towards the stream where the Indians had been watchfully waiting.

On account of the dense darkness the self appointed soldiers did not follow into the brush but drew back to the house where they waited for daylight in order to take up the trail of the war party.

"You got here just in time," Father Collins said as he wrung Captain Taylor's hand. "Another twenty minutes and they would have been upon us."

"A close call, truly," Captain Taylor replied. "Did your son get in safely?"

"Not more than one hour ago. He was captured by the redskins, but was saved by a Ute we once befriended."

Captain Taylor blew a long whistle.

"Is that so? He had a close call then. The devils killed a man over at the Forks last evenin'."

"We're mighty thankful. I suppose you'll wait until morning?" Father Collins asked.

"Yes, and then we'll take up the trail and drive this band out of the valley. It ain't a very large band."

"Good, and in the meantime, I'll get some help and haul and thresh what wheat I have left."

"Yes, you'd better hurry it in," Captain Taylor replied. "Old Blackhawk's out in his paint and we may see bad times before the trouble's over."

The Minute Men disposed themselves about the yard in such a way as to be able to guard best the property of the farmer of Birch Creek, and sat down to await the coming of light. Father Collins and his little family, feeling perfectly safe under the protection of these loyal and brave friends, lay down in their weariness and snatched a little much needed rest.

Questions and Problems

1. Some Pioneer could be invited in to tell the class about the Minute Men; or, the teacher may do it.
2. Why was Father Collins so anxious about his wheat?
3. How was John saved from the Indians?
4. Show that a small dinner given in kindness to a wounded man saved a boy from torture and death, perhaps.
5. Does kindness pay?

6. Was Father Collins right in calling the savage, "Brother?"

7. Were you ever given an important message to carry?

CHAPTER 10

HOW FATHER COLLINS ESCAPED FROM THE INDIANS

Two weeks passed away after the night of peril with little or no cause for alarm. The Minute Men, that sturdy group of civilian warriors of early Utah, had followed the hostile Indian bands for nearly a whole day, driving them well beyond the range that surrounded the little valley. Not a white man among them had been injured, even though shots had been exchanged upon several occasions.

When the Minute Men returned, they organized a system of guard and messenger service that was to serve to warn the citizens of the valley in case of another attack. The Fort was made ready for immediate occupancy should the worst be realized.

In the meantime Father Collins, with the assistance of several of his neighbors, had hauled and threshed the precious wheat that had escaped the fire of the marauding Indians. Between the drouth and the Indians the returns from the crop had been materially cut down. The crude system of threshing had also caused the loss of much more. Yet, even with all of these losses, there remained at least seventy-five bushels of plump, beautiful wheat.

"I'd love to show some of that to Jim Bridger or to any of the other trappers who said wheat or corn would not mature," Mother Collins said one day, as she ran her hands lovingly through a pile of golden grain on the threshing floor. "There never was wheat more beautiful."

"That's good millin' wheat all right," a neighbor helper replied. "That ought to make bread like mother used to make."

"Yes siree," Father Collins said, as he began sacking the grains of gold. "That's as fine as anybody's wheat. It has sure cost a lot of work and trouble, but I reckon it's worth it. Besides, it sort o' represents a miracle to me. My faith has been increased by it."

"Now, if we had some ground," Mother Collins said, "we are sorely in need of a new supply of flour."

"I'll take a grist over to Hine's Mill tomorrow," Father Collins replied. "We'll git it all threshed today."

The crude threshing continued during the afternoon, the boys even taking turns at the flails and the winnowing.

Early next morning Father Collins loaded the plump sacks of grain into his wagon and prepared to take it to the mill over on Crooked Creek nearly twenty miles away.

"Do be careful, John," Mother Collins cautioned, for occasionally rumors of Indian depredations floated over the divide from the adjoining valleys, although no Indians had been seen in Round Valley since the morning of the drive. "You'd better take your gun and also the pistol. We can keep Eddie's shot gun for our protection."

"There's not much danger," Father Collins replied, "but I'll take my musket. I may see something I'll want to shoot at."

"We'll look after things here, all right," John declared, as he patted the horses who were growing impatient to be off.

"I've got the shot gun loaded with buck shot now," Eddie answered. We'll make 'em jump if any Injuns come this way."

Father Collins laughed.

"Two good soldier boys," he said. "Don't go far away from the house. There's always a chance that Injuns will prowl around."

Father Collins tossed little Mary in the air and caught her and kissed her, then he mounted his wagon and drove away followed by the eyes and good wishes of the little family who stood and watched until a turn in the road hid him from view.

"I hope he gits home tonight" Eddie said, as he turned away.

"And so do I," Mother Collins added. "He may if the miller happens to have flour for which he can swap his grain."

The little family returned to the house and busied themselves with the tasks of the day, but each had in mind a stalwart form as he worked, and prayed for his safe return.

The absence of a loved one from home in pioneer days meant anxiety to those remaining behind, for every road was a possible danger spot where savage Indians or bad white men lurked to prey upon the labors of others or to seek imaginary revenge.

The mill to which Father Collins was compelled to take his wheat was practically at the base of the hills at the edge of a settlement in another valley. It was reached from Round Valley over a road that led through a long canyon, an ideal rendezvous for Indians. Usually farmers traveled to the mill in groups of twos or threes, but today no one else was ready to go. Anyway, no Indians had been seen in the vicinity for so long that the settlers were beginning once more to feel comparatively secure in their mountain homes.

Father Collins made the trip to the mill without difficulty. He found the jolly little miller whistling at his work.

"Good day," he shouted, as Father Collins drove up to the little platform of the mill.

"Hello," Father Collins answered, as he stood up. "I've got some wheat here—good wheat that I've brought over for a grist."

"All righteе, onload it," the Miller replied. "I'm jest a needin' a new supply."

The sacks were quickly placed on the little platform, after which Father Collins drove off to the creek and unhitched and watered and fed his team with a bit of timothy he had brought along.

As he ate his own lunch he examined the little mill

that ground wheat for the whole country round. It was a small building, made of hewn logs. Beside it was the large over-shot water wheel that turned the burrs of the mill. The mill used a simple process, therefore was unable to produce the high grade of flour that is now produced. Whole-wheat flour was a favorite among the Pioneers, partly because the mills could make but little better, and partly because wheat was so precious that the people disliked to waste any part of it in bran or other coarser products. The flour made, however, was healthful, preventing much of the sickness now common to our people. Such diseases as appendicitis and other troubles that can be traced partly to the use of high patent flour were practically unknown.

The afternoon was well advanced before the flour was ready for the Round Valley farmer.

"Bring over some more of that fine wheat," the little miller called as Father Collins drove away.

"I'll do it," Father Collins replied. "I want to get ready for winter."

The shadows of the pine trees were already long before Father Collins with his precious flour approached the summit. He was driving as rapidly as his gentle nature would permit him to crowd his faithful horses, for he was anxious to get over the divide into the long canyon before dark. Father Collins knew that if Indians were to be met at all it would be safer to meet them on the Round Valley side of the ridge.

At Summit Spring, a little fountain of ice cold water that bubbled up at the edge of an Alpine meadow, Father Collins stopped for a drink of cold water. As he stopped to take a drink he saw the fresh print of moccasined feet. He drank calmly and returned to his wagon. He had not gone far until he heard the whistle of a chicken hawk. It seemed to come from his right, but though he scanned the sky he could find no bird from which the sound might have come. He had gone but a few rods farther when he heard a similar call from the left, far up toward a clump of pines on the hillside.

Father Collins squinted his eyes as he considered the two calls.

"Injuns," he said calmly. "The calls were well done; if it hadn't been for the tracks, they'd a got past me, all right."

He quietly cocked his musket and removed the cap from the tube in order to replace it with a new one. He reached into his pocket for his box of precussion caps. Then he hurriedly began to search his other pockets. The caps were not there.

He stopped his team and began an eager search for the one cap he had removed from the tube. After a few minutes search he found it in the corner of his pocket. He carefully replaced it on the tube of the gun, then picking up his lines again, he resumed his journey.

All this time the mind of Father Collins was working rapidly. How was he to proceed? Where were the Indians likely to make their attack, for he felt certain that they would attack and in some safe place. He felt sure the party was a small one.

With his plan at last well in mind he drove calmly the short distance that remained to the actual summit where the road began to descend. He wished to give the Indians, if they were close enough to watch him, the impression that he was unconscious of their presence. He had decided that the red skins would attack at a point in the road where he must pass within a few yards of the pines. He had the feeling that they were keeping even with him and watching his every move from the forest some distance away.

Just as his wagon reached the down grade where going was easy and where the road was good, he fired his only shot into the pines to let the Indians know he was aware of them, then with a wild whoop he brought his whip down across the hips of his ever-willing team.

Like the horses of the Roman Chariot race, the fractious team leapt forward. Within three jumps they were stretching themselves along the road at their greatest speed. Father Collins, like a wild man suddenly liber-

ated, brandished his gun and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Come on you, Injuns, I'll give you a chase."

As the wagon neared the spot where he had decided the attack would be, the courageous farmer got out on the wagon tongue between the madly racing horses. Here he crouched while urging his team to do their utmost.

As the flying outfit sped by, guns flashed from the timber on either side, evidently hastily aimed, for all the bullets went wild except one which splintered a sliver from the wagon box and buried itself in a sack of flour.

As he flew down the road one or two spiteful bullets followed, tearing up the dust in close proximity to the wagon. Two or three Indians, probably the entire party, rode out and watched the flying wagon for a moment.

"Cowards, all," Father Collins shouted as he resumed his seat on the wagon, and gradually brought the team down to a good trot. "If they'd know," he said to his horses with a grim smile, "we might have been their meat by now. Even yet, I don't understand why they didn't follow. Probably a big party somewhere back from which these young braves didn't care to get separated."

Father Collins was right. A large party of warriors camped that very night at Summit Spring, where they perfected their plans for a raid on Round Valley the following day.

Although tired by his long drive and his exciting experience, Father Collins slept not until Captain Taylor of the Minute Men had been told of the presence of Indians, and messengers had gone up the valley warning people to move immediately to the fort.

Questions and Problems

1. Describe a Pioneer threshing scene.
2. Describe a Pioneer mill. Perhaps if your school is close to a mill, the teacher will take you to visit it. The miller, perhaps, will explain how the Pioneers made their flour."
3. Describe an over-shot water wheel.

4. Why did Father Collins get out between his horses when he neared the place where he thought the Indians would be?

5. Why did Father Collins warn the Minute Men?

CHAPTER 11

HOW DAN GREEN UNDERTOOK A PERILOUS JOURNEY

All during the night that followed, the Round Valley Fort was a center of activity. Early in the evening the Minute Men began to arrive, summoned by the swift pony messengers who, like Paul Revere of old, had ridden out to spread the alarm. Some of the men brought their wives and families and a few of their most treasured possessions with them.

The Pioneers had learned their lesson so thoroughly from Brigham Young, the great white chieftain of the territory, that few hesitated to gather into the forts for safety when warned to do so by the reliable messengers who faced every danger in order to warn their neighbors.

Around the fort, wagons stood, some of them loaded to the bows with furnishings, ready to be drawn inside at a moment's notice. Improvised lights of various kinds served the pioneers in their preparation for bed. The Minute Men, the organizers of the movement, were everywhere, lending their help to their own families as well as to the families of their neighbors. Organized groups of these valiant defenders of the home and peace had been sent out to guard against any surprise attack of the redman.

Father Collins, upon his return from warning the Minute Men, had immediately begun his preparations for moving to the fort. With the aid of his two sons he sacked up his precious grain, the principal crop upon which his family was to depend for food during the coming winter.

After the wheat had been loaded on the wagon, John and Eddie were sent out to bring in the cow. Mother

Collins and Mary with the bedding and the extra clothing of the family, mounted the load beside big John Collins. John and Eddie, mounted upon two extra horses belonging to the family, came in driving the gentle cow, furnisher of the family milk.

It was a sad procession that moved away from the little cabin on Birch Creek. The house, as well as the farm land, had cost a tremendous amount of labor, besides—it was home. It seemed to be a cruel thing, after months of toil, to move away and leave everything to the mercy of revengeful Indians.

As they moved off in the darkness, Mother Collins could not restrain the tears.

"There, there," Big John Collins comforted, "the home may be spared. We must submit to a Pioneer's troubles."

"But, John, it was beginning to seem like home," Mother Collins sobbed. "It is such a dear little cabin built by our own hands. To think that it may be burned this very night wrings my heart.'

"As God wills," Father Collins replied. "We are in His hands."

The journey to the fort, in spite of Father Collins' cheerful words, was a heart-breaking one, especially to little Mother Collins whose mind was wrung with anguish at the thought of the home left deserted and alone beside the creek.

By morning every family in the valley had assembled at the fort. Bishop Albert Jones, of the Round Valley ward, whose farm was farthest up the valley, was the last to come in.

Shortly before daybreak a messenger arrived, sent by the Minute Men who were patrolling the country around the fort. He reported that a large body of savage warriors was moving towards the fort.

Instantly all was activity. The wagons and goods still on the outside of the enclosure were brought in and preparations were made for a seige.

As the redmen moved forward, the Minute Men fell

back slowly, not, however, without revealing themselves to the savage hordes. This prevented the Indians from directly attacking the fort until after daylight. Soon after sunrise, the tired Minute Men rode in through the fort gates and the massive portals were closed.

When John and Eddie arose and looked through an aperture in the fort walls they saw the Indians, at least one hundred strong, lingering along the edge of the woods a thousand yards away. Big John Collins, their father, had been gone all night with the Minute Men.

"By hokie, there's a band of them," John exclaimed. "We're in for it this time."

"Darn 'em," Eddie gritted. "They'll hear from me and my old shot gun if they make an attack."

"Let's git the boys together and form a company of our own," John cried. "We kin do a lot, if we try."

"All right, let's go," Eddie shouted. "Let's gather them up and make a regular army of boy fighters."

The two boys began upon their quest, eagerly approaching each boy of the camp with the proposition. Everywhere their suggestions were joyfully received.

Within the hour a band of thirteen boys, with John Collins as captain and Eddie Collins and Jake Roundy as lieutenants, were diligently drilling in the little space left vacant at the end gate of the fort.

The Indians did not attack the fort during the day. They contented themselves with rounding up all of the horses and cows that had been left outside of the fort and out of the range of the guns belonging to the white defenders.

At ten o'clock Captain Taylor called a council of war. The men of the fort gathered in a circle in the shade of some covered wagons. Upon one side of the group the Boy Defenders took up their station, looking upon themselves as of great importance to the common welfare.

"Here we are cooped up, boys," Captain Taylor began. "There are just twenty-seven fightin' men here, as I figger it—there are more than a hundred and fifty redskins out there. What's to be done about it?"

A silence fell upon the little group.

"I wonder if it'd do any good to ask for a parley?" Bishop Jones asked.

"No," Captain Taylor replied. "We couldn't trust 'em, no matter what they'd say. We're going to fight 'em. It looks to me as if we'll have to leave the valley if we kin git out."

"How are we fixed for ammunition?" Father Collins asked.

"Not very well," Captain Taylor replied. "We couldn't hold out more'n three days at the outside."

"Then we've got to get help at once," Bishop Jones replied. "Reports from the other valleys say the Indians will stop at nothing."

"How kin we git help?" Bill Tate, a farmer from up the valley, asked. "It 'pears to me that we're penned up."

"You're right," Captain Taylor replied. "If help's what we want then how are we to git it. That's the question."

"Somebody'll have to go fer help, if we are to git it," Bishop Jones replied. "That seems our only show."

"Well, how do you all feel?" Captain Taylor asked. "Is help what we want? Say, yes or no."

Every man responded with a hearty yes.

"Then who'll go fer it?"

Silence fell over the group, for every man knew that a messenger would be taking his life in his hands. Even Pioneers, used to the ways of the mountains and the savages, hesitated at such an appalling risk.

"I'll go." A calm, clear voice broke the silence.

Every eye turned to the speaker. It was Big John Collins.

"No, no," spoke up Bishop Jones, "not Brother Collins. We need his calm courage here among the people of the fort."

"I'll go."

A slim, dark eyed youth scarcely into his twenties rose as he spoke. "I kin git through, all right," he said confidently.

"Good," Captain Taylor said. "We'll accept your service, young man."

"Very well, when am I to leave?" the youth asked, calmly.

"Not 'till after dark. You go and lie down and git what rest you kin. We'll get an outfit ready and as soon as it is good and dark we'll ride out with you. We'll try and attract the attention of the Injuns while you git through their lines."

"Good," the young fellow replied, as he turned and walked away, his lithe young form attracting the gaze of the whole crowd.

"Who is he?" some one asked.

"That's Dan Green," Captain Taylor replied. "A cowpuncher we picked up some time ago. He's good stuff. If any one kin make it he kin. He rides like an Arab and shoots like Buffalo Bill. He's keen."

Captain Taylor turned back to the group.

"Now, men, we've got to be on guard every hour of the day and night. We've got to organize and have at least four men on the lookout all the time."

As he ceased speaking young John Collins stepped forward. He saluted as he had seen his elders do.

"What is it, my lad?" Captain Taylor asked kindly.

"I am Captain of the Boy Defenders," the young fellow answered. "We'd like to take our turn as guards."

"Why, bless the lads," Bishop Jones exclaimed. "They're fit sons of their fathers."

"Why not?" Captain Taylor answered. "You boys kin take your turn this very day, if you like."

"All right," John said, saluting. "We're at your service."

In accordance with a suggestion made by Captain Taylor, one of the men, Will Robbins, was made sergeant of the guard to place the boys and to look after them during the hours of daylight. The boys were placed two on each side of the fort to watch the movement of the enemy and observe any unusual occurrences. Thus the Boy De-

fenders got into accepted service the very first day of their organization.

The long day dragged by at last. The hours were filled in with various activities common to such an occasion. During the afternoon Bishop Jones gathered his little flock together in the shadow of some trees which stood near the fort wall and held a sort of song service during which they sang many favorite pioneer songs, among which were "Come, Come Ye Saints," and "Hard Times, Come Again No More," in the singing of which all of the assembled pioneers joined heartily.

As the shades of night began to fall, the boys were relieved of guard duty and men took their places. Dan Green arose from his improvised bed and carefully oiled his revolver and army musket, after which he examined his riding outfit. While he was at work Bishop Jones came up.

"God bless you, my boy," he said fervently. "I pray God that you may make the ride in safety."

"Thanks, Bishop," the young fellow replied quietly. "I think I kin make it."

"I believe you can," the Bishop answered as he took hold of the slim, sinewy hand of the young cowboy. "You look capable."

"Git ready, boys; we ride out in five minutes," Captain Taylor shouted. "Have guns ready."

Commotion reigned for a few minutes as men saddled and bridled horses.

"All ready," the command rang out.

The heavy gate swung open.

"Keep together, men. Remember we ride out only a short distance in order to allow Green to get through the Indian line. The spot through which he expects to penetrate has already been selected. Forward."

At the command, twenty horsemen thundered out of the gate and charged directly towards the Indians. Darkness, however, effectually masked their movements. The sound of pounding feet of the horses was the only indication that a body of horsemen moved across the plain.

"Good luck, Dan, ride hard," were words spoken as the company rode along.

When the Minute Men were a good two hundred yards from the camp riding near a clump of trees, a single horseman shot out of the group and into the protection of the timber. The Minute Men rode a hundred yards farther, firing as they went. The Indians, evidently massed for an attack, replied shot for shot.

"Retreat," Captain Taylor commanded.

The little company of men turned and rode back to the fort. As they rode into the gate each scanned the other's face to see if, indeed, the brave young cowboy had ventured alone into the blackness of the night.

Twenty went out, but only nineteen returned.

"May God guard him," Father Collins said feelingly.

"Amen," came in a chorus from the bearded lips of the little band of comrades.

Questions and Problems

1. Describe a pioneer fort. The children could get information from some pioneer or from some book. Drawings and pictures would add to the interest of all of these lessons.
2. Why were the people asked to move into forts when warned?
3. Were there any forts near your home? If so find out all you can about them.
4. What would the Boy Defenders be called now?
5. Show that Dan Green as well as all of the Minute Men were true Christians in the highest sense.

CHAPTER 12

HOW THE PEOPLE OF ROUND VALLEY MOVED OUT

Dan Green was but typical of the scores of brave men who risked their lives to bring help to individuals and settlements during the early pioneer days of these moun-

tain states. These men were usually strong, active, crafty young fellows who could endure any hardship. Many of them were equal to the Indians even in woodcraft, and had the added advantage of being trained in methods of offense and defense. The white men were usually as well armed as their red foes and were frequently much better shots.

Dan Green was one of the ablest of the messengers. Before settling down to the task of herding cattle he had been one of those romantic figures of the Old West, a broncho buster and for a very short time a pony express rider. He owned a splendid horse and a riding outfit that was the equal of any on the range.

When Dan Green left the group of Minute Men, he made for a dark clump of trees. Without hesitation he spurred his horse through a grove of aspens and out on to a hillside covered with sage and other small shrubs. Here he was exceedingly careful to keep himself and his horse in positions where they would not show against the star-lit sky-line, for Dan Green knew the Indian's trick of placing his eyes where he could see the horizons against the sky.

As he neared the top of the ridge over which he had to pass, he removed his hat, carrying it at the side of the saddle. This he did thinking that were he observed he might be mistaken for an Indian.

For the first five miles the cowboy rode with great care, never once forcing his trusty horse to take steps he did not wish to take. At length he reached a little canyon down which a small stream of water ran into Round Valley. Beside the stream he found a cattle trail that offered almost noiseless footing for his horse. Here he slackened his reins and allowed his pony to break into that little trot for which cowponies are famous.

After another mile or two had been placed behind him he spurred his horse into a gallop and rode rapidly up the canyon.

No sign of Indians did the messenger see. Evidently he had made a clean break through the savages' lines.

At the summit the willing pony was forced to a still faster gait. An hour before daylight, without having seen a single Indian, the messenger rode into Red Rock. He had covered a distance of forty-five miles in the night in a trifle more than six hours.

At the sounding of the alarm by the man in charge of the guard more than three hundred men armed with muskets quickly assembled, for Red Rock also was organized to withstand Indian attacks.

Here the message of Dan Green was rehearsed and volunteers were called to start immediately for Round Valley. Within thirty minutes a force of one hundred fifty men was mustered, and within an hour was ready to start on the journey to the Round Valley Fort.

As the force filed out of the settlement, followed by a score of wagons and teams with which the settlers of Round Valley were to be assisted over the divide, and with Dan Green, mounted upon a fresh horse, leading, a cheer went up from the town.

"Bring 'em back safely," a bearded man on crutches called, "and lick the Injuns."

It was nearly sunset when the band of citizen soldiers from Red Rock rode down into Round Valley. The waiting Indians, seemingly apprised of the advancing force, had packed their wigwams and were ready for flight or fight. When they discovered the size of the approaching force, they waited to fire a few shots and then retreated into the hills, followed for a short distance by a detachment from the Red Rock volunteers.

When the besieged pioneers in the Round Valley Fort beheld the large detachment of horsemen crossing the open valley between the forest and the fort, cheer after cheer echoed and re-echoed from the old walls.

A score of Minute Men led by Captain Taylor rode out to meet the oncoming force and to conduct them to the fort. When they approached closely enough to recognize their own messenger, Dan Green, tired by capable, riding in the lead of the band, cheers broke out afresh.

"I am glad to see you and proud of you, my boy," Bishop Jones exclaimed, riding forward and seizing the young man's hand.

"That's nothin'," Green replied modestly. "How did the fort hold out?"

"Fine," said Captain Taylor, who had just ridden up. "The red rascals attacked, but they received such a warm reception that they backed up and set down to starve us out."

The two forces, the little one from the fort, and the larger one from over the divide, joined and rode back together to the fort. Here the newcomers were greeted heartily by the besieged people, many of whom found among the volunteers relatives and friends.

The next morning at day break the entire camp was astir. Wagons were loaded with foodstuffs and articles of value until they would hold no more. The most valuable property was loaded first. After every vehicle was packed even beyond its capacity, horses not needed for the troopers were brought up and picketed. Even then when the settlers were ready to depart countless articles dear to the heart of some one of the group were left piled upon the ground.

It was a sad group that filed out of the fort gates that morning. Many were leaving practically everything they possessed, and all were leaving their precious homes wrung by the sweat of their brows from the desert valley. All felt sure that in their absence the vengeful savages would return and destroy all that would not require too much work.

The Collins family stood a little apart from the group. They were gazing with tearful eyes across the intervening miles at Lone Peak whose blue ridges glowed in the morning sun.

"He looks serene, don't 'e?" Father Collins said. "He's as calm and as stidy as ever. Indians may come and go, but he'll still stand there, I reckon."

"I guess so," Mother Collins replied, tearfully. "I sup-

pose he will still be there when we return. I wonder if our little home will?"

"I wonder if we'll ever come back?" Father Collins mused. "I doubt it."

Mother Collins could stand no more. Her tender heart overflowed. She leaned against her big, strong husband and sorely wept. Little Mary, sensing the sorrow of the mother, broke also into tears.

"There, there Mary dear," Father Collins said as he stroked the mother's bowed head and rested his bearded cheek against her soft brown hair. Big tears blurred his vision for a moment and a catch came in his throat. "We'll probably come back and if we don't we'll build a better home."

"But it is—so—terrible—to be—homeless," Mother Collins sobbed. "Dear God, I wonder how much we're expected to stand?"

"We must be as stidy as the mountain is," John Collins said, tenderly. "Look, Mary, the old fellow is smilin' at us."

His hand pointed to the old peak whose summit was glorified by sun and brilliant foliage.

Mother Collins raised her eyes to the old peak.

"Forgive me," she said softly. "I shouldn't be so foolish."

"And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day, all is well;
We then are free from toil and sorrow too,
With the just we shall dwell,
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O, how we'll make this chorus swell,
All is well, all is well,"

"Brave little woman," Father Collins said, tenderly patting her on the back. "Our lives will be spared, and we'll sing those last four lines lustily yet."

"We've learn't how to build homes out here," young John Collins said, as he, too, watched the well-loved peak. He had been a silent observer of the little drama enacted

by his parents. "Whether we come back or not, we'll have a home and a good one."

"You bet ye," Eddie agreed. "John and me kin help next time, we know jest how it's done."

The words of both brave little chaps were meant to convey comfort to a sorrowful mother, but deep down in their manly young hearts each felt a great sorrow at leaving the little home and its protecting great peak.

"All ready?" shouted Captain Taylor.

"Ready," a score of voices responded.

"Forward, then, and keep together."

The horsemen rode slowly out in front of the fort and formed a hollow rectangle with an open end into which the teams drawing the heavily laden wagons drove. Horsemen closed up the rear end of the rectangle and in this formation the entire company moved forward.

It is a sad thing for a whole community, after having built comfortable homes by means of almost superhuman effort, to be compelled to pull away and leave home and farm to the mercy of savages who have no sense of the value of things in their minds and who have nothing but vengeance in their hearts. This, however, many communities in Utah and the surrounding states were forced to do in spite of the fact that the Indians were treated with fairness by the Latter-day Saint people.

Panguitch, several villages of Sevier county, and other settlements had to be abandoned at various times during the Indian troubles. In fact, nearly all of the towns through central and southern Utah have in their cemeteries the graves of one or more persons who have paid their lives that the settlement might be made.

The settlers of Round Valley, then, were not passing through a unique experience when they moved from their homes that beautiful day in autumn. This, however, did not make the experience less sad or less trying.

As they drove along surrounded by their armed escort, the Indians showed themselves occasionally on distant points, safe from the wrath of the white man.

The company did not reach Red Rock and safety until

the following day. When they did arrive they found a hearty welcome awaiting them, but notwithstanding the fact that the people were hospitable, the winter was to be a hard one for many, who, in the move, had lost much of their meager supply of food.

The Collins family, however, were especially fortunate, for almost the first man they met in the little city of refuge was Bishop Stranger, who took them to his home and supplied them with the immediate comforts of life.

Questions and Problems

1. Show that we have more to be thankful for than the Collins family and all the pioneers had.
2. Why should we always remember to honor the pioneers? What have they done for us?
3. What have the pioneers done for you in your community?
4. What are you doing to make the world better for those who come after?
5. Imagine you were Dan and tell of the ride.
6. Why were the people of Red Rock so willing to go to the assistance of the Round Valley people? Were they good neighbors?

CHAPTER 13

HOW EDDIE RECEIVED THE PRIESTHOOD

Winter came early that year to the settlements of the valleys. Owing to the lateness of the season and continued Indian troubles no one returned to Round Valley. The advice of the president of the stake was for the Round Valley people to scatter among the more populous settlements for the winter months.

Father Collins and his family decided to remain in Red Rock. Bishop Stranger proved himself to be a genuine friend of the family, furnishing work for Father Collins much of the time and for the boys practically all of the time that they could spare. The pay for such labors

was necessarily small but by means of this work the Collins family earned a good supply of meat, which, with the flour they brought with them, made it possible for them to live comfortably.

Some of the more destitute families fared much worse. Long before spring the supply of flour ran low. Many people had no bread for weeks except as they were given small amounts of flour from time to time. Fortunately, however, the supply of meat remained adequate. For that reason the settlers of Red Rock and vicinity lived much better during that year than some settlers elsewhere.

In Cache Valley, for instance, supplies ran so low among poorer people that some families lived for weeks on red beets alone. Even the meat supply was denied them. In some places even sunflower seeds and thistles were gathered and made into a sort of bread.

Father Collins, with the help of his two boys, began early upon a home for the family. Practically without money and tools except his two hands, the courageous pioneer decided that his family must have a home of their own in which to live.

Accordingly one autumn day, Bishop Stranger accompanied his friend upon a tour of inspection. They were looking for a place where a home could be made with the least amount of labor.

"This is the place," Father Collins said, as he stopped in front of a steep knoll that rose abruptly on one side of the town. "I'll make it here."

"How will you make it here?" Bishop Stranger asked, surprised at the spot selected.

"I'll dig me a home in that hill. The foxes have holes and live happily, why can't I? I'd rather live in a dugout of my own than in a mansion owned by someone else."

"A good idea," Bishop Stranger replied. "You can dig out a room or two here without great difficulty. This soil is good, solid clay and will stand much."

Such homes were called dug-outs. Many pioneers made use of them in the early days of this state.

Accordingly, that very afternoon work began upon the new home. The team was used at first in scraping away an entrance, after which pick and shovel were brought into service.

A doorway was dug first. As the hole advanced into the hill it was widened out into the form of a good sized room. Father Collins worked away happily at this new undertaking, for was he not building a home? He was just as happy as a father bird building his beautiful nest.

During their spare time John and Eddie worked with their father, for they were anxious to be part owners in the new home.

The dug-out was constructed with amazing rapidity. Long before the first snow fell the family had moved in and were as sung as a family of squirrels in their underground apartment, which they found to be delightfully warm even in the coldest weather. The doorway had been framed and a door hung in order that the home might be properly closed when necessary. A fire-place had been built in one end of the large underground room, a chimney having been ingeniously made by Father Collins who could turn his hand to almost anything.

Shortly after the family moved into their new, comfortable quarters, school had begun in a little log cabin that the settlers had built. To this school John and Eddie soon found their way.

To be sure, seats were not as good as the ones now used, but they seemed good to the boys who had lived alone so long. These seats were made either of rough boards or of a split log, into which legs had been stuck through large auger holes. None of them had any backs. A long table served for a desk when penmanship was being taught, at other times the pupils had none.

There was another and larger school in Red Rock, but it was soon filled to overflowing. This new school was provided hastily, for the pioneers believed strongly in the value of education.

John and Eddie, with new hickory jeans and polished faces, entered the little building timidly. There they found school already in session. Miss Daniels, a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, was standing by the teacher's desk. When they entered, both boys thought she looked very clean and beautiful.

Miss Daniels was talking to her new pupils:

"Now children, we are to have school in this little building, I hope, all winter. I want you all to be happy and I want to be happy. We can all be that way if we are all quiet and orderly. We haven't many books, but we have gathered up enough from the families so that there will be one for each two or three pupils. We must be as careful with them as we can. We'll have prayer each morning and we'll sing some song that all can sing. I'll pray this morning. Bow your heads and close your eyes."

The children with one accord obeyed, and Miss Daniels poured out her heart to the kind Father who loves children dearly.

School proved to be a great adventure to the boys from Round Valley. They had attended school for a short period in the East before coming West, but this was their first opportunity since their arrival in the mountains. Both took hold of the simple exercises assigned with great delight and, for that reason, learned rapidly.

Upon the first day they discovered that two or three of their acquaintances of Round Valley were in the same school. Long Jake Roundy with his freckled face and sandy hair sat next to John during the morning. Cal Staley, another of the Boy Defenders, was also present in the school. These four boys at the first recess naturally got together and the old comradeship that had been broken for several weeks was cemented anew.

These boys were practically of the same age. Jake Roundy was near John's age and Cal Staley and Eddie were not more than a month apart.

"Let's make another company of Boy Defenders," Cal

Staley proposed, as they leaned against the shady side of the school building.

"It ain't necessary here," John answered. "Besides we kin work in the priesthood here. I'm Teacher now. I have my quorum to work with."

"So'm I," Jake Roundy answered. "We have work to do there."

"I'm old enough to be a Deacon," Eddie declared. "I have jest had my twelfth birthday. I hope they ordain me soon."

"I'm twelve, too," Cal answered, "but I hope they don't ordain me."

"Why?" Eddie asked, surprised.

"Oh, you have to be so pie-faced when you're a Deacon," Cal answered, contemptuously.

"Why, you don't either. Look at Dan Green. Is he pie-faced? He's a Priest," John replied heatedly.

"And George Hayward, he's another Priest. I tell you the fellers are not pie-faced," Long Jake Roundy answered. "Of course, they don't smoke and swear and git drunk like Hank Rawson does, but they're not pie-faced. They're the best riders and ropers and dancers in the whole valley."

"Well, I don't care," Cal replied doggedly. "Bein' a Deacon hain't got no charms for me."

The bell soon rang and the boys went into their exercises.

The days rolled by. One day as Eddie was on his way home from school he met Bishop Stranger. The Bishop stopped and shook the boy's hand.

"Say, Eddie, how old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm goin' on thirteen," the boy answered.

"How would you like to be ordained a Deacon?" the Bishop asked.

"Fine," Eddie replied, unhesitatingly, "that is, if you think I'm worthy."

"You come to meeting next Sunday and we'll ordain you," the Bishop said, and then passed on.

Eddie with heart full of happiness to think he was

going to receive the priesthood, burst into a run. He leaped through the door of his humble home, his heart beating with joy.

"Mother," he cried, "I'm goin' to be ordained a Deacon next Sunday."

"Good, my son," the little mother answered, as she folded him in her arms. "I hope you will honor the Priesthood. Happy should the boy be who is worthy to receive the authority to act in the name of Jesus. Even kings haven't such a privilege unless they obey the Gospel teachings."

"Mother, I want to be worthy."

"My son, you make me very happy. Next Sunday will be one of the greatest days in your life. We must celebrate it properly. When a governor or the president takes his seat the whole nation rejoices and celebrates the event. How much more fitting then is it to celebrate your reception of the Priesthood, the authority to act righteously in the name of God."

Eddie, when he left the presence of his little Pioneer mother, was very happy. He was happy because he was going to receive the Priesthood, and then he was happy because his mother was so happy.

"Cal may laugh if he wishes," Eddie said, stoutly, "but I am proud I'm a good Latter-day Saint, worthy to receive the Priesthood."

All that day his heart sang within him, and when Sunday came and the voice and authority of Bishop Stranger bestowed the office of Deacon upon him, he felt a new responsibility and with it a new joy, for responsibility brings joy of the abiding kind. That day, too, the Collins family quietly celebrated the great day in an appropriate manner.

The next time Eddie met Cal the latter grinned.

"You'll have to be a pie-face now, Ed," he said, banteringly.

"Not much," Eddie responded. "I kin be as gay as you so long as bein' gay is good; if it ain't, I want none of it anyway."

Cal laughed, and the two boys went about their play, forgetting the new honor that had come to one.

Questions and Problems

1. Explain fully what a dug-out is like.
2. Ask your grandpa if he was ever without flour for very long. An old Pioneer could probably come into class and tell some interesting stories about how they lived in the early days.
3. Why was the day Eddie received the Priesthood such an important day in Eddie's life?
4. How old must a boy be before he is ordained a deacon?
5. Do you wish to become a deacon?
6. What are some of the important duties of a deacon?

CHAPTER 14

HOW FATHER COLLINS RECEIVED HIS CALL TO GO SOUTH

As autumn passed away and the white snow crept down by the mountain side into the valley, the Collins family was happy even though "hard times" was all the time knocking at the little dug-out door. Happiness is not made by wealth after all—it is a condition of the mind, a feeling in the heart, and the whole Collins family had the right minds, right hearts.

Father Collins, big and broad and hearty, was all the time busy at something. When no one would hire him he would go to the homes of the widows and fatherless and there with the help of his two boys, now blossoming into manhood, he would chop wood, repair fences, and do other tasks for which the poor families were very thankful.

Eddie, now a deacon, soon found out how a deacon can work in the Church if he will. The deacons had charge of the meeting house. Each week two boys would be as-

signed to sweep and dust it and to make fires in the big stove that had been shipped across the plains at a great expense. The deacons also had to chop the wood and arrange the sacrament dishes. In this work Eddie took the keenest delight, for was he not working in the services of God and his fellow-men?

One day as he and little Fred Haskins, a newly ordained deacon, were busy sweeping out the church, Cal Staley came in.

"Hello, ladies," he said, banteringly. "You've gone to keepin' house, hev you?"

"Yes sir," Eddie replied, cheerfully. "Don't you think we're makin' her shine?"

"We're goin' to chase every bit of dirt right out of here," Fred joined in.

"Shouldn't wonder," Cal replied. "You're puty good house maids, I'd say."

"We aim to be," Eddie replied, stung a little by the other's tone. "This is the Lord's house and we want to make it as clean as we kin make it."

"Go ahead, sissy," Cal replied, "I won't stop you. This ain't the Lord's house; it's the ward's house."

Eddie flushed and his eyes ceased to smile although his lips curved upward in a grin.

"See here, Cal," he said, "you move out of here; we're in a hurry. We don't like your talk."

"O, all right," Cal said good naturedly, noting that Eddie had laid aside his broom. "I jest come in to tell you that Dad says I'm to be ordained a deacon next week."

"Good," Eddie cried, his resentment passing rapidly away. "I'm glad, Cal."

"I ain't so glad," Cal replied. "I don't hanker for jobs like these, but if dad says so I guess there's nothin' else to do. Well, good day, fellers, I was jest jokin' about sissy, an' all that."

"Call again," the two deacons replied, as they continued with their work.

They swept and dusted, then they carried in the wood. Before they left they dusted again.

"That'll please the Bishop, I guess," Eddie said as he was putting away the dust rag.

"I should think it would," Fred answered. "There's not a speck of dirt anywhere."

The two boys were happy as they left the building; happy because they had done a good turn.

Young John Collins and Jake Roundy, both of whom had shot up into long, lanky lads, were given their special work in the church. Both were ordained teachers and were asked to make regular monthly visits to the homes of the Saints. This they did performing their labors to the satisfaction of everyone.

Young John, on account of his willingness to serve and his ability to do many things well for a lad, had been called upon again and again to assist in various activities.

Performing their daily labors in a simple yet faithful manner the Collins family watched the short days of bleak December pass slowly away. Shortly after the Christmas holiday season a little girl came to the home in the side of the hill. The little stranger found Big John Collins and old Mother Thomas awaiting her arrival. The boys and little Mary had gone over to Bishop Strangers to spend the night.

The next morning when the boys and their little sister returned they found the little red-faced babe lying in the bed beside Mother Collins who was unusually pale.

"Well, children," Father Collins cried, a happy smile even shining through his beard, "we've found another little girl. Maybe we don't need you any longer. Mary's nose is entirely out of joint."

Little Mary looked at the tiny infant gravely for a moment.

"Send her back," she commanded.

The laughter of Father Collins pealed through the little room; the boys joined him in his merriment.

"We can't send her back, dear," Mother Collins said softly, a holy light shining in her grey eyes, "she's ours

to keep. She's your own little sister; don't you wan't a sister?"

"Uh huh," Mary said willingly enough. "Then we'll keep her, won't we?"

She climbed upon the bed and kissed the little stranger.

"Well, boys what do you think of her?" the father asked.

"She's all right," John said grinning, "she ain't very handsome but I guess she'll improve with age."

Eddie made no comment.

With one more mouth to feed Big John Collins renewed his activity, making every day count for something accomplished.

As winter slipped by, rumors began to filter into Red Rock to the effect that President Brigham Young had decided to plant more colonies in Southern Utah. No one seemed to know anything definite about the proposed move, but talk of the possibility of going south was upon every tongue.

John Collins, however, was too busy caring for his family to pay much attention to the talk. One day he had just returned from his work when a knock came at the door. When it was opened by little Mary, Bishop Stranger stepped in.

"Good evenin'," he said pleasantly. "How is the little stranger?"

"Fine," Mother Collins answered. "She is gettin' along fine. Shes' not a stranger and longer; she's been accepted as a regular member of the family."

"Good; I suppose the children accept her, too."

"They almost love her to death," Father Collins replied.

"Spring will soon be here now," the Bishop began, changing the subject abruptly.

"Yes, I'm anxious to get out on the farm," Father Collins replied.

"I suppose you've heard the talk of a move down

south in the Spring?" The Bishop looked out of the tiny window that had been made by the boys.

"Yes," John Collins replied, "But I don't know much about it."

"I didn't either," the Bishop answered, "till yesterday. I had a dispatch from President Young askin' me to lead a company south to settle on the Silver river."

" I debated that all night and all day," the Bishop replied, "but if President Brigham Young calls I can't stay; I've got to go when he calls;—I look upon it as a call from the Lord."

"That's true," John Collins answered, "and yet it will be hard for you to leave your good home, your ranch, your stock and go away off down there."

"Yes, it will be hard, but I can do it." The Bishop rose in his earnestness. John, I want you to go with me,"

"Me?" John Collins exclaimed. "You want me to go south?"

"I do. I want you to go as my counsellor and advisor."

"W'y, Bishop, how kin I go?" the big fellow exclaimed. "How kin I go?"

"How can the Bishop go, John, dear?" Mother Collins said, softly.

"But this is so sudden; I'm floored, that's all," Father Collins exclaimed.

"I need your type, John, if I am to succeed down there. I must have men who are brave and courageous and who will stick through anything. What do you say? Of course, you must decide."

"Give me time, Bishop," John Collins said. "I'll have to think it over. "I'll answer in the morning."

"All right, John," Bishop Stranger said as he grasped his friend's hard hand. "I'll need you and your splendid family."

After speaking a parting word to Mother Collins, the Bishop passed out of the door.

Father Collins stood in the center of the floor for a moment totally without words, then he burst out, "How kin we go, Mary? How kin we go? We're in direst poverty; we have scarcely enough food to last until Spring. Our wagon is old; our horses are poor—why, how kin we go?"

"Let's think it over, John, dear," the little woman replied as she patted his big hand. "When the boys come, let's talk it over with them."

Later that same evening when the boys came in, the matter was presented to them.

"What do you say, boys?" Father Collins asked, after he had explained the whole situation.

"Let's go," stalwart young John replied, unhestitatingly. "The Bishop has asked us, hasn't he? He got his authority from the President, didn't he?"

"Yes, he was called and now he's askin' us to go with him," Father Collins replied. "What do you say, Eddie?"

"Let's go," the second boy replied, as unhesitatingly as his brother. "When I was made a deacon, I understood that I was to be obedient to authority. Lets go, if the Bishop calls."

"But what about our farm in Long Valley?"

"We kin sell it or leave it, it don't matter," John replied.

"God bless you, my sons," Mother Collins said, laying a hand on a shoulder of each of her boys. "Your feet are set upon the path of righteousness."

"We'll go," Father Collins said. " I want first, however, to get everybody's consent. When God, through his servants, calls, I hope I kin always answer, and I hope my boys kin do the same. It's hard to leave our home and go pioneerin' again into a new country, but the power that has been with us will sustain us still."

"Let's sing a hymn and have prayer before we eat tonight."

Mother Collins struck up that hymn that was the strength of the pioneers during times of trouble:

"Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day."

The three manly voices joined in; even little Mary's tiny falsetto could occasionally be heard.

When they were through Father Collins led in a prayer of dedication.

The next morning when the Bishop came to the door he was met by Father Collins.

"We're goin' with you," Father Collins declared, before the Bishop could put the question.

"Thank God!" the Bishop exclaimed fervently. "I knew you would; you're a good man, John Collins, and I want to promise you now that you will not lose by accepting a call from the authorities of this Church."

"I know I shan't," Father Collins replied.

Questions and Problems

1. Who was happier, Eddie or Cal? Why?
2. What do the deacons do in your ward?
3. Can you show that Father Collins was a good man?
4. What is a good man?
5. How did Father Collins answer his calling to go south?
6. How did mother and the boys answer?
7. Why did Father Collins wait until morning to answer?
8. How can children help their parents when the parents are called to some work?

CHAPTER 15

HOW THE PIONEERS OF THE SOUTH SMOKED THE PIPE OF PEACE

It was a sunny morning during the latter part of the month of April when the caravan of settlers, one hundred twenty strong, left Red Rock. Twenty families, mostly middle-aged and young parents, had been called to go south; and besides the family units there were a few unmarried young men who had been asked to go and assist in the building up of the southern part of the state. Among these young men were Dan Green and Jim Acord, two young cowboys and scouts, experts in everything that goes to make a scout worth while.

A few household goods had been loaded into the wagons, but in the main vehicles carried foodstuffs and other absolute necessities.

Father Collins and his family were ready to go upon his new pioneer venture. Their covered wagon contained practically all of the foodstufs they possessed, as well as their clothing and other necessary articles.

Mother Collins and her two little girls were seated comfortably among the bedding in the rear of the wagon. Father Collins occupied the front seat alone except at intervals when the two children were asleep. Then Mother Collins would mount the seat beside her husband and the two, as the wagon chuckled along, would review old scenes when they were crossing the plains from the east.

John and Eddie, and several other boys, to their great delight, had been provided by the bishop with ponies and riding outfits and had been asked to assist Dan Green and Jim Acord with the cattle that were being taken along with the caravan. Long Jake Roundy and Cal Staley were also detailed to follow the cattle.

The caravan got under way long before noon. In a long procession it moved out of the little border town. Many eyes were wet as the comfortable homes were left

behind and the leading team led away into the desert over a road that had scarcely ever been traveled by white men.

Many of these people, like the Collins family, had been in the new territory a year or less while none had been here more than five years. In those years a few had built comfortable and substantial homes. Now to pull up again was hard indeed. Nothing less than a firm faith in the divinely inspired wisdom of their leaders could ever have pushed them forth.

That the southern exodus was wise no one, after these many years, questions. By spreading over a wide territory, the people, though faced all the time by great hardships, learned how to build a thriving state out of a trackless waste.

On account of the many impediments, the progress of this new band of pioneers was necessarily slow. The wagons moved at a snail's pace along the dim trails that were called a road, on both sides of which endless sagebrush, hills and plains stretched away sometime to the distant blue hills and sometimes to the level horizon that marked the place where sage and sky met.

Everywhere was loneliness. Occasionally a desert bird would flop with curious eyes over the slow caravan, wondering how long it would be before it could pick the bones of some. Or a lone and wary coyote would lope through the sage with sharp ears alert to the new sounds that had suddenly broken the stillness of his desert.

Although the war-like Indians, who had given trouble the preceding fall had signed a treaty of peace, Bishop Stranger had warned his company to be prepared for any danger.

Beside the wagon trail or behind it the cattle moved along through the desert valleys, nibbling at the white sage or the grass that grew in among the mountain sage of the plain. Behind the cattle, the boys under the direction of Dan Green, dust begrimed and dirty, followed the herd.

At night the wagons were placed in the circle made famous by the Utah pioneers a few years earlier. Men

from the wagons would take turns with the cowboys night-herding the stock. This was done in order that Indians or bad white men might not stampede and steal the cattle.

Day after day the caravan moved southward. Day after day they found themselves farther and farther from the settlements.

One day near sunset they neared a stream of water. As they approached a band of Indians suddenly rounded a white bluff and rode towards the caravan on a dignified walk, their feathers and regalia fluttering in the breeze. Bishop Stranger stopped his team and caused the other teams to draw up in a sort of hollow square.

"Let's ride out to meet them," Bishop Stranger called to John Collins, whose team was behind his own.

An extra horse was being led by each of these outfits to be used in emergency.

The two men mounted and with hands held above their heads in sign of peace, rode out to meet the braves. As they approached the Indians also elevated their hands palm outward.

When the two parties met the leading chief called!

"How?"

"Howdy?" Bishop Stranger responded.

"Where whitemen go?" the Indian asked in very broken English.

"You answer," the Bishop said turning to Father Collins.

"To find home on Silver river," Father Collins said in Indian.

"Where?" the Indian asked.

"Don't know," Father Collins replied.

"Run Indians off of land?" the chief asked.

"No, want to smoke pipe of peace with Indian—Indian, white man's brother."

"Good," the Chief replied. "Swear by sun," he pointed to the setting sun. "This Indian hunting ground. Indian want to stay here."

"What does he say?" Bishop Stranger asked.

"He wants us to swear by the sun that we will not take these hunting grounds."

"All right, tell him we will; we don't want to settle here anyway."

Accordingly the white men made the necessary oath.

"White brothers pass," the Indian said motioning his followers from the road.

"We want land other side of river," Father Collins said.

"Good," the Indian replied.

"We'll give them two steers," Bishop Stranger said.

When Father Collins conveyed the news the Indians seemed well pleased.

"White man and Indian live at peace—good."

Bishop Stranger led the way out to the feeding herd that had begun during the halt to spread over the plain. Here two two-year-old steers were separated from the herd.

"Gift from white man to Chief Wild Horse," the Bishop said.

"Good," the chief answered, as he directed some of his followers to take care of the steers.

"President Young suggested that we make peace with the Indians wherever possible and to be liberal with gifts," Bishop Stranger said to Father Collins as they rode back to the wagon train. "He says it will pay in the long run."

"I believe it will," Father Colins replied, as he watched the Indian braves drive their two steers back over the route they had come. "Those Indians will be friendly, I think as long as we treat them well."

The wagon train resumed the journey. By the time the sun had set the hardy pioneers had encamped on the banks of the river whose waters would eventually reach the Pacific. They had crossed the rim of the Great Basin.

Before the horses were all unhitched the Indian Chief and one or two of his braves rode up and sat impassively

on their ponies as they watched the whites make camp.

"We are nearing the place," Bishop Stranger said. "Suppose we get these Indians to guide us across the river. We'll look around a bit while the people are getting supper ready."

"All right," Father Collins replied. "here comes Dan. Let's have him go also.

The chief, when asked if he would ride with them, readily agreed. Together the Indians and three white men rode off through the sage to a point where the trail crossed, although the bottom seemed rather soft.

"Where kin we cross with wagons?" Father Collins asked the chief.

"Up stream—rocks," the chief replied.

The party crossed the stream and rode up a white clay bank on the plateau above. Here they could see a line of willows and cottonwoods running down from the nut-pine covered hills to the south.

"There's a stream," the Bishop said pointing to the willows. "This is the place where we are to make our settlement."

"How do you know?" Dan Green asked.

"A party was sent down here last fall to locate a settlement," the Bishop responded. "They explored the entire region, and finally decieded upon a location here by this stream. They report that there is unlimited range for sheep and cattle.

"It may be, Jake, for sheep and cattle," Dan Green replied, "but it'll be plumb lonesome fer people, especially the wimmin."

"Dry Godforsaken lookin' country," Father Collins answered. "These everlasting white and red cliffs that sprawl all over the universe look bad enough. It's grown dark; I think we'd better get to camp."

"All right," the Bishop answered. "We want land here," he added turning to the chief.

"Good," the Indian replied, after he was made to understand. "White man live here—Injun over yonder," pointing to other side of river.

"That settled, then," the Bishop replied. "Let's return to camp and tell them we're almost home."

When the party returned to camp the news that their destination was practically reached was greeted with outbursts of joy, for the people were tired of the endless, dusty road.

That night a huge bonfire was lighted and after supper was eaten the entire company except the night herders assembled. Pioneer songs were sung and speeches were made by several of the brethren, after which Jack Bates got out his old fiddle that had played for many a prairie ball during the journey across the plains. When he struck up the old quadrille tunes, favorite with all of the pioneers, such as "MoneyMusk," "The Campells are Comin'," and "The Arkansas Traveler," partners were chosen and the hardy travelers danced their much-loved square dances.

John and Eddie and Long Jake Roundy and Cal Staley, who had been relieved of night herding by men of the camp, joined in the festivities, forming a set of their own by choosing young ladies to be their partners.

The Indians, much interested in the activites, at last got the spirit of the occasion and suggested through the chief, that, they would dance. Accordingly they lined up and while one with a notched stick made music by means of scratching it over a log, the Indians danced the Circle Dance, to the great amusement of the whites.

After the dance, Chief White Horse got out his pipe and there on the banks of the Silver river that flows down the outside of the Great Basin to the muddy Colorado, the pipe of peace was solemnly smoked.

Thus a friendship was formed between the whites and their dark neighbors that was faithfully kept for years, although upon several occasions the peace was threatened.

The tired pioneers went to bed that night happy in the thought that on the morrow they would pitch camp on the ground that was to be their new home.

Questions and Problems

1. Describe a Pioneer train.
2. Show by marks on the board how a Pioneer's circle of wagons was made.
3. Describe an Indian pipe.
4. How was the pipe of peace smoked?
5. What would indicate that these people had great faith in God?
6. Show that all of these people were really filling a mission and that all ought to receive a blessing.

CHAPTER 16

HOW JOHN AND EDDIE AND JAKE AND CAL TOOK DIFFERENT TRAILS

The leg-weary teams had hardly come to a full stop on the plot of ground selected for the site of the new town when Bishop Stranger called a meeting of the men.

"Now, men," he said, "this is Friday. I hope every effort will be made to make your camp as comfortable as possible, in as short a time as possible. We'll not lay out the town until Monday. Tomorrow I hope every man will be ready to assist on a bowery. We'll build one in order that we may hold meeting Sunday. When we came across the plains and landed in Utah, one of the first things we did was to provide as comfortable a meeting place as possible. We want to follow suit. The Lord has greatly blessed us and we want to show our appreciation."

The men all agreed to do as the Bishop suggested.

Soon the camp was ringing with activity as the various families made ready for the night.

On Saturday morning Bishop Stranger and several of the leaders of the community went over the ground and at last, near the center of the proposed town, they selected a meeting house lot. Work on a bowery began imme-

diately, for the pioneers, no matter how dusty or tired, never neglected their Sunday services. By Saturday evening a large bowery 20x30 feet in extent had been erected.

The bowery, a shed-like structure, over the top of which green brush had been spread to make a shade, was the earliest meeting house made in most pioneer communities. Sometimes these structures had a wall madt of leafy willows upon at least one side for protection against wind or glaring light.

As soon as the structure was finished, men set to work making crude seats upon which the people might sit during the services. These were made in the quickest way possible. Straight cotton-wood trees were selected and felled. These were logged off in twelve, fourteen, or sixteen foot lengths, according to the condition of the logs.

Jacob Roundy, Long Jake's father, with his great broad ax that looked much like the battle axes of early days, hewed one side of these logs smooth while Father Collins and Bill Emmett, using auger and axes were boring holes and fitting birch legs into the hewn logs. By night time the bowery was finished and furnished with enough benches to accommodate the entire colony.

"She's a peach," Bill Emmett declared as he examined the new church.

"Yep," Jacob Roundy added. "We kin be very comfortable here in church tomorow."

The tired and worn women folks who had the children to look after were especially pleased with the prospect of a genuine day of rest. Saturday evening was spent bathing the youngsters and getting them cleaned up ready for Sunday and a regular meeting. Little pinafores and sunbonnets as well as waists and trousers were washed and properly ironed in readiness for the big day.

On Sunday morning the boys who had ridden out to see where the cattle had gone for feed during the night were riding back to camp.

"Let's go swimmin' today," Cal Staley proposed. "I'll bet we cud find a lot of holes along the river that would be peaches."

"There's lots of days comin,," young John Collins replied. "Let's go to church today."

"Church ain't got no charms for me," Cal replied. "Lots of Sundays comin' too."

"I'd sure like a swim," Long Jake Roundy said, wistfully. "The water'd ought to be warm."

"I guess the water'd be warm all right enough," Eddie said, "but who'd look after our job at church."

"The men kin look after the sacrament. There ain't no floor to sweep here," Cal replied. "Come on, fellers, let's go swim."

"Not today," John replied steadily, remembering the advice of his little pioneer mother upon many similar questions. "It ain't right to go off and leave church. We hold the priesthood now."

"But the day's so hot," Long Jake replied. "I'd kind o' like to swim myself. What do you say Jack?"

"Not today," again John answered, "I want to go to church today."

"What about you, Ed?" Cal asked.

"I'm goin' with John," Eddie replied. "You fellers kin swim if you want, but I'm goin' to church."

"Come on, Jake, let's go," Call said. "Let the long faces go to church. We'll go and swim. While these fellers is sittin' under that hot bowery boilin' in the sun, we'll be floatin' around in some nice hole in the river."

"Be sure you're on top," John replied good naturedly. "I think, though, that you fellers ought to go to church, too."

"Ain't got time today," Cal replied smartly. "Come on, Jake, let's cut off here and make for the river."

"I dunno," he said puzzled. "I hate to go without Jack and Ed."

"O, they'll be all right," Cal laughed. "Their mother kin take care of 'em. Come on."

Long Jake turned his horse and followed the younger boy through the sage in the direction of the river.

"How is it you didn't go, John?" Eddie asked as he

followed with his eyes the progress of the two other boys. "The water would a been fine today, I'll bet."

"I didn't want to," John answered. "We kin swim tomorrow and the next day and the next if we want—we kin swim every day all summer. Father and mother like us to go to church, Eddie, and do you know, somehow I like to please 'em."

"So do I," Eddie answered. "I'm glad we didn't go swimmin'."

"Then Bishop Stranger's been awfully good to us fellers," John continued. "You know he has to do a lot of things for the company and for us all. He ain't paid for it, either. Sunday's his day. He backs us and, by jiminy, I'm goin' to back him."

John's gray eyes snapped.

"I'd feel purty rotten if when he was tryin' to hold a meetin' and was anxious to make it a good one with everybody there, if I was off swimmin' somewhere."

"I never though of it that way," Eddie said. "I'll bet Dan Green'll be to church."

Dan Green was the idol of all the boys.

"Of course he will be, if he kin be," John answered "Dan Green's true blue clean through. He never takes advantage of an enemy, or goes back on a friend. Dan'll be there 'backin'' his hand, as he'd say it."

Eddie looked off through the sage to where the two boys could be dimly seen almost to the bluffs above the river. The swim had lost all interest.

"Cal and Jake ain't true blue," Eddie said solemnly. "They're not stickin' by their friends."

"O, I guess they jest don't look at it that way," John replied. "They're thinkin' of their own selves, I guess."

"I guess they are," Eddie answered, "but some fellers thinks of others first."

"Yes, some do," John answered. "Let's hurry, we may be late."

They put their horses to a lope. To Eddie a new idea had come. Church had a new significance. He was not

only to attend for his own good, but for the good of others as well.

When the two boys rode into the square made by the camps, they found the people already assembling in the bowery. They turned their ponies out to feed and hurried over to the service.

Meeting had not begun. Bishop Stranger was arranging some last detail before announcing the first song as the two boys sought a seat near a back corner. As they walked around the group of people, some sitting, others standing, they came face to face with Dan Green.

"I knowed you'd be here," John said as he looked at his hero.

"How'd you know it?" Dan asked surprised.

"You're square," Eddie piped up. "John said you'd be here."

"Thanks, Jack," the slim cowboy replied, his dark eyes expressing further appreciation.

"I try to be square, don't you?"

"Yep," Eddie replied. "The Bishop has backed our hand, now we're backin' hisn."

"Good, old man," Dan Green responded, making the boy swell with pride at the familiar address. "I found out long ago that when you belong to an outfit of any kind, you want to back it up every day and all the time. If you'll do it, you can't lose."

As they sat through the long, hot meeting, John and Eddie were happy, for were they not doing right? The boy who does right is always happy, for he is at peace.

After church, as the Bishop shook hands with them, he said, "Well, boys, I see you're at church and that's where you ought to be. A fellow that's where he ought to be is trustworthy. What are you going to do now we're home?"

"I dunno," John answered, "there ain't much to do."

"I've hired Dan Green to look after my stock this summer. Dan needs help. How would you two like to ride the range with Dan?"

"Fine," John answered quickly. "We like Dan."

"All right, then, it's settled. We'll pick out a string of horses tomorrow."

When the Bishop had strolled away, Eddie said:

"Jiminy, I'm glad we didn't go swimmin'."

"Ain't I, though?" John answered. "I guess it pays to be where you should be, all right."

Questions and Problems

1. Describe a Bowery as best you can.
2. Ask grandma if she has ever been to church in a Bowery.
3. Show that the Pioneers were really Latter-day Saints.
4. What is a boy's first duty on Sunday?
5. Give as many reasons as you can why John and Eddie decided to go to church.
6. Why was Dan Green a good companion for John and Eddie?
7. Who had the best time that Sunday, do you think?
8. Did the presence of the boys at church have anything to do with the Bishop's hiring them? Why?

CHAPTER 17

HOW DAN AND JOHN AND EDDIE PICKED UP CAL'S TRAIL

Months went by. The little town on the river grew like a mushroom from the desert soil. By the time winter came, twenty rough but comfortable houses had been built. The old bowery had been replaced by a new log meeting house which, on week days, served as a school house as well. One of the women had been asked to teach the pupils who were of right age to attend.

Almost as soon as the town had been laid out, work began upon water ditches which brought water from the river to the little village. In the absence of other trees, boxelders were taken from along the creek and planted on the lots of

the people. A green oasis of grass and gardens and trees soon appeared in the midst of the desert.

In spite of their distance from other white settlers and towns, the people were happy. They held their church, their dances and other socials. They were one big family associating freely with one another.

The Indians, though they visited the little village occasionally and begged for food at times, remained friendly. White men and Indians asociated with one another quite freely. Sometimes when the teepees were pitched on the opposite side of the river, the red and white boys played together as if their was no difference in the color of their skin.

During all these months John and Eddie were growing. John had shot up until he was a trifle over six feet tall and was as slim and straight as a lodge pole pine. The day he turned nineteen he measured by the square exactly six feet, one and one-half inches in height and was as strong and wiry as a young Indian brave. Eddie, too, had grown. His shoulders had filled out, and though he was not as tall as John, he looked strong and capable.

Since their coming to their new southern home, the Collins family had been enlarged. A year and a half almost to the day after Big John Collins began his third home in Utah, a new boy was born. This increased the family to five.

"By cracky," Big John said, scratching his head as he looked down at the tiny mite of a baby, "I'll have to work night shift to keep this family goin'."

Nevertheless, Father Collins was happy. He liked his new southern home and felt that the Lord had blessed him in his labors. He had joined Bishop Stranger in the cattle business and was doing very well.

John and Eddie were still spending most of their time on the range. Dan Green, slim, dark, silent Dan, who was the idol of every boy and the hero of every girl, was the foreman, and they were his helpers.

One day, in the fall of the second year of their residence in the south land, the ride for some cattle that had

been missed from the range led the three cowboys together over in the Green river country many miles from home. As they were riding up a canyon, they came suddenly upon a rough log cabin in a little cove beside the creek. Two or three horses were tied to some cottonwood trees near by.

"Hullo," Dan Green said, "what have we here?"

As the cowboys approached, some young fellows came out of the shack. They were followed by an old man who had every appearance of being an old trapper. His hair was long and grizzled, and his unkempt beard was turning an iron gray. The young fellows were talking noisily. When they beheld the strangers approaching, they stopped in surprise.

Dan Green and the two boys spurred forward.

"Why, there's Cal Staley!" John exclaimed in surprise. "Hullo, Cal, how's tricks?"

"Hullo, Jackie, old man," Cal answered boisterously, his eyes a bit blood-shot, and his face flushed. He held out his hand. "How are you, old dauber?"

"Fine," John answered, struck with the appearance of his friend.

"Here's old Dan, too, and Ed. Get off, fellers, and let's celebrate."

The other companions of young Staley stood by, taking no part in the conversation.

Dan Green and the boys dismounted.

"Here's some real fellers," Cal declared turning to the trapper and his other two companions, anxious to show his friends off. "I've rode with these guys. This is Dan Green, a good scout and real cowpuncher. These two boys are John and Eddie Collins, good fellows, but a little too straight laced." Cal slapped John on the back. "This is Tradin' Joe," pointing to the trapper. "The only real trapper in the country; and these are Bill Sloan and Dave Hicks."

"Glad to know you, gents!" Tradin' Joe said as he solemnly shook hands all round. The others followed suit.

"Joe, bring out a drink for the boys," Cal commanded. "Nobody in the world I'd ruther drink with."

Joe disappeared, returning immediately with a long, black bottle, and a glass. He poured some whisky into the glass and handed it to Dan.

"No, no thanks," Dan said smiling, "I never drink anything stronger than Green River."

Tradin' Joe looked puzzled.

"Don't drink!" he exclaimed. "Come off—what're you givin' us?"

"Straight goods," Dan answered, turning to the boys.

"We never drink," John answered, and Eddie shook his head.

"Well, I'll be——." The old trader seemed at a loss for a word.

"I was afraid they wouldn't," Cal exclaimed, disgustedly. "They're a purty straight laced bunch. Hain't you got some goat milk, Joe?"

His companions joined in with his loud laugh.

Dan and the boys said nothing.

"O, well, it don't matter," Cal said as he walked out towards his horse. "They're good fellers, but ain't much for a good time."

His two companions followed.

"Gimme a smoke," Cal turned to Bill, who handed him a book of papers and a sack of tobacco.

Cal took them and rolled a smoke with great difficulty, spilling his tobacco. He lighted it and then swung into the saddle.

"Where are you going?" Dan asked.

"We're goin' over in the San Juan country. I'm ridin' for Baxter now."

"Say, Cal," Dan said suddenly, as if he had just arrived at a decision, "come and go with us, we need another man."

"It can't be done," Cal answered. "The fall round-up's jest startin'. I can't leave Baxter."

Dan fell silent for a moment. Then he said "Cal, be

careful. As soon as the Roundup's over, come over to town and visit a while."

"So long, old top," Cal answered lightly as he and his two companions rode away.

Dan and the boys stood watching the trio as they jogged down the canyon.

"Smart boy," Tradin' Joe declared, as he went into the house with his bottle.

"Too smart, I fear," Dan said. "Cal's a good boy, but I'm afraid he's on the wrong road."

"He drinks and smokes," John said sadly, "and if I'm not mistaken, I heard him profane as he rode away."

"Them are three bad comrades for a young feller to have," Dan answered. "I'm afraid that the boys with Cal are none too good."

The three remounted and continued up the canyon.

The night after they had made camp, the friends sat round a little fire they had built.

"I wish Cal was with us," Eddie said as he watched the embers glow. "When he was one of the Boy Defenders he was a good feller."

"He's a good feller yet," John added.

"Yes, but he can't stay in such company and still be good," Dan answered. "No, it can't be done. It reminds me of an experience I had. Once I had a dandy string of horses. They was easy to handle, gentle, and would come into camp without any trouble. One day I traded ponies with a feller. Well, as soon as I turned that new hoss with the string my troubles began. He was wild and mean when he was loose, a regular outlaw. Every mornin' it was the same old story. I had to run my horse half to death when I wanted to change mounts. That one hoss had spoiled my whole string. I put up with that hoss fer more'n a week. At last one day I had much trouble I said to myself, 'I'd ruther have seven horses that I kin use than eight that I can't ketch,' so I pulled out my pistol and shot thet hoss dead. I hed no trouble after that."

"Cal's with a wild band, I'm afraid. I hope he gits wise before someone has to shoot him."

"I hope so," John said. "Cal was allus a leetle wild, but he's a good boy in some ways," as if to justify his friend.

"He might git by all right," Dan said, "but he's on dangerous ground. Well, let's turn in."

Long after the fire had died down, Eddie lay thinking over the condition in which he had found Cal. The two had been together a great deal and to Eddie, it seemed, on account of the straight, clean lives his parents had always led, and on acount of the teachings he had always received, that Cal, his friend, had taken that broad road spoken of so frequently at home.

"Cal ain't stickin' by his friends," he said as he turned over with his back to the fire. "A feller that won't stick by his friends is funny. No feller that holds the Priesthood in this Church kin do like Cal's doin' an not lose out."

Questions and Problems

1. What kind of companions did Cal have?
2. What kind of habits did Cal have?
3. Where did Cal get his habits?
4. Why should a boy or girl select his or her companions very carefully?
5. Why did Eddie say that Cal wasn't true to his friends?
6. What should a "Mormon" boy be like? Why?
7. Show that the Church and its people were good friends to Cal and to yourself.
8. What trail was Cal following?
9. Where does such a trail always lead?

CHAPTER 18

HOW JOHN AND EDDIE PAID TITHING

Again a year rolled round and fall approached. The days grew shorter. The stock had all been gathered from

the high plateaus and had been driven on to the winter range. A few of the best steers had been driven away into the north where they were sold in the settlements. Dan Green, with the assistance of John and a camp man, had taken the cattle north. The trip had taken almost a month.

When the cowboys returned they carried with them a wagon load of luxuries from the settlements to the little town alone in the southern deserts. The three men entertained the gatherings by the hour with news brought back from the northern settlements where much had changed since the little company had left Red Rock that sunny April morning.

The little town on the Silver river had thrived during the two years and a half it had been settled. While the farm plats of land were small, with the judicious use of water good crops had been grown. The country proved to be ideal for cattle and sheep. On that account, nearly every man had the beginnings of a herd or a flock. Father Collins and Bishop Stranger had been especially fortunate. Their herd of cattle had increased steadily and losses had been few.

Occasional visitors from Salt Lake City came to the little town, met and encouraged the people, and then rode back north, feeling that the southern empire was being properly established. These visitors, usually leading brethren in the Church, meant much to the people in their loneliness. Splendid dinners were prepared in their honor and people listened carefully to all they had to tell of the world outside.

Jacob Roundy and Long Jake Roundy had become freighters, and once each month they made a round trip to Salt Lake City and back, carrying out hides, tallow, and furs of various kinds, and such other things as these settlers had to sell and which could be freighted at a profit. On their return journey they hauled to the little settlement such things as cloth, sugar, white flour, salt and other goods that the settlers needed that could not be made in the humble homes of the people.

December was well advanced the third year of the settlement when John and Eddie Collins rode in from the winter

range. They had been out with Dan Green. For several days the cowboys had been riding among the cattle, for all were convinced that some well-known members of the herd were missing.

When the two young men reached home, they called Bishop Stranger and Father Collins together, and there they gave voice to their fears.

"We have about come to the conclusion that cattle rustlers are workin' on our herd," John began.

"What makes you think that?" Bishop Stranger asked, immediately concerned.

"Well, we've rode the range well. We've combed it, in fact, from Green river clean over the rim of the Basin," John continued. "We feel that we've seen every critter on the range, yet some of our stock that are well known to us are missin'."

"Yep," Eddie added, "that bald-faced steer that we fed here last winter is gone, and so is old Spot, and that brown cow that we bought this Spring. If they're gone, there are others gone, and probably lots of the calves."

"What does Dan say?" Father Collins asked.

"He says it's rustlers," John answered. "He says the critters have left the range, and that they wouldn't have done it if somebody hadn't drove 'em away."

"What's he going to do about it?" the Bishop asked.

"He says we got to keep quiet and watch," John replied, "and the thief will show himself sooner or later if he's livin' around here. If he ain't livin' here, some of the riders will find him or them sooner or later."

"Where could the cattle be?" the Bishop asked.

"They could be taken over the Green river or up in the Uintah country, anywhere to get 'em away from here," John answered.

"The pioneer surely has lots of trouble," Bishop Stranger said, in a weary tone. "He has the desert and the Indians and the drought to fight, and then after he's been fightin' till he's tired out, he has to turn in and fight some of his own

white brothers who have been driven bad by the hard country."

"Yes, but it's fight that makes 'em men," Father Collins replied. Memory of Lone Peak came into his mind. "A man has to train himself to be as steady as the mountains are. He has to learn to pull on the oars all the time."

"I guess you're right," the Bishop answered. "But I'm getting old and tired. I'd like to drift a while now, and here comes these rustlers to set us goin' again."

"Dan says there ain't any use of worryin'; that the losses thus far have been light after all," John said. "I think you kin trust Dan."

"We do trust him. There never was a more loyal man," the Bishop said. "If you know where Dan ought to be, you always know where to find him."

"Well, if that's settled," John said, "there's another subject I'd like to introduce."

"Go ahead," the Bishop answered.

"We've been workin' stidy all year," John went on. "I've earned three hundred dollars. I bought a saddle out of that as well as a pair of chaps and a few other things. For other things I've spent the rest until I've got about fifty dollars left. Now I want to know how much tithin' I owe."

The Bishop smiled as he looked into the eyes of the tall young man.

"You say," he answered. "the Lord says a man owes one-tenth of his net income."

"I know that," John replied ,"but what is 'net' income?" I've bought stuff—should it be counted or not?"

"You bought a saddle," the Bishop suggested, "and other things. Are they yours? Have they come to you this year?"

"Yes."

"Then they represent income," the Bishop answered. "Your food, your clothing, your outfit represents income."

"Then it's easy figgered," Eddie said grinning. "Jack, you owe about thirty dollars tithin'."

"It looks like it" John said, pretending to find it hard medicine. "If I hand over thirty dollars I'm goin' to be purty short for the holidays."

"O, you don't have to pay that much unless you wish to do so. Tithing is an absolutely free will offering—pay it or not as you see fit."

"I see fit to pay it," John replied. "I'm not a cheap Jake. I allus like to pay my way. If I owe thirty dollars, I pay that amount whether I have anything left or not."

He reached into his pocket and brought out three ten-dollar gold pieces.

"I had purty well settled on the amount before I come in," he said, as he passed the coins over to the Bishop.

"Good boy," Father Collins exclaimed as he stood up beside the son who had grown to be as tall as he. "That's money well spent. I always look upon a payment of tithin' as an investment in character. If your tithin' is a hundred per cent it's ten to one that your character is the same."

"Here's mine," Eddie put in. "I have earned two hundred and forty dollars; here's twenty-four for tithin'."

"Good boy, Eddie," the Bishop exclaimed. "I'm proud of our cowboys. Dan Green sent an order in by Brig for me to take out one-tenth of his year's pay."

"Boys," Father Collins said, feelingly, "you have given me joy today. I'd rather see my sons pay an honest tithin' than to find every critter that's been lost."

He put his arm tenderly around the shoulders of his two sons.

"Bishop, God has been good to me," he exclaimed, tears diming his eyes, so strong were his feelings.

"You have been good to God," Bishop Stranger replied calmly. John Collins, whenever God has called, you have answered, and now your boys are doing likewise. You have always been able to say to your boys, 'You do as I do.' And there's Mother Collins," the Bishop continued, "whose unquestioning faith had been a strength to this whole community."

The boys, taken by surprise, were dumb with embarrassment, yet, each felt a thrill of joy at the words.

"Father's been our model," John said awkwardly at last. "When a question of which was right come up we always ask, 'What would Father do, if he was here?' We've always tried to do just that."

"John Collins," the Bishop said feelingly, "that's the finest compliment a son can pay to his father. You are blessed indeed."

"We'll go now," John said, twirling his wide white hat nervously.

"Good," the Bishop answered, "come in whenever you can."

The two boys passed out into the winter sunlight. The two men watched the boys through the window as they mounted their horses and rode away.

"John Collins, thank God daily for those two chaps," the Bishop said.

"I do," Big John Collins responded, his voice full of emotion.

"A righteous son is more to be desired than great wealth." the Bishop added.

"Amen," Father Collins said fervently.

Questions and Problems

1. What is tithing?
2. How much money did John and Eddie earn, and how much tithing did each pay?
3. Why did they pay tithing?
4. How did Father Collins feel when his boys paid tithing?
5. How will your father feel when you do what you should do?
6. Which is worth more to a father or mother, money or a good daughter or a good son?
7. How can you mean more to your parents than wealth could mean?

CHAPTER 19

DAN AND JOHN UNDERTAKE A PERILOUS MISSION

Spring came back to the hills of southern Utah early the following year. The winter had been a good one for the cattle men. The herds came back to the spring and summer range in fairly good condition. The people were looking forward to a happy and prosperous Summer. It is true that many of them suffered hardships caused by lack of a variety of food or fine clothing, but all were healthy and comfortable.

Upon the heels of the Spring, however, a very disquieting rumor came into the little settlement: the Indians were growing restless. In fact, it was reported that the redmen were preparing to go upon the war path against their white brothers.

It seemed as if there was no definite complaint against the whites. The young braves were merely growing restless and had not been properly curbed by the older chiefs. It seemed, too, that the winter had been a hard one for the Indians. Starvation stalked outside their tepees for weeks. And to make matters worse, in the midst of their troubles, small-pox broke out among them, and they died off in great numbers. Somehow, the savages blamed the whites for the coming of the 'red death' as they called it.

Anyway, as soon as spring opened up, the Indians withdrew to the west in order to make preparation for war with the whites.

When this news was brought into the settlement, all was excitement. The people had been so much at peace that they were poorly prepared for war. The men organized, however, with captain and lieutenants and prepared as best they could for trouble. Guns and ammunition were gathered up and made ready against the coming of the enemy.

In the midst of these preparations, a messenger from

President Young arrived. He rode into town one evening at dusk, his horse smoking and tired.

Soon he was surrounded by anxious men, eager to learn the news. The messenger handed Bishop Stranger a letter.

"President Young sends this message to Bishop Stranger," the messenger said, and then turned and began uncinching his saddle in order to relieve his weary horse.

Bishop Stranger opened the letter and hastily read its contents.

"President Young says the Indians are preparing to raid the settlements," the Bishop said calmly, "and has asked me to get a message to Chief White Horse at once." The men fell silent.

"I suppose the best way to proceed would be to get a volunteer to take the message, and then furnish him with a strong armed guard," the Bishop continued. "The Indians are two or three days' journey from here. The President says the matter is urgent, that his message must reach Chief White Horse before the Indians actually begin their raid. Is there anyone here who will act as messenger?

The Bishop paused and surveyed the group of men.

"I'll go."

It was Dan Green who spoke. He and John Collins had ridden into town that very afternoon.

"I'll go with him," young John Collins said.

"Good," the Bishop replied. "How large a guard do you want?"

"I want no guard at all. I'll go alone or John can go with me," Dan Green replied.

"It's a dangerous mission," the Bishop answered.

"It will be, if we take an armed guard," Dan replied. "If we go alone, we may be able to deliver the message. We know Chief White Horse, and if we go in peace we may be able to do something with him."

"All right," the Bishop replied. "Your argument sounds reasonable. When will you leave?"

"Tonight," Dan answered. "We'll do most of our traveling by night."

"Good idea," the Salt Lake messenger said. "You don't want to be caught until you reach the chief or it may go hard with you. I am told the Indians are pretty nasty."

Dan and John began preparations for the journey immediately. They laid in a light supply of food, enough to last a week if the need demanded. This supply they carried in saddle bags on their saddles. After procuring two of the best horses in town, they set out upon their perilous mission.

Many were the misgivings regarding the outcome of the expedition. Some of the older men shook their heads.

"We're not likely to ever see them boys again," Jacob Roundy said as he watched the two young fellows go down the street. It's a fool of an errand. Why not wait fer the Injuns here?"

"Brigham said to git the message to 'em," Nick Bradford spoke up. "Somebody had to go."

"Brigham didn't understand," Jacob answered. "It's suicide to let them boys go like that."

There were many others who shared Roundy's opinion. All felt that it was foolhardy for the boys to go alone.

At the Collins home the parting was sorrowful, but the faith that had sustained the family through many trials was firm still.

"The Lord will be with you, my son," Mother Collins said, as she kissed John good-bye. "And with you, too, Dan Green," she said, turning to the young cowpuncher who stood by, hat in hand. "President Young has called for messengers; you boys have responded. Let nothing daunt you. The Lord softened the hearts of the enemies of Israel; He can do the same for you."

The little lady placed her hand on the shoulder of lank Dan Green, and before he knew, reached up and

kissed him on the lean, tanned cheek. Dan actually blushed through his tan.

"Thanks," he said in a low voice. It was the first motherly kiss the cowboy had received for years and years. Memories of his own mother, long since dead, swept over him, and the kiss awakened new emotions. Mother Collins had suddenly taken a new place in his lonesome heart. He had long looked upon her as a good friend, but now she had become a new mother to him.

"We'll do our best," he said humbly as he turned away,—"for your sake."

The boys crossed the river and set a course almost due west. They did not know for a certainty where to find the Indians, but they knew where the camp was located. Both were hardened men of the range, and therefore found little difficulty in riding most of the night without great fatigue. The horses they had selected proved to be splendid ones, consequently, the two made good time in spite of the darkness.

Soon after day break they reached a little stream with its sheltering willows and stream-side grass. Here they staked their horses and made camp. After a hearty breakfast, the young men found a spot that would be shady and rolled up in a blanket for a couple of hours' rest.

About nine o'clock Dan Green unrolled from his blanket and stretched himself.

"I think we'd better jog on a while," he said. "We've got to make time in this country where there ain't much danger of jumpin' up a stray buck Injun."

John arose and within ten minutes the two were jogging westward once more, over sagebrush-covered plain and low, flat mountains that stuck up above the plateau.

In the afternoon they once more paused beside a tiny spring in a wooded canyon. Here they allowed their horses to feed until dusk when they were saddled again, and the journey was resumed.

"We'll ride purty careful," Dan said. "We ought to

hit the camp tomorrow, and there may be Injuns scoutin' round a bit."

Through the dark hours the horses jogged tirelessly over the trails that ran this way and that through sage and pine.

The next morning they rode until the sun was several hours high. In front of them in the blue distance a hazy mountain humped up against the sky.

"The Injuns ought to be som'eres near the foot of that mountain," Dan said, squinting into the distance. "She's about twenty mile away. We'll camp here a while and then ride on. I've decided it'll be better to git to the camp in day light, after all. If we are caught here, the Injuns'll take us to camp anyway."

After two hours' rest, during which the horses were allowed to feed, the journey was once more begun. As the day advanced, the mountain grew in distinctness.

"They know we're comin'."

They were riding along in the afternoon, when suddenly John broke the silence.

"How do you know?" Dan asked.

"If you'll look close, you'll see a thin streak of smoke risin' from the knoll a little to the left and in front of us, and then way over against the pine mountain, you'll see another streak. Unless I'm badly mistaken, them are signal fires."

"I guess you're right," Dan agreed after he had carefully scanned the region to which John pointed. "Then there's nothin' to do but to keep a ridin'."

It was late in the afternoon when the two friends rode around a clump of pines and came squarely upon a large Indian encampment. Dan hesitated not, but rode straight into the center of the camp and calmly dismounted as if he were in the city of his friends. Indian braves were standing, sitting, or lying about in every direction. John followed the example of his friend.

Dan walked up to the entrance of a big tepee which he rightly guessed belonged to Chief White Horse. Some braves were lounging in front of the tent of skins.

"I have a message for Chief White Horse from Big White Chief, Brigham Young," Dan said in broken Indian. "Tell him I am here."

A brave returned shaking his head indicating that the chief would not receive his visitor. Dan, wise in the ways of Indians, did not attempt to crowd the matter farther at that time. He and John lounged with the savages.

Upon looking back at their horses, however, the two messengers found a group of Indians gathered round their steeds and dividing among themselves the food they had reserved for the homeward journey, as well as their blankets. The boys knew it would be useless to offer physical resistance, but Dan decided to appeal to the Chief once more. He told the brave to tell Chief White Horse that his braves were taking the food needed for the return journey.

This time when the brave returned, he stepped in front of Dan.

"Chief White Horse say, 'White Horse big Chief; Brigham Young little Chief.' He say 'Messengers will need no food for journey; not goin' back.' "

The Indian delivered his message and then deliberately turned his back upon the white men.

"What'd he say?" John asked, in a low voice.

"He says we won't need food for the journey; that we're not goin' back," Dan answered grimly.

"I wonder what they intend to do?" John asked.

"Search me," Dan answered; "have a little party in which we'll be the big show, I guess. But before the big show begins," Dan declared grimly, "I'm goin' to deliver President Young's message if I have to break into the chief's tent. That's what we came over here for and that's what we're goin' to do."

"Looks bad," John said. "We got to make him listen."

"We won't crowd things," Dan replied. "These Injuns take their time and I reckon we kin. We'll git some sleep today so we'll be ready for business tonight if we're still alive. You know I lay lots of faith by what that little mother o' yourn said."

"So do I," John answered. "It looks tough now, but things 'll open up I hope. Anyway, we're where we should be and father says no matter what happens, if you're where you ought to be, you're all right. He says livin' and dyin's all the same if you're right inside. I'm right inside, Dan, and these Injuns kin tear up Jack if they want to. Their medicine may be bitter, but I'll take it grinnin' if I kin."

"Good boy, John," Dan replied. "Shake on that. You're a pal a feller kin tie to. We'll do our best and let it go at that."

The young messengers gripped each other by the hand and then in the shade of the chief's teepee, in spite of peril, took turns sleeping and watching through the day.

Questions and Problems

1. Why was President Young anxious for messengers to reach the Indians quickly?
2. Why were Dan and John willing to go on the journey to the Indians?
3. Why did John feel at peace in the face of this great danger?
4. How does one feel when he's in a place where he shouldn't be?
5. Can you make a rule from this lesson that would be a good one to follow all through life? What would it be?
6. Can you draw an Indian Teepee on the board?

CHAPTER 20

HOW THE MESSENGERS DELIVERED THEIR MESSAGE TO THE INDIANS

The Indians seemed to pay little attention to the two white men in their midst. All afternoon the two boys

dozed in the shadow of the teepee. They saw braves come and go, but no one had a word for them.

During the day, some time, their saddles and bridles had been taken from their horses and the beasts had been led away. The messengers made no attempt to protest, knowing that it would be useless and might cause an immediate action in their case. Both lads were anxious to see the chief before any activity of any kind should occur.

Towards evening the boys strolled around the encampment at little, but were very careful not to create a disturance or to interfere with whatever activities were in progress. Each young man had uttered silent prayers for the success of their mission as well as for their own deliverance, for they realized how serious an Indian outbreak would be to the little settlements of Saints in the southern end of the state. Each had thought over the danger of his situation and each had planned out a possible mode of action, should the Indians begin to attempt to torture them. Neither, however, had thought at all of leaving before President Young's message was delivered.

Soon after sundown the Indians began to gather to the open space near the chief's tent. Here a council fire was built and the braves sat round it conversing in coarse, throaty tones that prevented even Dan from making anything out of their conversation. Some food was brought out. Of this the two messengers partook very sparingly.

As the night advanced, the braves began one by one to roll up in their blankets near the blaze. At last Chief White Horse joined the group around the fire. Both white men recognized the short, powerful figure, the broad flat face of the Indian who had received their gifts when the settlers had first moved to Silver river, and who had visited the settlements a few times since.

The chief, however, paid no attention to the messengers. Seating himself near the fire, he said a few words in a deep Indian voice and then, without further activity, gathered his blankets around him and lay down.

Dan and John, now left almost alone at the fire, decided to do as the savages had done. The Indians were

lying with their feet to the blaze around the fire in a circle, their heads pointing away from the blaze. Dan crawled over to a vacant place by Chief White Horse and lay down beside him. John lay next to Dan.

The chief seemed to pay no attention to the actions of the young white men. His eyes seemed closed and he had every appearance of being asleep.

Silence fell upon the camp. Occasional snores of some heavy sleeper were the only sounds to break the stillness. Dan and John, range riders inured to hardship and danger as they were, could not sleep. The situation was too strange and thoughts of what the morrow might bring were too keen. Hour after hour they lay looking up at the brilliant stars and wondering if a Divine power was mindful of them.

Along towards the middle of the night, Dan, having dozed briefly, awoke to find that the fire had died down and the night had become cold. He arose and began piling wood on the glowing coals. As he was working, Chief White Horse rose on his elbow and watched the young white man. When Dan observed the black eyes of the chief upon him, he stopped his work.

"Chief White Horse," he said, "I brought a message to you from the White Chief Brigham Young, and I'm goin' to deliver it. This is it. Big Chief Brigham Young sends greeting to his friend, White Horse and says: 'My men have told me that the braves of Chief White Horse want to go on the war path and kill their white brothers; they want to rob and steal. It isn't good for them to do that, for the white men are brothers to the red men and have given them gifts of many things.'"

White Horse made no movement, so Dan continued.

"Chief Brigham Young says: 'Chief White Horse must not allow his young men to go on war path; he must give his young men better counsel; that if White Horse does give his young men better counsel Chief Brigham Young will give Chief White Horse and his braves wagons and saddles and knives and horses and cattle and beads and blankets.

Chief Brigham Young will give his red brothers twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods that will make the hearts of his red brothers glad."

Still the chief made no reply. His black eyes seemed glued upon the awakening flame in the little fire. Dan continued louder and more earnestly.

" 'Tell Chief White Horse,' Chief Brigham Young say, 'that if he does allow his young men to put on war paint and to kill his white brothers and to steal their cattle, that Brigham Young will bring an army of white men as thick as the willows on the creek bank or the pines on the mountains, and will follow Chief White Horse and his braves and will kill them until every teepee will have cause to mourn.' "

At last the chief spoke.

"White Horse Big Chief," he said holding up his front finger; "Brigham Young little Chief." He held up his small finger.

"Listen further," Dan continued, "Chief White Horse, I have delivered my big chief's message. Now you said I am not going back to my people. Then in years to come," Dan's voice was sharp with sarcasm, "the young men of your tribe will say: 'White Horse big Chief. He killed his friends. Brigham Young, the big White Chief, friend and brother of White Horse, sent his young men to tell White Horse of presents he would give—of wagons, of cattle, of saddles, of blankets, of beads, and many things that makes the heart of an Indian glad, but White Horse, the Big Chief, he refused the gifts, he killed the messengers of his friends. And now the soldiers kill us; we are followed from place to place; we starve, all because Chief White Horse refused the gifts and killed the messengers of his friend.' Then the young men will say, 'White Horse, heap big Chief.' "

When Dan finished, a feeling of peace came over him. He had delivered his message. Now all was in the hands of the chief, who had once more lain down in his blankets.

Dan resumed his hard bed between John and the chief, and, as if relieved from some great strain, both young men

fell asleep and awoke no more until sunlight touched their eyelids.

When they arose, the camp was alive with activity. As they stood watching the scene, hardly knowing what to do, Chief White Horse suddenly appeared from his teepee.

"Brigham Young Big Chief, White Horse Big Chief," he said holding up two fingers. "White Horse friend to Brigham Young. Brigham Young never talks two ways."

"Good," Dan replied.

"Messengers go back to-day. Horses, saddles, food ready."

White Horse pointed to where two Indian boys were coming with the horses of the messengers. The saddles were in place and bulging saddle bags indicated that food for the journey had been provided.

"We'll give Chief Brigham Young, Chief White Horse's messages of friendship," Dan replied, much relieved by the changed attitude of the chief. "Brigham Young will not forget. He will make the heart of White Horse glad by the gifts he will send."

"White Horse will wait one moon," the Indian answered.

"Good," Dan answered. "We'll also send gifts. Bishop Stranger says, 'Tell White Horse we have kept our promise, and give him this.' "

Dan drew from his hip pocket a large red silk handkerchief and handed it to the chief who accepted it quietly, but the messengers could tell by the way he passed it lovingly through his hands that it was very acceptable.

By this time the horses were waiting beside them. The young cowboys swung into the saddles and rode out of the encampment. They could tell by the dark frowns on the faces of the braves that the change in the chief had not been a welcome one. For this reason the young men, fearing that some of the braves might have taken too much of a liking to their horses or outfits, turned and asked Chief White Horse for a guide. The chief willingly

granted one. A young man was called out and within a few minutes was mounted. The three rode together out of the camp and began their long journey home.

As soon as the young men were well away from camp Dan explained that the guide would lead. In this way, the Indian in front and the two white men behind, mile after mile was traveled.

On the evening of the second day the trio entered the little village that was awaiting anxiously the return of the messengers or some sign that they would never return. The people during that week of dread, however, had not been idle. They had built barricades and were prepared for attack or seige.

The messengers were greeted with joy everywhere. In fact, when the report of their success was made, a general holiday was declared. That night the fiddles rang and the joyful people danced until morning.

Dan and John had suddenly become heroes in the eyes of a grateful people.

"There was nothin' to it," Dan said bashfully when a young lady praised his adventure. "All we done was ride over to the Injun camp and deliver President Young's message. It was him that done it. 'Brigham Young never talks two ways,' old White Horse said. That's what done it. They knowed that Brigham Young would do what he agreed to do. It's worth something to have a name like that, even among savages."

The next morning the Indian guide was sent on his way back to the Indian camp loaded down with gifts the settlers sent back with him.

Once again President Young's policy with the Indians had succeeded. The peace established on this occasion between the whites and the followers of Chief White Horse was never broken.

Questions and Problems

1. Had you been in the place of Dan and John to whom would you have gone for help?

2. Why did the messengers feel at peace after Dan had delivered the message of Big White Chief Brigham Young?

3. Why did they sleep after that?

4. How did the good name of Brigham Young help in saving the people from Indian attacks?

5. Can you give some reasons why a good name is worth more than money?

6. We all have good names at first; how can we keep them good?

CHAPTER 21

HOW JOHN COLLINS BEGAN HIS COURTSHIP

On the Fourth of July of the year of the peace with the Indians, the little town on the Silver river decided to have a genuine American celebration. They decided to invite White Horse and his band over to a real old-fashioned barbecue. This, the leading citizens thought, would furnish everybody with a good time, and would help to cement the friendship with the Indians. Accordingly word was sent out with every rider who left the town and with Long Jake Roundy along the freight road.

Several days before the fourth, a large group of Indians pulled down on the river and camped to await the coming of the big day. Many of the squaws in bright shawls and blankets furnished them by the territory in accordance with the agreement made with Chief White Horse, went into the little town to trade their buckskin moccasins and gloves for groceries such as coffee, sugar, and other goods dear to the savage heart.

Cowboys from all the ranches within a hundred and fifty miles rode into the little border town to celebrate the nation's birthday. Some of them, it is sorrowful to record, brought with them large black bottles procured from Tradin' Joe, and other bad characters like him who always live on the frontiers to take advantage of the labor of the carefree and liberal men who ride the ranges and spend much of their lives in the open.

The morning of the Fourth found the little town astir early. Its one street had been decorated with every flag and every inch of bunting in the place, and in many of the windows of the homes there were touches of color that indicated that the hearts of the people were in tune with the spirit of the day. A large bowery had been constructed at the end of the meeting house in order that the program might be given on the outside, where the perpetual wind that rambled over the sagebrush hills would make the people a little more comfortable. Old fashioned holly hocks which had been grown by many of the people were used in decorating the meeting place.

The day went by merrily. The Indians in utter silence stood by watching the holiday actions of their white brothers. They were interested, no doubt, but their wooden faces made no sign. They joined heartily in the meal when the barbecued meat was served, and took part in some of the horse races, but through it all they preserved the unbroken silence of the desert or the open spaces.

The young men and young women had their hearts set upon the dance that was to close the day's festivities.

Among the men who had gathered in for the day were Dan Green, rapidly, in the eyes of the maids and matrons, becoming an old bachelor in spite of the many inviting eyes that were frequently cast in his direction; John Collins, now man grown, tall and lank, and by some called handsome; his brother Eddie, who, though slighter of build was more handsome; Cal Staley, who had ridden in with two companions from nobody-knew-where, rather under medium size, lively and captivating with his reckless talk and catching laughter; Long Jake Roundy, tall and lank and red, possessing dry humor that was delightful, but too indolent to take a very active part in anything. Besides these young beaux there were a number of strangers who had merely ridden in for the day and who would ride out again after the dance, never to return perhaps.

During the afternoon, while the races were in prog-

ress, John Collins was sitting on his horse idly watching events. He was interested in a passive sort of way, but was not active either in the discussion or the matches. As he sat watching an Indian preparing for a race, Dan Green drew up beside him.

"Well, Jack, how goes the day?" Dan asked lightly as he slapped his young friend on his shoulder.

"Not so bad," John replied. "These races, though, don't interest me much."

"Me either," Dan replied. "Not enough competition. This hoss of mine could outrun most of them."

"Do you think he can outrun mine?" a soft voice asked, coyly.

Nell Layton, mounted on a trim brown mare, was looking up into the cowboy's face, her white teeth showing in a bewitching smile.

"He kin try," Dan answered readily enough. "Which way do you wish to ride?"

"Over the river," Nell answered.

"Who can race with me?" John asked jokingly. "You surely wouldn't leave me here alone."

"I think my horse can beat that big gray of yours."

John turned and found himself looking into the hazel eyes of Dean Emmett.

"Let's go," Dan sang out.

The young people put their horses into a gallop as they left the crowd, most of whom were so interested in the races that they failed to notice the departure. Eddie Collins, however, just at that moment rode up. He had been down by the starting line.

"Oh, ho," he cried. "So that's the way the wind blows, eh? All right, Johnnie boy," he continued, "you may have my consent."

John was happy when his horse finally dropped into a walk beside that of Dean Emmett. For a number of years he had known her and had been charmed by her sparkling eyes and the bewitching dimple that played roguishly in her left cheek when she smiled. But above all, plain, honest, straight-forward John liked her lively

conversation and her charming frankness and honesty.

Dan and Nell were riding in head a few hundred yards. To John it seemed that he and this charming girl were alone in the big golden west.

John had not associated much with girls or women except his mother and his two younger sisters, therefore, this ride alone with this girl was an experience that set his heart beating. He had danced with her many times, had been with her in the same Sunday school class, but he had never been alone like this with her. His sensations were delicious.

As they rode down towards the lazy river, Dean looked up into his eyes.

"This is lovely, isn't it?"

John, somehow in his excitement, touched his fiery horse with his spurs. The horse jumped forward, but was soon checked in by the cowboy.

"Don't you think this wonderful to ride off away from the heat and the dust right into the sunset?" she continued.

"I love the open," John answered as he gazed off to where the western hills rolled up against the brilliant western sky.

"The smell of the sage, the sweep of the winds, and even the dust, are dear to me."

To John, his well loved hills had never looked so beautiful.

"I love this country, too," Dean replied. "Some say it's big and dry and lonesome, but to me it's—well, it's just home, that's all."

"I love it 'cause it's big," John cried, unconsciously swelling out his chest. "There's room to turn 'round in here. I love the mountains and their mists."

"The celebration got tiresome," Dean said as she drew the strings of her man's saddle thoughtfully through her fingers. "So many of the men seemed a little bit joyful. I fancy they had had something to drink."

"They might have had," John answered without giving any information.

"I believe Cal Staley had been drinking," Dean continued. "His face seemed flushed and his eyes seemed watery. Cal has changed a lot lately.

John said nothing. Cal Staley had been and was his friend; therefore he did not care to say anything that would detract in any way from his good standing.

"Cal used to be a wonderful kid," Dean went on, "but he's certainly changed somehow. I don't like him to come near me any more, and I can't bear to have him touch me."

"Cal was a good boy and is yet," John answered, defending his friend, "but he's got some bad friends and some bad habits lately. Dan and Nell have stopped," John continued, changing the subject. "Dean," he added bashfully, "before they come back or before we catch up with them, I want to ask you something."

"I'm listening," Dean replied, her keen ear catching a note in John's voice that had not been there before.

"Will you be my partner to the dance tonight?" John asked as if he were half afraid to voice the question.

"Yes, John, I'll be glad to go with you."

John's heart jumped at the low reply.

"Let's see who kin outrun to where they are," he challenged. "What do you say?"

For answer Dean struck her pony with her whip and they were off in a mad race, their horses' hoofs throwing up clouds of white dust behind them.

The dance that night was a dream to the young cowboy. For the first time in his young life he felt the responsibility of having 'a girl.' For that reason it was with a sense of partial ownership that he hovered around the little hazel-eyed lass in lavender. He not only danced with her several times, an unheard of thing for him to do, but he did his best to steer his friends in her direction that she might have plenty of partners.

"Old John's sure got a case on Dean," Long Jake Roundy drawled to a group of boys as John and 'his girl' passed them on their way home. "And if she's got any

sense she'll git a case on him and hold him," he added. "They don't make guys better'n John.'

"Oh, come off the perch," Cal Staley said loudly. "He's too pious and good. These little angels don't go none with me at all."

Long Jake Roundy looked at Cal quietly for a moment, then he said slowly, "I feel sorry for you, kid, and some sorry fer myself. You and me has been goin' one road and John Collins another ever since we parted and we went to swim that first Sunday. John stuck to it right, and today men and women and even girls will swear by him. And here I am, a freighter, doin' not much good to nobody. I'm no good to the Church and not much good to the town. And, Cal, I kin see you're gittin' no better. What do you say if we strike the other trail awhile?"

"That's some blowoff fer you, Long Jake," Cal replied, laughing loudly. "My trail suits me. Adios, senor," he cried as he swung into his saddle and dashed away after his two companions who had mounted and ridden down the road.

"I'm afraid fer Cal," Long Jake said looking after the boy. "He's plumb reckless."

That night when John Collins got in bed with Eddie, who had been dozing for a good full hour, Eddie said sleepily:

"Well, John, did she say 'yes' a ready?"

"No," John replied, "but if I have my way some day she will."

"I'll ride clean to Salt Lake fer the flowers," Eddie added, chuckling sleepily.

"I'll hold you to that, old timer. You watch my smoke," John replied as he gave himself up to dreams.

Questions and Problems

1. Do you love your home country as John did his? Why?

2. What are some of the things you love about your country?

3. Why were the Pioneers celebrating the Fourth of July?

4. What indications are there that Cal was traveling the wrong road?

5. John was about twenty and Dean was about the same age when they began their courtship. Although the children of this grade are young it might not be out of place, if conditions are right, to discuss courtship a little. Our young people pair off at far too young an age, perhaps.

CHAPTER 22

HOW JOHN DEFENDED THE CHURCH AND THE SAINTS

The summer went by like a dream to John. A new glory had come to his beloved southland. The endless sage seemed more purple in the sunlight; the pink cliffs more rosy; the pines a little bluer; and his desert mists more tender.

John was in love. As he rode his horse over the vast ranges of the cattle country, he dreamed of hazel eyes and bewitching dimple. Somehow the thought of the little girl who had ridden with him into the sunset added a charm to his boundless open spaces.

John, like the pioneer that he was, looked upon a woman as a finer creature than a man. All that was coarse and vulgar he avoided with increasing care. Never had he given himself up to the coarseness of the camps as some of his acquaintances had done, now he was even more careful. John, however, avoided nothing connected with his work. He was a man of the west above all, clean, calm, resourceful, willing, capable of meeting any emergency. Tobacco and liquor of any kind he did not use.

The words of Dean Emmett concerning Cal had sunk

deep into John's mind. "I can't bear to have him touch me," she had said with a shudder, as if the thought made her feel unclean.

"God, help me to keep clean," John had prayed over and over again whenever his thoughts turned to the little girl who, to John, was as sweet and pure as a summer morning.

A day in August found John, Eddie, and Dan Green once more together. This time they were riding south towards the Colorado where they were going to take charge of some cattle that had been bought and were in the vicinity of what is now Lee's Ferry.

They arrived at the cow camp late in the afternoon. Here they found the cattle awaiting them. Two or three Mexicans and a white man named Hank Briggs had charge of the outfit.

"I'm glad yo' gents has come," the white man said, when he had been informed that they had come for the cattle. "It's plumb tough to try to hold these long-horns here. They say rustlers is thick in these parts so we've had to ride herd all the time until these critters could be counted over to you."

"Rustlers, huh," Dan Green replied. "When do you want to count 'em over?"

"The sooner the better fer me," Hank Briggs replied. "I want to hit the back trail pronto" (right away).

"All right, we're ready," Dan Green replied. "Round up the stock and we'll look 'em over and count 'em and you kin beat it. We was told, though, that we could use your camp and your cook until ourn arrived."

"O. K." Hank replied. "Mex'll take care of you. He's a real cook, too."

The work began and though the day was hot and the cattle sulky, the dusty job of counting was accomplished within three hours.

"They're all here," Dan said as he checked over some figures he had made with a stubby pencil on an envelope.

"Every one," Hank replied. "Had a hard time keepin' 'em, though. Too many 'Mormons' in this kentry.'

"What do you mean by 'Mormons'"? John asked. "What have you got against them?"

"A man's life ain't safe where they be," Hank replied as he squinted up at the sun. "They rustle cattle, too, to beat old Satan."

"I think you're mistaken," John answered. "'Mormons' don't do them things."

"Be you tryin' to call me a liar?" Hank flared up as he faced John, a threat in his looks and actions.

"No," John answered as calmly as his father might have done, although he resented the fellow's attitude. "I just said you are mistaken; you've been strung by somebody."

Hank was enraged at this.

"Strung," he shouted, "Me strung? I'll show you who's strung, young feller. You kain't come around yere tellin' Hank Briggs he's a liar and a fool."

John flushed a bit at this, although he was doing his best to hold his temper.

"I tell you——" John began, attempting to explain.

"Not another word!" Hank shouted. "'Mormons' is a——" He ran on in language too vile to quote. "An' I kin whip any man that says they ain't," he concluded with an oath.

"I say they ain't!" John replied, boiling with wrath and indignation. "I'm here; let's see you carry out your threat."

At the challenge, the angry Hank struck out with all the force of his long, lean arm. John, totally unprepared for the sudden outbreak of hostilities, received the blow on the cheek bone and went down like a felled tree. Hank leaped forward, but before he could reach the fallen man, John was up again and this time prepared. His sinewy body was crouched and was as tense as a cougar's, ready to spring. Blood was trickling down his cheek from a cut made by Hanks' hard fist.

Dan and Eddie stood watchfully by, neither offering to interfere in any way. The pioneer fought his own battles and allowed others to do the same.

John's gray eyes, points of tempered steel, looked into the fiery ones of Hank. His lithe young body, hardened by exercise and strengthened by clean living, was under perfect control. Hank, wild with rage and encouraged by the effect of his first blow, again swung his powerful fists like sledge hammers. This time John, prepared and waiting, dodged the blow. So great was the force used in launching the blow, Hank stumbled forward. As John side-stepped, he swung his powerful, young, left hand with all his might. It landed squarely on Hank's chin. Hank crumpled and plunged forward on his face, totally unconscious.

One of the Mexicans who had been eagerly watching the fray, reached for his knife.

"Not so fast!" Dan Green's voice sounded like the swishing of sharp steel.

The Mexican, startled, turned and met Dan's dark eyes. His hand dropped to his side and he walked away.

John stooped over his fallen adversary. Hank groaned, opened his eyes and sat up rubbing his chin.

"That was a daisy," he said, thoughtfully. "Did a mule kick me, er what did happen?"

His face was twisted in a wry grin as he arose working his jaw to see if it was broken.

"Young feller, you win," he said. "The next one'd kill me. 'Mormons' ain't nuthin' to me nohow, I never even seen one."

"You have now," John answered, "I'm one."

"Roarin' blazes," the cowman cried. "You air? Then I wuz callin' you them names. No wonder you hit like a pile driver."

"You was callin' my people them names," John answered. "I fought for them."

"Young feller, shake," Hank cried extending his hand. "The next time some of them Arizona guys begins tellin' me about 'Mormons,' I'll tell 'em to say it to their faces. O, mumee, wouldn't I like to be there when they do, if 'Mormons' is all like you."

Hank took hold of his chin with his hand and worked it humorously.

"It ain't plumb off," he said grinning. "You and me's good friends from now on."

"I got the worst of it," John laughed, pointing to his eye.

"Young feller, you're a good sport," Hank said appreciatively. "I want you to tell your friends that there's one guy in Arizone that's goin' to be good to 'Mormons' from now on."

"I guess we'll camp right here tonight," Dan said, when he saw that the trouble was all over, "if its all right. We're expectin' another hand to meet us here."

"Shore," Hank conceded. "Stay as long as you like now you've got the cattle. This is a good place right here; the stock don't need much watchin'." He evidently had forgotten the words he had said of the country a few moments earlier.

That night after supper had been eaten, Dan and the two Collins boys were seated by the fire when the dogs announced the arrival of a visitor. It was Dave Litz who had ridden over from the little town on the Silver river.

He was welcomed heartily by the boys, who had not heard from home for several weeks.

"How goes it over on the Silver?" John asked after the greetings were over and Dave was busy on a belated supper.

"Fine," Dave answered, his mouth full of veal. "Oh, I forgot. Here's some letters for you guys."

He reached in his pocket and drew out several letters which he handed to John. John took them, looked through them and handed one to Dan and one to Eddie. Two he kept himself.

"Mamma!" John exclaimed after he had glanced through one of his letters.

"What'd you git?" Dan asked.

"Is your girl dead?" Dave inquired soberly.

"Or had she run away with an Injun?" Eddie asked with pretended concern.

"This has nothin' to do with any girl, believe me. It matters only to me."

"What is it?" Dan asked, now really interested.

"It's a letter from President Young," John replied.

"When did you and him get on such friendly terms?" Dan inquired, still interested.

"It's a call to go on a mission," John answered.

"You don't say!" Eddie cried, as he leaned over and glanced 'at' the letterhead. "It is, by jiminy!" he exclaimed as he settled back in his place.

"Are you goin'?" Dan asked.

"Sure, if I kin raise the money." Then thinking of the fight he had just had and the eye that was now black and swollen, he burst out laughing. "I'm a purty lookin' defender of the truth," he exclaimed.

"You'll look purty in Noo York with that shanty on your eye," Eddie giggled as he gazed at John's face.

"That's all right," Dan said soberly. "John's already defendin' the Church and the Saints."

"Defender of the Church and the Saints," Eddie repeated with merriment. "That's good, that's awful good."

"Good or not, black eye or not, when the time comes I'll be there. The president has called me and father and mother, according to their letter, want me to go, so when fall comes I'll be off."

"You're right, John," Dan said slowly. "The call of the Church is allus up. It allus calls men to higher ranges where services can be broader."

"I couldn't refuse," John replied. "Father never refused a call of this Church in his life. Of that he's prouder'n anything. I mean to be able to say the same thing."

John went to bed with his decision made, and never did he sleep more peacefully.

Questions and Problems

1. How did John defend the Saints?

2. Should he have fought Hank? Is a boy ever justified in fighting?

3. Have you ever had the opportunity to defend the Church or the Saints from those who talked about them?

4. Do you talk for or against the authorities of the Church?

5. Why did John decide to go on a mission?

6. Do you want to fill a misson?

7. Ask your brother, sister, father, or friend to tell you what they said when they received their call.

CHAPTER 23

HOW EDDIE PROTECTED AN ENEMY

The following day Dan Green and his cowboys started their new herd of cattle on their way towards their own range. The entire herd of the man from whom they bought the stock had been purchased, and along with the herd they had bought the brand. That made further branding of the cattle unnecessary. The brand was a shield, having in its center two round dots.

The herd moved slowly yet easily northward, the cowboys allowed them to feed along the way, for some of the best steers were to be sold that same fall.

One day when Eddie rode into camp for dinner, he reported that he had seen some suspicious looking brands.

"I run on to the stock over in a wash about three miles east of here," he said. "One was mired down and when I got off to give it a lift, I found that it had just been branded. The feller who done the job had bungled some, and I could see mixed in with the new brand an old one. I then rode around all the critters and discovered that every one had been newly branded and that on several of 'em I could see signs of old brands."

"Rustlers," Dan commented. "Regular stockmen don't do that way."

"That's what I figgered," Eddie replied. "We're gettin' up into our own range now. Let's keep our eyes peeled for our own stuff. Our T. C. brand kin easy be worked over into the Lazy H. C. (I. C.) of thern, and even our ear marks kin be changed into theirn, I've discovered."

For the next week all hands kept their "eyes peeled," as Dan put it, for any suspicious brands. At last one day as Dan was riding along a nut-pine ridge, he jumped up a two-year-old heifer on whose left side the suspicious lazy H. C. (I. C.) brand could be plainly seen. The heifer was black, with white face, three white feet, and a silver tip on the end of her tail.

"That's where you fellers fell down," Dan said, as if the rustlers were present. "You grabbed a marker that time. W'y, I know that heifer as well as I know Pompie here."

He rode around the bushes. There he found several other critters, all bearing the same questionable brand.

"There's no doubt about the rustlers now," he reported to the boys' when he rode into camp. "I have the goods at last. We'll jest send over home and git a deputy sheriff and we'll go on a hunt fer these fellers. I'll bet they'd a had these critters out of the way long before round-up time. We fooled 'em this shot. They've been slick, but we'll fix 'em now."

The next morning Eddie was selected to be the messenger, and set out upon his sixty-mile journey across the nut-pine hills.

He had covered more than half the distance when, as he rode down into a little canyon, in the bottom of which brush and trees mingled, he saw smoke rising above the foliage.

"Must be Injuns," Eddie said to himself. "It's too early for the roundup. No white men are in these hills now."

Prompted by curiosity, he guided his horse down the slope and made for the bushes. He found an opening

and peered through. Immediately he was all excitement, A suspicious sight met his eyes.

A tiny fire burned in a little clearing, and bending over it was a man with a long iron rod like an end-gate rod from a wagon. The end of the rod was curved slightly. Near by were two other men, they were on horses, their lariats fastened to a steer lying stretched out on the ground.

As Eddie watched, the man at the fire, rod in hand, went to the stretched out critter, and ran the red-hot, crooked end over its side. Smoke rose from the burning hair as from a tiny volcano, and the tortured animal bellowed with distress. When the operation had been completed, the ropes were loosened and the beast was allowed to get upon its feet. As it did so, its side was towards Eddie, who could make out the brand. It was a Lazy H. C.

Eddie turned his horse and was making off carefully around the brush. He had no desire to let the rustlers know that he had been watching them. He knew that in order to protect themselves they might put him to death. He had passed along the bushes, riding carefully until he had come even with the rustlers. He probably would have escaped unnoticed had not one of the rustler's horses whinnied just as he was even with the fire. Eddie's horse instantly responded. Although the cowboy jerked him quickly in order to shut off the sound, it was too late. The thieves had learned of his presence.

Eddie, thinking to escape, drove his spurs into his horse; but even as he did so, he heard the report of a rifle, and felt the zip of a bullet almost at the same time. In the fraction of a second, during which he could see through the bushes and along the barrel of the threatening gun, he recognized the face. It was Cal Staley.

Eddie's left arm dropped at his side. His shoulder was rendered numb and useless by the ball that seemingly had passed clear through. The boy made no halt, however, but drove his spurs again into the sides of his steed and dashed at break-neck speed down the canyon.

Cal Staley, white of face, turned to his excited companions, as he set the gun against a tree.

"I'm glad I didn't get him," he faltered. "After I shot I saw it was Eddie Collins, one of the best friends I ever had."

"We're sure in a fix now," one of the others replied "Chances are he saw the whole show."

"We must foller that feller and croke him," the other replied.

"No," Cal respondtd, "You can't do that."

"Then we must drive the cattle out of here. Maybe he didn't see the brand," the other, seemingly the elder, replied. "We'll push these cattle over the ridge to the east and then we'll go down to Tradin' Joe's."

It was nearly morning when Eddie, faint from loss of blood, and half crazed with pain, dropped rather than dismounted from his horse, in front of his father's home. He weakly shouted as he struck the ground, and then lapsed into unconsciousness.

Father Collins, ever a light sleeper, heard the call and went to the door to investigate. He saw the horse at the gate, and walking out, found a form half lying, half leaning against the gate post. He stopped and looked into the white face.

"It's Eddie," he cried. "What's the matter, boy? But the pale lips did not move.

John Collins stooped and picked his son up in his arms and carried him into the house, where Mother Collins had already lighted a lamp.

"It's Eddie," John Collins said huskily. "He's hurt."

Mother Collins was always calm in trouble

"Lay him here, John," she said, pointing to a lounge beside the window.

The limp form stretched upon the bed did not move. When Father Collins removed his hand from the boy's shoulder he found it red with blood.

"He's wounded! Bring the light!"

Tenderly but with haste he removed the shirt, revealing a crude bandage that the boy himself had used in a vain effort to stop the blood.

"He's been shot," Father Collins said. "Thank God it's too high to be fatal, unless he has lost too much blood."

"Let me come, John," Mother Collins said calmly.

She took her place beside the lad, and with hands as tender as those of an angel removed the bandage. Father Collins brought cold water and together they staunched the blood and bound up the jagged wound. Fortunately Eddie had been stooping over when the bullet struck. The bullet had plowed its way under the shoulder blade.

"I wonder what has happened," Father Collins mused, the sweat rolling in great drops from his forehead, as he bathed the white brow of his son.

"We'll soon find out, I hope," Mother Collins answered. "I think he's coming round."

She was right. Within a few minutes Eddie opened his eyes and looked up into Big John Collins' face. A look of joy and peace spread over his features.

"Father," he said softly but in tones that expressed his great relief and which set the heart strings of his father vibrating. Then, smiling peacefully, the boy fell asleep.

It was nearly noon the next day before Eddie awoke. The fatigue of the long ride and the pain of his wound that throbbed with fresh intensity at every step of his horse, had so worn him out that his sleep was one of complete exhaustion.

When he did awake he was instantly aware of everything that had happened to him on his long ride.

"Father," he cried as soon as he was fully awake.

Big John Collins had been anxiously waiting all morning for the call, for he was worried by the long sleep. When he heard the welcome voice he lost no time in getting to the bedside.

"Father," Eddie said in a rather weak and shaky voice, "I was sent over to try and git the deputy sheriff

and a posse to go after the cattle rustlers. They're gittin' worse and worse, and Dan says he's got the goods on 'em now, so if they're caught they kin be handled."

"Who shot you, my son?" Father Collins questioned, seeming to pay little attention to Eddie's words.

Eddie flushed a little, notwithstanding his pain.

"I got shot comin' over," he answered hesitatingly. "That don't matter, father; let's git the deputy on the road. I believe he kin pick 'em up within two days if he'll start now."

"Who shot you, Eddie?" Big John asked again.

"Father, I'd ruther not tell," Eddie answered slowly. "I don't want to do nobody any harm. I'll tell you some day, but not now."

Father Collins shook his head understandingly.

"He don't deserve it, Eddie," he said at last. "A feller that'd shoot at any of his fellow men, except in self defense, deserves no pity."

"It may have been in self defense," Eddie replied.

"You had no gun."

"I know it, but I had eyes, father. Now go and get the posse started after the rustlers."

"All right, son, but you consider well and see if you shouldn't tell who shot you. You owe it to the community. Such a fellow ought to be punished."

"I considered all that last night as I rode along," Eddie answered. "The feller that done it will git punished. If I tell, some of these hot heads may punish him too much. If he don't git his'n, then I'll tell."

"All right, son; now you go to sleep agin and when you wake up you'll be as fresh as a new dollar. That little hole isn't going to lay a body like that one of yours up very long."

Father Collins went out shaking his head and muttering to himself.

"Little hero, he's protectin' some poor chap. It seems to me he's followin' the Master's advice. He loves his enemy, whoever it is."

Back on his bed, Eddie was thinking over and over again.

"Poor, poor Cal. He ust to be a good friend of mine. I like him yet. If he'd knowed 'twas me, he'd a never pulled that trigger—he'd a died first. I know Cal. He may be plum reckless, but he ain't that kind—he was jest surprised that's all, and shot 'fore he thought."

Questions and Problems

1. Why didn't Eddie tell who shot him?
2. Was Eddie right in not telling that it was Cal? Why?
3. What did Father Collins mean when he said, "It seems to me he's followin' the Master's advice?"
4. Why did Eddie feel sorry for Cal?
5. How would some boys and men have felt towards Cal?
6. Which way is the right way to feel?
7. Did you like Eddie in this chapter? Why?

CHAPTER 24

HOW JOHN AND CAL RODE OUT OF TOWN TOGETHER

Eddie was right. One September evening the deputy sheriff's possee returned, and in their midst, riding with bowed heads, were Cal Staley and the two comrades of his downfall. To Cal it was a bitter ordeal to be led back to his own town, to his own friends, as a common prisoner, a thief. His proud young heart bled as he was taken along main street where scores of people were lined up at their gates and at their doors to see the procession.

As he rode along, in spite of his brave attempt to appear unconcerned, he was running over in his mind the crooked trails that had led him to this disgraceful home coming. He realized now as never before how much he thought of the good opinion and the good will of these people with whom he had passed his boyhood.

His cup was brimming over with bitterness when, as he dismounted in front of the little square house in which he and his friends were to be imprisoned, he came face to face with his father.

"Calvin," his father said in grieved tones, as he looked at his wayward son. His voice shook with suppressed emotion.

Cal hung his head in silence.

"You're not goin' to put him in jail, be ye Joe?" the father said huskily.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to, Ed," Joe Bevins answered, as he unlocked the door.

"It'll kill his mother, that's all," Ed Staley said, great tears rolling down his face.

"I can't take the risk," Joe Bevins answered. "If some of these other men will guarantee that he'll be here when we want 'im, I'll let him go home with you."

Ed Staley scanned the faces of the men who stood around.

"What about it, Cal?" Father Collins said speaking up. "Kin we trust you to stay?"

"I'll stay," Cal replied in a low voice.

"Then I'll back him," Father Collins said. "Cal will keep his word."

"I'll stand with John," Bishop Stranger said, speaking up.

Cal looked gratefully at the two men—the two more than any others whom he had wronged. Then, in spite of his strong will, he could not control his voice as he said:

"Thanks, I don't deserve it; most of all from you."

After the two strangers, Cal's friends, were locked in the little jail, Cal and his father walked along the street to their home where Mrs. Staley, with breaking heart, was awaiting their arrival.

"Ed's hurt," Joe Bevins commented as he watched them go. "But Ed's been a leetle careless with Cal. He's talked too much agin the authorities of both law and Church and hain't never done much to keep the boy right," he continued.

"A kid's like a horse—you put him with a good team mate and help him to stay there, and ten to one he'll be all right."

When Father Collins went home that evening and told Eddie of the return of the posse, the boy sat up in bed where he had been ever since that morning when he had appeared at the gate.

"I'm awful sorry fer Cal," he said as he gazed out to where the sun was about to disappear behind the western mountain. "He's sure got his'n."

"Bishop Stranger and I kept him out of the jail tonight," Father Collins said, watching his son carefully. "We guaranteed that Cal wouldn't run off."

"I'm awful glad you did," Eddie answered. "Cal won't leave."

Father Collins nodded knowingly as he left the room.

The next day a sort of hearing or trial was conducted, with Father Collins acting as Justice of the Peace. The three men without hesitation entered a plea of guilty and were bound over to the district court.

Father Collins and Bishop Stranger still agreed to guarantee that Cal would not run off; consequently, that young man was allowed his liberty during the two weeks he remained in his own home town, but Cal, thoroughly ashamed of himself and knowing that in the eyes of every one he was looked upon as a common thief, found little pleasure in his freedom from jail. Most of the time he spent at his home with his mother whose tender heart bled daily.

One evening Cal went out towards the outskirts of the village for a stroll. Near the edge of the town he came face to face with Eddie, who, with arm in a sling, was exercising a bit.

"Hullo, Eddie," Cal said, his eyes upon his boot-toes, and doubtful of the reply he would receive from his injured friend.

"Hullo, Cal," Eddie replied, "come and walk with me."

Cal fell in beside his one time friend.

"It's a great evenin'," Cal began.

"It is," Eddie replied.

They walked on in silence for some distance, neither finding the necessary words to keep the conversation flowing. At last Cal broke the silence.

"Say, Ed," he blurted out, "did you know that I was the one that shot you?"

"Yes," Eddie replied, "I saw you jest as you pulled the trigger."

"I'm awful sorry fer that," Cal continued. "How was it no one mentioned it in the trial?"

"No one knowed it but me," Eddie answered. "I was afraid to tell 'em for fear you'd git more than you deserved."

Cal stopped and looked at his friend in surprise.

"Say, you're a real friend, Ed," he said, "I expected to be shot for that, but I swear to you, Ed, I shot before I thought, and I never knowed it was you until you turned and looked."

"I figgered that way," Eddie replied quietly. "Why didn't your outfit foller and git me?"

"I wouldn't let 'em," Cal replied. "We knowed it was all up with us, but I wouldn't let 'em foller."

"Then we're quits, Cal," Eddie responded holding out his hand. "Shake fer old time's sake."

"Eddie, it's too late to wish now," Cal said feelingly, "but I jest wish I had stuck with you and John and Dan. Three better pals a feller never had, and yet I left you all fer them two toughs down there in the jail."

"It ain't too late," Eddie answered. "You keep a wishin' to git back and you'll git back."

"But I've a hard road ahead," Cal said, as they turned back towards town.

"Yes, but you're used to hard roads and you're young."

"I'll do my best to change," Cal said, as the two young cowboys parted for the night."

That evening when Eddie returned to his home he found that John had just arrived from the range.

"How's the wing?" John asked.

"Fine," Eddie replied. "I think it'll be ready for the rope by round-up time. What brings you home now?"

"President Young's letter," John replied, laughingly. "I've come to get ready fer that mission."

"Phew-w-w!" Eddie whistled. "So soon?"

"First of October, Old Timer."

"I kin see where I've got to git at it right away," Eddie exclaimed. "I want to stake you so you kin stake me when you return, for I want to go on a mission, too."

"Good boy, Eddie," John cried. "That's a purty good idee. That'll relieve father some, too."

"What are you goin' to do with Dean?" Eddie asked banteringly.

"You kin take care of her after I'm gone, but between now and October first I'm goin' to find out where the land lays with her . If she thinks she wants me bad enough to wait 'till I git back, w'y then you kin bring over them flowers you once mentioned."

"She'll never wait," Eddie declared. "She'd be foolish if she did."

"If she don't, I wouldn't have her anyhow," John replied.

" 'Sour grapes,' old top."

"Not at all," John answered as he jerked his necktie into place. "I'm goin' over now to begin the campaign."

"You'd better have me for campaign manager."

"Not much. You have too cute a twitch in that left eyelid, old timer," John said as he put on his Sunday hat and went out in serch of love and adventure.

Eddie followed his brother with appreciative eyes.

"A defender of the truth and the Saints," he quoted, recalling Dan's statement after the fight near the Colorado. "He'll make a peach of a missionary, I'll bet.

A little more than a week later the stage that carried John Collins the first lap on his missionary journey also carried Cal Staley to Salt Lake City, where he was to begin serving his time in the penitentiary of the territory of Utah.

The two boys who had ridden into town together were

riding out together. For the one, a party had been held, speakers had praised him for the course he had taken and the whole town had honored him for the straight, clean young man that he was. And back behind the dust cloud in the town of his home a hazel-eyed girl was waiting for his return. Two proud parents had bidden him good-bye at the gate, pleased with the thought that they were sending out a messenger of glad tidings.

For the other, only sorrow and pity remained behind. A broken-hearted mother and a sorrowful father had kissed him at the gate. His was a journey of dishonor.

As the stage swung across the river at almost the exact spot the two boys had crossed years before, John said: "Cal, do you remember when we rode through here that first night?"

"Can I forget?" Cal answered. "Lots of things have happened since then."

"Yes," John answered. "I never dreamed that I'd be comin' out like this some day."

"Neither did I!" Cal said with breaking voice. His will could hold him up no longer. In spite of himself one great sob burst from him and big tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he was master of himself again.

"John, you ought to be happy!" he said, as he looked at the clean strong face of his friend.

"I am," John answered simply.

Questions and Problems

1. Describe how Cal felt as he rode into his home town with the deputy sheriff.
2. How did Cal's parents feel?
3. Who was happier, Father Collins or Cal's father?
4. Who was happier, Eddie or Cal? Why?
5. Who was happier, John or Cal, as they rode out of town together? Why?
6. How was it the boys were feeling so differently? How do you explain that one was good enough to go on a mission and one was bad enough to go to jail?

7. Can you make a rule from this chapter that you can follow that would be a help to you in your life?

8. What Priesthood do you think John held when he started for a mission?

CHAPTER 25

HOW JOHN COLLINS FILLED A MISSION

Missionary life was an entirely new experience to the young rancher from southern Utah. Though he had been to school a little, his education was decidedly limited. He had keen eyes and keen ears, however, and he looked and listened with all his might in order to pick up bits of knowledge and wisdom.

He found that he was handicapped most in not knowing much about the Bible, the elder's hand book.

His call had taken him to England, where Bible reading was nearly three centuries old, and where even the common people had their favorite verses by heart. He soon discovered how much he lacked of being an efficient elder.

"Defender of the Church and the Faith," he would frequently say to himself in derision. "I can't defend anything until I know more than I do now."

One day he and his companions walked over to headquarters. John had been in the mission field not quite a week. When he entered the room where the president of the conference sat scanning the reports, the president arose and looked up at the lanky lad from southern Utah.

"Elder Collins, if you ever become as good as you are long, you'll make a real missionary," he said humorously.

"It's plumb hopeless," John answered. "I've heard fellers say how they've wound up the poor benighted people of the world, but I'm here to say I've heard more passages quoted from more books than I ever knowed were found in the good old Book."

His companion laughed.

"Elder Collins says he can lasso their cattle or he can ride their horses, but when it comes to rounding up the scripture, he simply hangs up his spurs and quits."

The president laughed and John blushed.

"If you work as hard here as you worked on the range," he said kindly, "you'll soon be quoting scripture with the best of them."

"If work'll do it, I'll git there," John said determinedly. "I kin read and I kin learn; but I've done so little of it that it comes hard at first."

The first few weeks to the rancher, who had hardly ever seen a city before, dragged by like ages. It seemed strange to him to always be among people, scores of them, that he never knew and could never hope to know.

Sometimes he would get downright lonesome. A less strong person would have called it homesickness. On such occasions John would redouble his efforts in his attempt to learn passages of scripture that would be likely to help him in his tracting and conversation. His little *Ready Reference* he would thumb through again and again, studying passages, especially on baptism, by immersion, since that was the principal doctrine that he had to defend.

In England at that time "Mormons" were looked upon as a strange and unknown people. Fantastic tales of their doings were frequently circulated. These tales the elders had to meet and answer as best they could. Sometimes fiery people would even attempt to harm them. John, used to the rough life of the range, rather enjoyed these adventures. His calm, cool courage and his eternal good nature soon made him a general favorite among elders and English Saints alike. The qualities that made him a good cowboy and rancher made him a good missionary. Steadiness, honesty, loyalty, and cool good judgment are qualities as much to be desired in the mission field as on the cattle ranges of southern Utah.

As time went on John gradually improved in his speech as well as in his knowledge of the principles of the gospel.

He began to see the object of his labors and some of their fruits.

Within a year the young westerner had become more polished and had learned his Bible until he had no difficulty in defending the principles of the gospel.

In the little town on the banks of the Silver river, Big John Collins and his family waited anxiously for every mail that came, hoping that they might have a word from their messenger of truth in the mission field. As time passed, the letters that John wrote gradually changed in tone and quality. Even the penmanship lost much of its rough character, and misspelled words became less and less frequent..

"Old John's gittin' there," Eddie said one day when he had finished one of the fat letters from across the sea. "I'll bet he'll be ashamed of all of us when he returns."

"If he is," Mother Collins said quietly, "we'll be ashamed of him. John is far too sensible to ever become vain."

"I was jokin'," Eddie replied. "Old John is good stuff clean through."

Dean Emmett frequently dropped into the Collins home to discuss letters she had received. Dean seemed to be "stickin' tight," as Eddie put it in one of his letters to John. "I think you got her roped, and believe me, Johnnie boy, she's some kid."

When John read that in his little room on one of the streets of Liverpool, he smiled.

"Be sure you don't take her from me before I get back," he wrote in his reply.

John was happy in his work. Day after day he went out to talk with the people and to do his best to deliver the gospel message. When some elder would propose a trip to London, or to Scotland, John would reply: "I have no time; there must be hundreds of people in this city who are waiting for the gospel message. I must deliver that first, and then I'll play a while."

On the street corner and in the meeting hall, John soon developed into a very fluent speaker. His great height

and strong, pleasing voice gave him a physical advantage over many elders, and his calm personality and his keen young mind added to his ability. John, too, had an earnest way of saying things, and was apt at making homely comparisons. His speaking on the streets was so good, in fact, that he became well known in the neighborhood.

"Let's go and 'ear the long 'un speak," the English lads would say to each other. "'E halways 'as some'at to say and says it, I tells you."

Although he was popular with all, John did not change in his attitude from the sweet spirited young rancher that he was when he landed in England.

Once in two weeks he would receive letters from home. These kept him in touch with the cattle country and with the tender sympathy of the home folks. Once in two weeks or oftener he received a special letter. This he rarely opened except when he was alone in some shady park or in his room. These letters, his companions noticed, were in a feminine hand. They were from Dean, and to John it seemed a breach of confidence to read them while in the presence of any one.

"I want to visit with Dean alone," he would say to himself. "Somehow, her letters seem sweeter that way."

Every month a long, business-like envelope, addressed in a coarse, shaky hand, found its way into John's possession.

"Eddie never forgets," John would say at such times. "The dear old chap must send nearly every cent of his wages to me. It's fine to have a brother like that. Father has really paid but little towrds this mission, yet. I'm glad, for he has a family to support besides."

John made many friends among the jolly English people. He was an interesting talker and for that reason, as much as any other, he gained admission to many houses. A visit from the westerner to a home of interested people nearly always meant a conversion of one or more of the family, for the gospel was comparatively new in those days and many people were ready to accept its truths.

John had been in the field a year and a half when his second conference president was released to go home. Just before the president sailed, the mission president visited the conference. John was sent for.

When he arrived the mission president was introduced to him.

"This is the man of whom I spoke," President Ellington of the Liverpool conference said. "This is John Collins."

"Young man," said the mission president as he shook hands, "I'm glad to make your acquaintance. The record you have made in this conference is gratifying."

"I've done my best," John answered simply.

"That's good enough," the president replied cordially. "We have a new responsibility to offer you."

John said nothing although he suspected what was coming.

"President Ellington of this conference has been released and is going to sail for home next week. We must have some one to take his place. He has suggested you."

"I'm not the senior elder," John replied in an agitated voice.

"You have the best record in this conference. You are high man in every branch of activity. While we don't always select men on account of their record, your president believes you can handle this conference better than any man in it. How do you feel about accepting the responsibility?"

"My father frequently says that he has never refused a call made by authority in his life," John answered. "Thus far I have followed his example and found it good. While I feel incapable, being unschooled as I am, I shall not hesitate if you should ask me to take this position, sir."

"God bless your father, my boy, and God bless you," the president exclaimed as he threw his arms around John's shoulder and hugged him. "Failure can't come to a man like that. President Ellington, you were inspired to recommend this elder."

"Thanks," John answered humbly. "I'll do my best."

Another year passed rapidly away from John's point of view, but very slowly to the loved ones on the banks of the Silver river.

"If he don't come soon," Dean said to Eddie one night as they rode over the prairie together, "I'll elope with someone else and fool him."

"If you do anything so rash," Eddie answered, "be sure I'm the feller."

"Would you go with me?" pertly.

"To the end of the world," Eddie replied laughing. "But not without John's consent."

He half meant it. Somehow frequent associations with his "brother's girl" as he called her, had led him to think a great deal of her. She was not more than a year older than he.

"Well," she said roughishly, "we'll wait a while longer and then—"

She galloped away over the dusty road. Eddie watched her, his heart in a tumult. But when the thought of John, far away in England giving his life to the gospel cause, came to his mind, he stilled his heart and rode out to catch the fleeing girl.

The bloom was on the heather once more. Spring had come to the green little islands off the coast of Europe when John received his release. He had won a place in the hearts of the people in his conference by his plain, honest manner and his humility. When the ship that was to bear him across the sea sailed down the river Mersey, in Liverpool, hundreds of people, many of them close friends, were on the warf to see him off.

"Good-bye, Long 'un," one of the Saints lovingly called, as the ship pushed out into the black waters.

"Good-bye, good-bye," John called, and tears were actually in his eyes and a lump in his throat.

Spring had also come to the little town on the Silver river, when, one night as the stage stopped, a long, lean young man in English broadcloth alighted. He carried in his hands two bags and an umbrella, Eddie, who had

been anxiously watching for the arrival of the stage for several nights, looked at the long stranger for a moment, then he leaped forward.

"By thunder, it's Jack," he cried as he seized the English-looking gent in his young arms. "Old John dressed up as dignified as a preacher."

"Defender of the Faith and the Saints," John said in a solemn voice, but with a wink of the eyes.

"The same old John," Eddie cried joyfully, "the same old John," and, notwithstanding the several spectators, kissed the tall stranger as a man would kiss his father .

Several people stepped up and welcomed the missionary home in characteristic western fashion ,after which he was borne off in triumph by the happy Eddie.

Near a gate up the street, the two were met by Father and Mother Collins; little Mary, now a dimpled girl of twelve, Bessie who was fast nearing her teens, and Leonard, the baby, a boy of four. Each of the family took turns in welcoming the returning son with tender hugs and loving kisses; each anxiously scanned John's face to see if he had changed much.

"It's worth being gone two and a half years to come home to a welcome like this," he said.

"Oh, John, we're glad to see you, boy," Father Collins replied, as he squeezed the missionary once more. "We've been gettin' ready for this welcome for more than thirty months."

"Who's place is this?" John asked, glancing up at the two-story, red brick house before which they stood.

"It's ours," Mother Collins said proudly.

"It's our home, John, and it's all paid for."

"It's a beauty," John answered. "It isn't much like the little cabin by Lone Peak or the tiny dugout in Red Rock, is it?" he mused.

"No, my boy, but the same love's in it," Father Collins said fervently. "It's home—it has the right feel."

"Good, then, I'm just dying to get in it," John cried as he pushed through the gate. "There's no place like home, after all."

Questions and Problems

1. What did John soon discover when he got in the mission field?
2. How could John have prepared himself better for a mission?
3. Make a rule that all boys who expect to go on mission should follow.
4. Why did Eddie think John would be a good missionary?
5. Why was the mission president so pleased with John and his father?
6. What should be the answer of every young Latter-day Saint boy or girl when called upon to work in the Church?
7. Why did Father Collins think his new brick house was just as good as the little log cabin by Lone Peak or the dug-out at Red Rock?
8. Describe a good home.

CHAPTER 26

HOW JOHN AND CAL RETURNED

It was Sunday. John had been home nearly a week, and during that time had visited nearly all of his friends. He and Dean Emmett had ridden out several times together, to the great delight of both. The youg men of his acquaintance had each given him a hearty greeting although each of them had watched carefully to see if John had got the "big head."

"Not at all," Long Jake Roundy said to a little group of friends after he had spent an hour with the returned missionary. "He's the same ol' John. None of these airs about him—he don't say, 'Let me see, do I remember you? Is this Jake Roundy?' No, siree. Ol' John come home just as natural as he left it. I kin see that he speaks better and is careful 'bout his "ings," he he's ol' John in every other way, you bet."

At church time, people gathered from far and near to hear the new missionary, who was going to be the speaker. The ward choir had called a special rehearsal in honor of the occasion, and were prepared to sing a "regular anthem," as Maria Esplin expressed it.

John, in spite of his thirty months' experience, was nervous. It is quite a different thing to speak to one's own people than it is to speak to strangers for whom one has a new message. In the mission field he could speak usually upon the first principles of the gospel, but here he felt as if he must have something else to say.

John's condition was not helped much when at the beginning of the services he saw Dan Green, Long Jake Roundy, Dave Engle, and even Hank Briggs, file into church and take their places with Eddie, all on a single bench, where they sat like a string of birds of the desert. Each had a clean handkerchief on his neck and his hair wet and plastered firmly to his forehead. All of these lads had ridden the range with John and had been with him on many a hard journey. Many of them had ridden in to hear the missionary preach.

At last the preliminaries were over. Bishop Stranger arose.

"Brothers and sisters," he began, "most of us here today have come with the special thought in mind of doing honor to this son of our little city who has been in England representing us. According to a letter I have just received from the president of that mission, he has represented us well."

At this point the door of the meeting house opened and Cal Staley stepped in quietly and took a seat near the door.

"The president reports that this missionary of ours—we all claim him—has been the best elder in his conference. We'll now be pleased to turn the time over to him."

John, with knees trembling as they had seldom trembled in the mission field, rose and in distinct tones began his report of his labors. Earnestly he thanked the citi-

zens for their interest and support, after which he gave a brief report of his labors. By this time his fear had largely passed away, and he beheld before him a congregation of his friends. Then, as if inspired to do so, he quoted a passage from the Gospel of St. John.

"If ye continue in my word, then ye are my disciples indeed." They were the Master's words. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

John launched out upon his theme, explaining what the Master meant by "His word" and what he meant by freedom. The words, John explained, meant the gospel, the plan of eternal salvation; and freedom to the Master, he explained, meant freedom from sin and therefore freedom from mental suffering.

John's strong, young voice filled the little church. His words rang with divine truth. His listeners, unused to this free eloquence that was carrying John and his little audience away, sat spellbound. The cowboys sitting in their line upon the bench, listened with keen attention.

Father Collins, in his seat upon the stand, and Mother Collins in her seat in the choir, had hearts too full for words as they listened to this man whom they knew to be their son, but who seemed almost strange in his power.

With many simple words and apt comparisons, John told of the beauties of the Word, the Gospel, and then with unusual power he pictured the joy that could come to the pure in heart.

When he closed and sat down many eyes were dim with tears, and during the last song many a voice was unsteady with emotion.

When the service was over, the people crowded around the returned missionary. Many told him how well they had liked his speech. But to John the best praise of all came to him from Father and Mother Collins who, though saying nothing, smiled through their happy tears at him.

When John went outside his comrades were waiting for him.

"John, we'll have to hand it to you," Long Jake said with his slow drawl. "You kin shore spread the langwidge. Come over some time and tell me and Maud all about it."

"Surely," John replied. "How's married life?"

"It's quite a bit like a calico jumper," Jake replied,—"dark spots and light spots."

They all laughed.

"Say, son, you kin jaw as hard as you kin hit," Hank Briggs said. "I was jest comin' through, an' I couldn't help goin' in to hear you."

"Shake," Dan Green said in his gruff way. "You're shore a defender of the Church and the Saints."

John blushed and laughed as he looked at Hank.

"Never you mind," John replied, "you may git yourn some day."

Eddie was extremely proud of his big brother, and followed him around "jest to hear him talk."

As the group walked home from church, they passed Cal Staley standing alone on one of the corners. He made no effort to speak, but John stopped.

"Hello, Cal," he cried heartily. "I'm very glad to see you."

He wrung Cal's hand warmly, as the group passed.

"I'm glad to see you, John," Cal answered. "It seems as if yon and me go and come together. I jest got back last week—paroled."

"Is that so," John answered. "I'm glad, Cal."

That John meant it, Cal did not doubt.

"Our comin' and goin's been different," Cal continued with a little smile. "You ought to be happy, John!"

"I am, Cal; you ought to be, too."

"How kin I be," Cal questioned, "when everybody's sayin', 'there goes a thief'?"

"Forget it, Cal. Nobody thinks of that but you, any more. You're not a thief, are you, Cal?"

"I'm not,' Cal cried, "I'm not."

"I know you're not, Cal. Work that thought from your mind."

"I'm tryin' to. Dan Green just asked me today to ride the range with him."

"Bully!" John exclaimed. "Dan Green is a good side kick. Stick with him, Cal, and he'll stick to you, and some day you'll come out as clean as sunshine. I know Dan Green like a book. He's like a stream of mountain water—he purifies as he goes."

"Thanks, John," Cal said. "I want to learn the truth, for I want to be free."

John hastened on and overtook his family just as they were entering their own gate. Dean Emmett had joined the group as they walked towards home and remained to visit with the family.

It was ten o'clock that evening before John and Dean left for her home.

After they had left the house, the conversation naturally turned to the returned missionary.

"Wasn't that a sermon?" Mother Collins smacked her lips as over something sweet as she said the words. "It's the best we've heard for some time here."

"But ain't he a fine looker?" Mary added. "All the girls will be in love with him."

"One is more'n ever; that I know," Eddie answered. "I reckon there'll be a weddin' soon."

"And now, Eddie, what about your mission?" Father Collins asked.

"I'm ready as soon as the Church says the word."

"Good boy," Father Collins said, much pleased. "See what it's done for John. The man who follows the advice of this Church can't fail. We'll put in a good, hard summer at work, and then this fall, if the authorities desire it, you can take your mission."

"A man has to be steady and good, though," Eddie said.

"He must learn to be as stidy as the mountains," Father Collins said. "I learnt that lesson from Lone Peak. It used to stand up there as calm and serene as a god, no matter what was goin' on around it. I've tried to be stidy; I've been able to do a good bit of work for

many people; and best of all, I have a family that would make any man proud. God has been good to me."

"He has been good to all of us, father," Eddie said. "I was awfully sorry when we had to leave Round Valley; I was still more sorry when we moved south from Red Rock; but now I kin see mother was right: great blessings was waitin' for us here in the south."

Mother Collins gathered her little ones around her knee.

"Let's have prayer," she said quietly.

All knelt and joined in thanksgiving, and to each one the Heavenly Father seemed very close. He was and is in every good Christian home where love—pure love—abounds.

Questions and Problems

1. Which had done the most for the world during their absence, John or Cal?
2. Which had learned the most? Which had made the most friends?
3. What was the rule of life that Father Collins made from Lone Peak? Is it a good one for us to follow? What does it mean?
4. Why did Eddie wish to fill a mission? Give several reasons?
5. Do you wish to fill a mission? Why?

CHAPTER 27

HOW EDDIE FURNISHED THE FLOWERS

A month passed by and once more John was in the saddle on his beloved range. It was joy to him to be out under Utah skies where stars, unhidden by English mists, shone in renewed glory, and where great white clouds floated in an endless sea of blue. To John the cool blue hills wrapped in their summer mists were sources of great pleasure.

"This is my country, all this," he would say, as he would rise in his stirrups and reach out his arms as if to embrace it all. "God truly made the country and man the town."

Once more he was riding the range with his favorite companions, Eddie and Dan; but this time Cal Staley rode with the trio—a new Cal, a humbled Cal, a Cal anxious to make good.

One day the four of them rode into a little settlement which had two business establishments, or it might be said that it had three; a saloon, a store, and in connection with the store, a little post offfice. Before leaving home, the boys, knowing that they would be in the vicinity of this little post in the sage had asked that their mail be sent here.

As they rode past the saloon, the odor of the stale beer reached them even in the street.

"Let's have a drink, boys," Cal cried as he reined in towards the tie posts in front of the saloon.

"Not today," Dan Green replied.

"Not today, Cal," John added a little grieved that Cal should have forgotten.

Cal glanced into John's face and then he remembered the old life.

"Forgive me," he said humbly, as he rode back to his friends who had not changed their course. "I'm ridin' with you straight to the end."

The friends entered the Post Office where the gray old post master passed out two letters. They proved to be for John and Dan.

"I guess we're out in the cold," Eddie laughed. "There's no little girlie at home waitin' for me, it seems."

"Nor for me," Cal added, joining in the rueful laugh. Then in a dramatic voice: "I'm afraid no heart is achin' for my return."

"Wait 'till you're growed up," Dan said, quietly in his slow drawl. "No girl likes to take a kid to raise."

"O, you shut up," Eddie replied playfully, as he threw

a bunch of socks that had been lying on the counter, at his friends. "I feel as old as that old feller in the Bible."

"You two kids can ride back to camp when you're ready," John said, as he started for the door. "Dan and I are going to ride out to a cow camp about four miles over here. We'll be back to camp by nine."

"All right, Father Time," Eddie responded. "Be sure you two don't git moonstruck; she's full tonight, I think."

Dan and John mounted and rode away slowly, each reading his letter as he went.

"From Dean?" Dan asked, never looking up.

"Yep," John replied falling back into the speech of the camps. "Yours from Nell?"

"Yep," Dan replied.

After a moment he raised his head.

"I'm goin' to git married, John," he said solemnly. "What d' you think of that?"

"Fine," John replied. "So am I. When are you planning on, Dan?"

"About the middle of August. When are you?"

"Haven't decided yet," John replied. "I am going in Saturday night. Maybe I can find out."

"Make it August twentieth, and we kin all ride to St. George together."

"I'll do it," John said, "if talking will do it. I think I can win Dean over."

"I know a peach of a place where we kin go campin' fer a week after the knot is tied," Dan said. There's a big canyon almost due east of Dixie, on the Virgin river that's a peach. Some feller that went in there called it Zion, because he said it was like the city of God. I think the name'll stick, fer if ever there was a new Jerusalem that is the place. It has cathedrals and churches and temples of gold and silver, and many colored stones. Even its streets are of gold."

"You paint a wonderful picture," John replied. "How do we get there?"

"We'll take saddle and pack horses. Believe me, John, it will be like heaven fer us and the girls."

Dan was unusually enthusiastic over the prospect. His dark eyes flashed in a way that was quite new to him.

"Why, Dan, I believe you're actually in love with Nell and anxious to be married," John said grinning at his friend's emotion.

"In love," Dan replied. "Johnnie boy, I have been dead in love ever since we rode into the sunset by the river that Fourth of July. Do you remember?"

"I do."

"W'y, I've loved Nell as the squirrel loves the pine, as the sage loves these endless hills, as the clouds love the sky," Dan continued, his voice shaking with intensity.

"Why haven't you married before, Dan?"

"I couldn't afford to marry 'till now," Dan replied softly, and then as if he owed his friend an explanation, he began: "I had a brother once. We was great pals; as good friends as you and Eddie. We went together everywhere. Ah, but he was a good sport, John. He was a little older than me and like a father he looked after me. He fought my battles; he filled my purse; he kept me straight."

Dan's voice almost broke.

"We was riders, Lynn and me. Once he saved my life at the risk of his own. Once a bull had me and was jest ready to run me with his horns, when Lynn throwed himself upon the bull's head, and like the giant he was, twisted and pulled until I could get away. Lynn held on 'till I was out of danger and then with a yell he started for the fence with the bull a foggin' behind him. Lynn was quick, but he'd never made it in time had not another feller tripped the bull up with a lariat around his front feet.

"Lynn and I was better friends than ever after that. Then one day the end came. We was ridin' some horses for a feller in Colorado, when one went over backwards with Lynn."

Dan stopped for a moment as he fingered the strings on his saddle.

"We carried him in, but he could never set up after that. His back had been smashed someway. He couldn't move his legs at all. He was a game sport though, John. He said to let him die; but he couldn't die. It seemed he had to live.

"We took him to a hospital and there day after day he set. He couldn't do nothin' but look and think. I visited 'im often. He allus had a smile fer me, but his face got paler and paler and the brave eyes that could face angry bulls or guns or Mexican's knives, had a look in 'em that made my heart bleed.

"Well, there was nothin' to do, the doctor said, but to wait. It was expensive keepin' 'im there. Ever since I come to Utah I've paid every cent I've earned to Lynn, 'ceptin' what I had to have for clothes, but I was glad to do it, John."

Dan hastily added the last words as if afraid John would think he was complaining.

"I couldn't a paid Lynn fer what he done for me in a hundred years.

"Well, about a month before you got back, I got this letter from him."

Dan took the small paper-wrapped parcel from his breast pocket. He unwrapped it and began to read.

"Dear Dan," the letter said, "the doctor says it's taps for me this time right away. I'd like to see you before the darkness comes, old man, but if I don't, I hope you'll not forget the happy days we've rode together. You've been awful good to me, Dan, boy. If there's any horses on the range where I'm goin', I'll save a dandy one fer you. Good-bye, Lynn."

Dan's voice trailed off into silence. The two traveled some little distance before he began again. John could find no words to say.

"As soon as I got the letter, I grabbed my best horse and hit the trial, but when I got there, Lynn was dead and buried," Dan concluded. "I paid what bills there was, gathered up Lynn's things and came back. That's all."

"Dan Green, let me shake your hand again," John said, greatly moved by the tale. "Your mission has cost you more than mine; you're a better man than I am, Dan."

"It cost me nothin'," Dan said positively. "I tell you, Lynn paid me over and over again. There was a real man, John."

"He had a brother," John replied, earnestly.

The following Monday night when John returned from the little town on the Silver river, Eddie asked jokingly.

"Well, what luck, old man?"

"You kin ride out for those flowers about August twentieth—no that won't do, we shan't be home for two weeks."

"So that's it," Eddie cried as he put a fresh piece of wood on the fire. "I'll ride out and git 'em somewhere if I have to pick 'em off the sage brush."

"I know you would," John replied, "and then, Eddie, me boy, you can strike out for that mission any time."

On August sixteenth, Dan and John, with their two ladies, accompanied by Father Collins, set out upon their long overland journey to St. George, where they expected to be married in the St. George temple on August twentieth. The little party were mounted upon five good horses and led two pack animals that carried the camping outfit.

"It's been a long time since I had my endowments," Father Collins said, "so I'll jist go along with the youngsters fer company."

"Here are the flowers," Eddie exclaimed, as he ran out of the back yard with an armful of carrots in his arms. "They're good to eat as well as to look at."

"Our first wedding present," Dean cried, as she received the carrots and passed them on to John, who stuffed them into one of the canvas bags on the saddle.

Amid flying rice and old shoes, the little company set off down the road leading to the river. Dan and Nell led, John and Dean came next, and Father Collins, leading the pack animals, brought up the rear.

As John and Dean approached the white bluffs above

the river, John leaned over and whispered in a nasal voice:

"Dean, before they come back or before we catch up with them, I want to ask you something."

Dean giggled, then in a high girlish voice she replied, "I'm listening."

"Will you be my partner through the rest of life?" he asked softly.

"Yes, John, I'll be glad to go with you," she answered.

"Then let's see who can outrun to where they are," he challenged. "What do you say?"

For answer Dean struck her horse and they were off as they were a number of years before on the night of that wonderful Fourth.

"They'll run them horses down before we git started," Father Collins muttered as he spurred his horses into a trot, "but then they're young, and youth must hasten in order to follow their dreams."

This ends the story of the Collins family and their pioneer friends. Father Collins lived to be a dear old gentleman with silver rimmed spectacles and snowy hair. He often told these stories to his grandchildren, and, later, to their children. Because he had been as "stiddy as the mountain," he was honored by the Church, reverenced by his own children, and loved by everybody.

Perhaps, little reader, this kindly old gentleman, if you are a descendant of a pioneer, was your own, dear, dear grandpa. And perhaps, kind, patient, faithful prayerful Mother Collins was your own dear, dear grandma. At any rate, if you will just pry into the secrets of their lives, you will discover that they have had many of these very same experiences. And John, brave, courageous, faithful John may be your own dear father. Who knows?

Questions and Problems

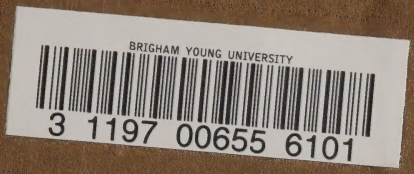
1. Why did John and Dan decide to go to St. George to get married? They could have been married in their own town.
2. What are temples for?
3. Describe the temples you have seen.

4. Why should Latter-day Saint boys and girls look forward to marrying in the temple?

5. Have some boy or girl who has been baptized in the temple describe that part of the interior he or she has seen.

6. What have you learned from the characters in this book?

7. What rules of life have you made from these chapters?



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